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Kodak XL movie cameras/Ektachrome 160 movie film

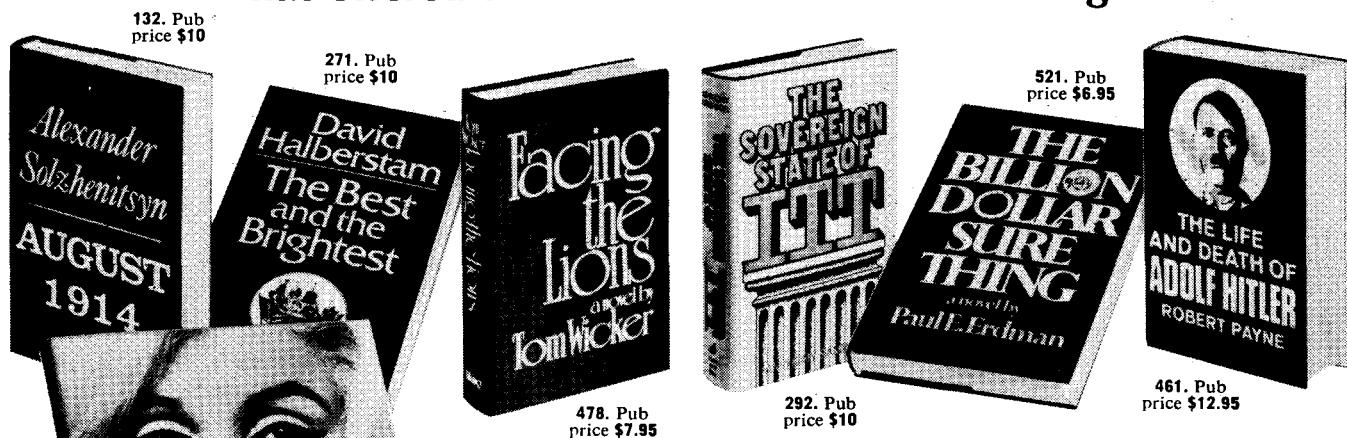


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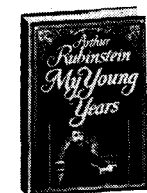
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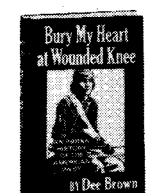
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NOVEMBER 1973 VOLUME 232 NO. 5

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The man in the White House 116 years ago this month, when the first issue of a new magazine called *The Atlantic Monthly* appeared, had built an imposing record in politics and public office. But beneath his dignified facade, the man suffered psychological and physical weaknesses that were to affect his term as President. He incited little public warmth and had few intimate friends. He permitted his associates and subordinates in the government no familiarities; he trusted few people, insisted on overseeing himself most of the matters under his charge, and spent many hours each day on paper work. He kept at a distance most of his Cabinet Secretaries, inducing in them a kind of counter-secretiveness that, one biographer has written, contributed to the President's ignorance of "some very irregular proceedings that went on under his nose."

James Buchanan had a considerable talent for foreign affairs and was credited with (or accused of) introducing a "flood of innovations" in American foreign policy. But domestically he was a strict constructionist, an apostle of the status quo. His response to the Panic that rent the nation's economy in the summer of 1857 was to protect property and to count on rugged individualism and self-help to bring the innocent victims ultimately out of their adversity. (Ask not what your government can do for you, but what you can do for yourself.) His good character and experience as a congressman, Secretary of State, diplomat, and a political heir of Andrew Jackson should have equipped him to be an effective President, but flaws in judgment and an insufficiency of self-reliance doomed his presidency and contributed to the collapse of the once mighty party of Jacksonian Democracy. Under his presidency the fissures that led to the Civil War widened.

His error was not in abusing the power of the presidency but in diluting it by over-relying on compromise and by underestimating the strength of the abolitionist movement. His slogan, had he lived in the era of speechwriters, might have been "Keep Us Together," but he chose as his means to that end a weak presidency when the times called

for a strong one. That did not save him from being labeled a tyrant, a dictator, or King James I, nor did it protect him from the assembling of a congressional committee for the purpose of demeaning the President and, as it developed, the office he held. He ended his career in the belief that his policies differed little or not at all from those of his successor, Abraham Lincoln, and said on his deathbed that "history will vindicate my memory," a prediction which has not been borne out.

Here on the 116th anniversary of its coming into being as a journal of "literature, art, and politics," *The Atlantic* finds itself preoccupied with a different concern over the presidency. It may be that only incidental ironies, like those suggested in the preceding paragraphs, make for similarity between the fifteenth President, James Buchanan, who failed to "keep us together," and the thirty-seventh, Richard Nixon, who has so far failed in his pledge to "bring us together."

As the weakness of the President in the late 1850s was a crucial factor in the politics of that day, the centermost issue in American political life today is the power of the presidency and the ways in which Mr. Nixon uses and, in the opinion of many, abuses that power. This is the subject of "The Runaway Presidency" (p. 43), a study by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., the historian who, incidentally, first came to renown with his work on the era of Jackson, and its demise after the four years of Buchanan's presidency. As this important article goes to press, turbulent uncertainty surrounds the two top offices in the republic and the men who serve in them. As Senator Walter Mondale, Democrat of Minnesota, suggests in appealing to the Senate to establish a special commission, the time has come to examine the national system and to "find a working concept of the presidency which is strong yet legal: capable of leading but without dictation." The alternative is intolerable but not unthinkable, government by decree.

Robert Manning

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REPORTS & COMMENT

ISRAEL

The West Bank

When our car stopped, two men came up to it. This was in Ramallah, an Arab town north of Jerusalem in the Israeli-occupied area that formed the West Bank of Jordan until the Six-Day War. The men were Arabs, one the chief of a nearby village. My guide for the day was an Arabic-speaking Israeli professor who has studied the West Bank since the Six-Day War. Now, six years later, although Israel has never before been so dominant militarily, the West Bank is a problem that seems to defy solution.

My guide (not a government official but supplied by the Israeli government at my request) was not concerned at this moment with questions of sovereignty or world politics. A woman had left her husband and had been found with a man from another village. Both were now in jail. For the man, accused of abduction, a long prison sentence had already begun. But what about the woman? The village chief and the Israeli professor engaged in a long discussion about what to do with her. Maybe you should let her out of jail if her husband agrees, the Israeli suggested. Then the husband can divorce her. Otherwise you will have a big problem on your hands, clan against clan in your village, and a woman rotting away in jail. The two men continued an animated discussion of the problem for fifteen minutes, ex-

changed warm farewells, and we went on.

It seemed incredible to me, so I asked the obvious question: what was an Arab village chief doing discussing such a sensitive internal problem, with its complex overlay of Islamic tradition, with an Israeli Jew? Simple, my guide replied. The dispute involves two clans, and the village chief needs an outsider's opinion in order to break the deadlock without compromising himself by aligning himself with one faction or the other.

But the outsider a Jew? It still seemed incredible. He explained patiently that they had turned to him precisely because he was an uninvolved outsider, yet understood their culture and values.

Headless man

Make what you will of this remarkable picture of Arab and Jew in friendly discussion on a sensitive matter. It is unusual, but not unique, as Jews and Arabs deal with each other on the West Bank. But even if an Arab and an Israeli can get along on a personal level, politics is quite another matter.

I did not leave the West Bank hopeful about the problem, nor did I meet any Israelis who were themselves sanguine about the chances for a solution.

"Talk to ten West Bankers and you will get twenty different points of view," I was told repeatedly. Yet the Palestinians I talked to—some using the Israeli as interpreter, some in English—all seemed to agree on

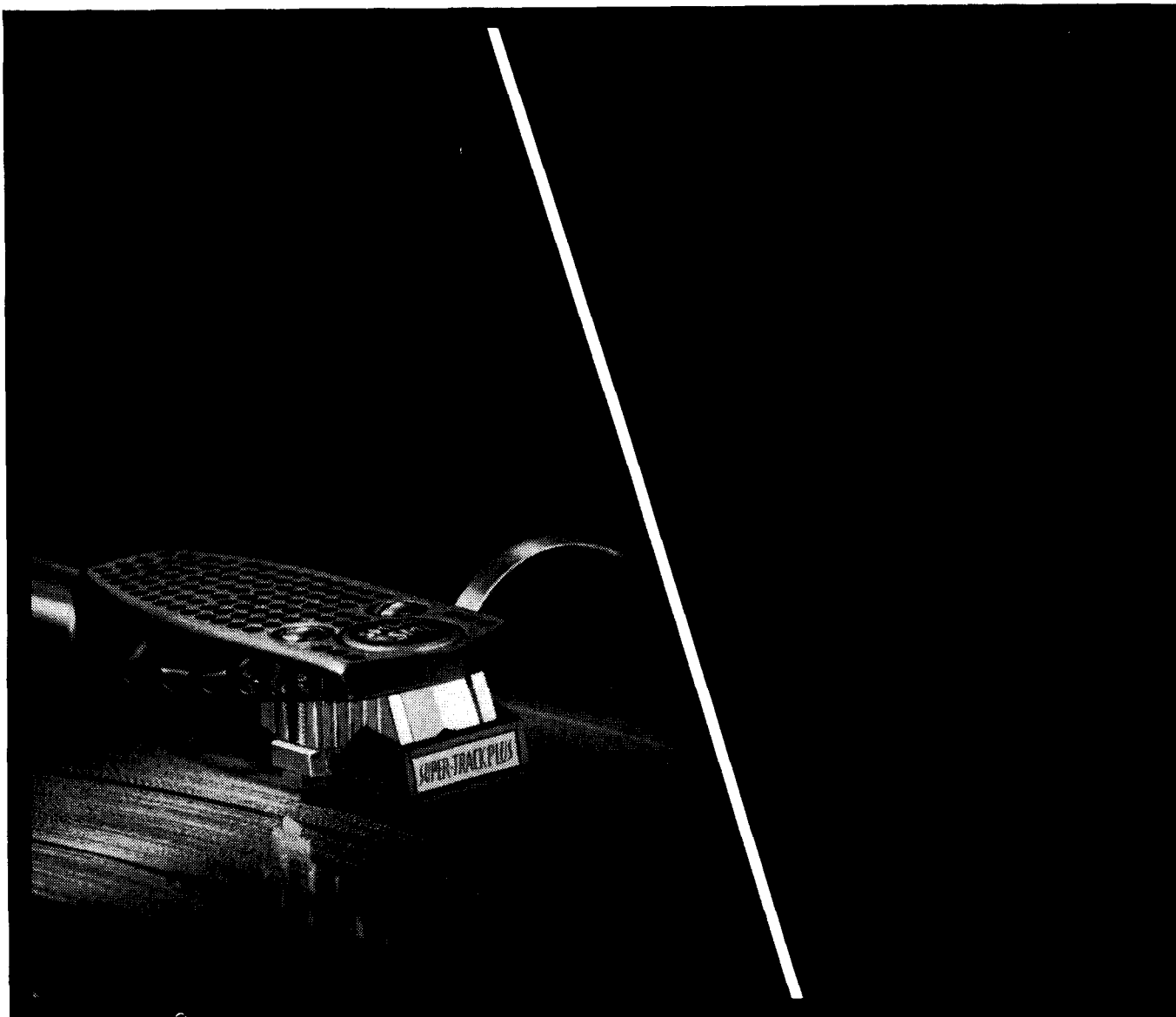
some basic points; and when one matches up their views with the choices Israel is considering, the prospects are bleak indeed.

First of all, not surprisingly, the West Bankers all consider themselves to be under military occupation. "If you are deprived of your country, you are just like a beast," said a merchant in a village near Nablus, the largest city on the West Bank. "You Americans were once a colony. Did you like it?" The fact that no Israeli troops are visible makes no difference. Nor does the freedom of speech the Israelis grant the West Bankers, something quite rare in the Arab world and not part of their lives before 1967, when they were ruled by the Hashemite King of Jordan, Hussein.

Second, the West Bank Palestinians are well aware that under Israeli occupation, the economy is booming; but that does not change their opposition. At least sixty thousand West Bankers commute daily to jobs in Israel proper, bringing much-needed money to this relatively poor area.

Unemployment (for men) is less than one percent today, down from 4.5 percent in 1969 and nearly 11 percent in 1967. The Gross National Product of the area, according to the Israelis, has risen by an average of 28.5 percent per year since 1968, and the GNP per capita has risen by an annual average of 19 percent.

Still, the West Bankers complain: prices are rising rapidly. Anyway, said a doctor in Nablus, "We would rather be poor and free than living under the Jews."



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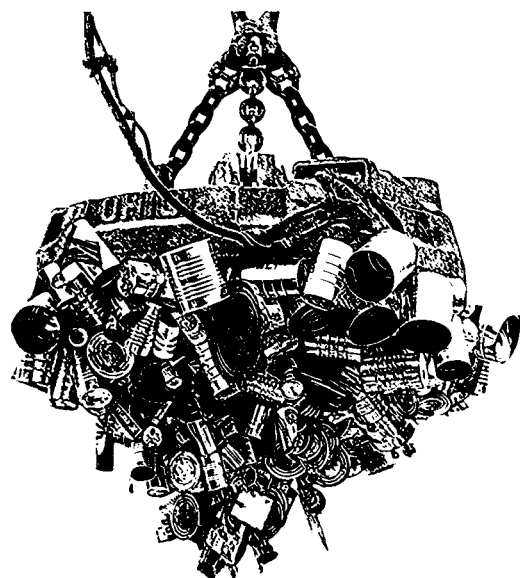
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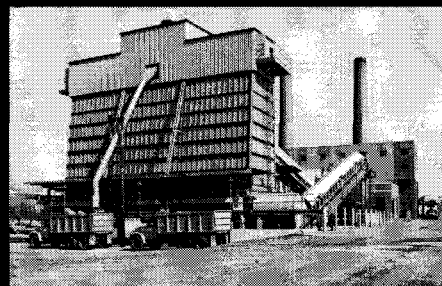
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ISRAEL

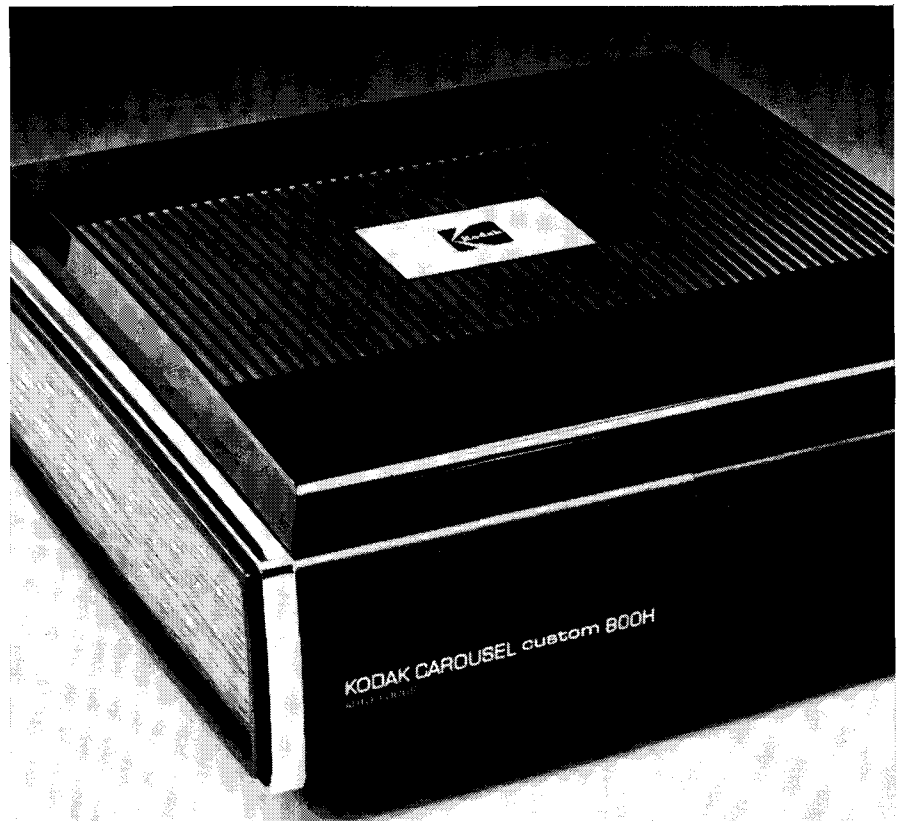
But the West Bank Arabs don't want to live under the Hashemites either. This is a crucial point. Very few of the West Bank's 650,000 Palestinian Arabs want to return to the rule of King Hussein. One well-educated man guessed that Hussein would get 2 to 3 percent of a free vote. A man who had been a village chief near Nablus for almost twenty years, and thus knew both Hashemite and Jewish rule, did not want to choose between the two, but said flatly, "Hussein is not our king. We opposed the Hashemites since they came. We never wanted to be part of a Hashemite kingdom."

This distaste for Hussein is understandable. The Hashemites, after being pushed out of Mecca by Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia in the 1920s, were given control by the British of several artificial states in the Levant. ("I created Transjordan with a stroke of a pen on a Sunday afternoon in Cairo," Winston Churchill said.) Only Hussein of Jordan survives today, held in power by his loyal Bedouin army, and American support, most dramatically in the 1970 crisis. Although he recently married a woman from a family with roots in Nablus, he is not popular with the Palestinian Arabs of the West Bank. He is a Bedouin, not a Palestinian, and he cannot overcome this simple fact.

The only answer, say the West Bank Arabs, lies in an independent State of Palestine. Its capital, most maintain, must be in Jerusalem.

And what about the Jews? "They can be part of the state," said the village chief. "It would be like Lebanon, where Muslims and Christians share power." Other Arabs also invoked the Lebanese example. "You see, we can live and work here with the Jews," said the merchant. "But we must be the rightful rulers of our land." A leading citizen of Nablus, who had been a member of the Jordanian Parliament until 1967, advocated a complex power-sharing arrangement. But every proposal was based on the premise that the State of Palestine would be an Arab state.

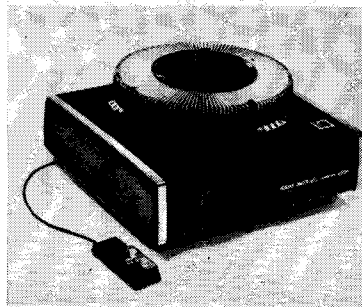
A serious leadership gap was immediately visible. Only a dead man, Nasser, was ever mentioned to me



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*David Danzig
Rochester, NY*



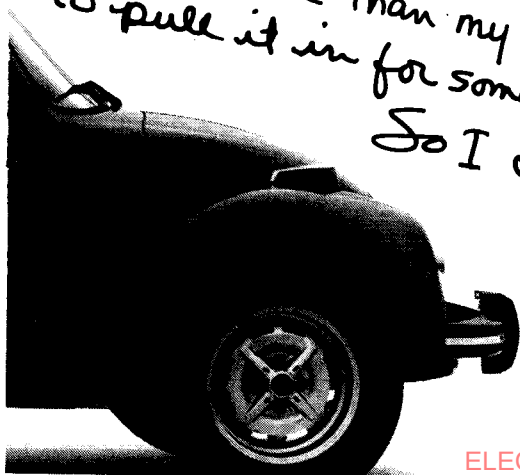
*P.S.
My girl's getting one too.*



bug again.



*I left basically
for looks. About all
it had was looks.
I was stranded
about four times in
the first month or
two. So I went
back to Volkswagen.
(Even if I had
another three or four
thousand to spend,
I wouldn't have
bought another car.)
Kathy Deiber,
Mt. View, Calif.*



*I started making money so I figured I'd try something a
little flashier than my bug. Well, every time I turned around I had
to pull it in for something. It nicked and dined me to death.
So I decided to get another Volkswagen.
William D. Allright
Phila. Pa.*

ISRAEL

as a great Arab leader. Sadat's name was greeted with scorn. The leaders of the liberation movement were not acclaimed, although on this particular point the West Bankers I was talking with may have felt uneasy; after all, open support for the very men whom the Israelis are trying to snatch out of planes or kill in Beirut may be viewed as pushing free speech too far. (The Beirut raid last April, in which the Israelis killed several important Palestinians, was the occasion for an enormous outpouring of grief and mourning.)

There is great resentment against Israel for restricting the return to the West Bank of Palestinians who left before 1967, mostly to work in Kuwait or other Arab countries. Now they are usually unable to return to live, although they may visit for limited periods of time. (Nearly 152,000 Arabs, an astonishing number, took advantage of Israel's imaginative "Open Bridges" policy to visit the West Bank and Israel proper in 1972.) A pharmacist com-

plained that his brother could not get any more work in Kuwait, but he couldn't return to the West Bank. The village chief obviously had similar problems in his village. The restriction chafed; no one mentioned the great irony that so many Arabs want to live in territory occupied and controlled by Jews. After all, work is available here.

Finally, the West Bankers know who won the war. Subversion has been eliminated almost completely from the area, thus driving the Palestinian guerrilla leaders into their present tactic of terrorist strikes elsewhere in the world. "The Jews are the strongest military power here," said both the village chief and the pharmacist. "We must grow strong, and that will take time," the village chief went on. "We can wait," said the merchant. "Patience is always needed," said the pharmacist, who then went on to say that the Arabs must use their best weapon, oil, to force the United States to change its position. (Of course, there is no oil on the West Bank. In fact, despite the enormous importance of the energy crisis to

the future of the Middle East, it is not at this time relevant to the problems of the West Bank.)

Suspended in an impossible position, the West Bank today seems like a headless man, otherwise in excellent health, walking vigorously on a treadmill. Firmly opposed to their present status, the West Bankers live their daily lives in apparently peaceful acceptance of it. They know that Israel is overwhelming in its military superiority, but they are so far unwilling to yield an inch politically in recognition of that fact. They call for a new state, yet they lack leaders around whom to rally. The Palestinians have never had a state of their own, yet they have a strong sense of their unique identity not just as Arabs but as Palestinians.

"Benevolent occupation"

In the hot, dusty villages and towns of the West Bank, nothing visible suggests the fact that one is visiting an occupied territory. Israeli and foreign visitors move through the area attracting no apparent signs of hostility. It may well be, as one American put it, the most "benevolent occupation" in history. The Israelis themselves refuse even to call it an occupation and use the euphemistic phrase "administered areas." They point with pride to the emerging interrelationships between Israel and the West Bank and between the West Bank and the East Bank, the signs of economic growth, freedom of speech, the "Open Bridges" policy, the apparent tranquillity. The brilliant Israeli general in charge of the West Bank, Shlomo Gazit, who has approached his difficult task with intelligence and a combination of firmness and tolerance, says that the West Bankers don't hate Israelis and "we have a fine relationship" but adds, "They certainly don't want us to stay."

The present situation could go on for decades. It could, in the words of an American living in Tel Aviv, "be an anomaly without precedent, a nonvirulent apartheid; or it may someday explode." The Israelis do not want to stay. But what can be done with the West Bank, a trophy of war which the winner is willing to bargain away, but the losers are unwilling to offer anything for? To



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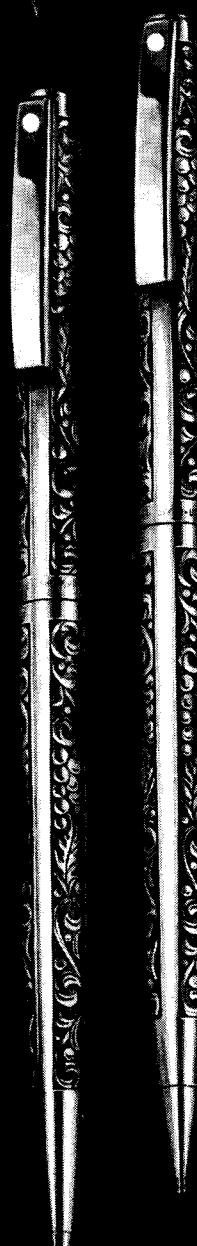
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ISRAEL

see how difficult the dilemma is, one must turn to the Israelis.

After he had explained at length the rationale for a Palestinian state, I asked the Arab doctor in Nablus what would happen if Israel were to offer the 1.25 million Arabs in the occupied territories the same full rights of citizenship that the 300,000 Arabs who live within Israel proper already enjoy. He was startled by the question. After a short pause he said, "They would never do it."

I asked why. It was simple, he said. "We would become 40 percent of Israel. They would have to give us 40 percent of the power, 40 percent of the seats in the Knesset. They would never do it. It is not their Jewish State."

The doctor in Nablus is apparently right. No major segment of the present Israeli political leadership advocates incorporation of the occupied territories into Israel. Only the hard-line Gahal opposition group says it is ready to annex the area, give the Arabs in it citizenship, and live with the consequences.

To absorb the West Bank into Israel would provoke worldwide condemnation, further reduce the chances for negotiation, and transform the Jewish State into something far different from the founding dream which still animates Israel. But to give the area up without any negotiation, to hand back to the Arabs an area which includes the strategic Jordan River Valley and the hills just outside Jerusalem and which at one point comes within ten miles of the Mediterranean—this is totally unacceptable to the Israelis.

"We must find a formula which will satisfy the Arab need for self-determination and their rising expectations *within* our need for secure borders," says Israel Stockman, a leading Arabist and observer of the West Bank.

But how? Thoughtful Israelis are tormented by the problem, and many people have offered complicated proposals. They seem as unrealistic as the dreams of the Arabs for their own State of Palestine. As to the question of Jerusalem, there is, well, there *is* no ques-

tion: Jerusalem must remain Israeli. To this end, vast changes under the dynamic leadership of Mayor Teddy Kollek are transforming the city, expanding its boundaries, and extending its control. The Muslim holy places can be left under Arab control, and Arab access to them guaranteed. But, most Israelis agree, nothing else can be conceded to the Arabs. Jerusalem's status is not negotiable.

Beyond that, for the West Bank there are plans—and plans. Elections for a new Knesset will take place on October 29. And, although everyone takes it for granted that the ruling Labor Party will be returned to power, the election debate is fierce, and the most important issue is the West Bank and Gaza—what to do with over a million Arabs.

Among the many proposals that I heard in Israel this summer, several stood out:

- The Allon Plan, named after Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon, has been around for a long time. Allon claims that while it never became official government policy, it has in effect been adopted. It would provide for a string of Jewish settlements along the strategic Jordan River Valley and limited growth of the Jewish presence in other areas of the West Bank. (It is fascinating to note that the Israelis always put whole families at the front edge of their defensive perimeters, instead of keeping the women and children in more secure rear areas. Israel wants to build a permanent society at its outer edges.)

- General Moshe Dayan has talked of a system in which West Bank Arabs would vote as part of Jordan but remain under Israeli control. It is hard to see how this strange proposal, which critics have called a case of "divided sovereignty," could possibly work. Dayan, who considers himself a great Arab expert, may be making a tactical suggestion, since he must recognize that Jordan would never agree to this. Dayan also wants the string of settlements along the Jordan River Valley, and he has pushed hard for a large seaport city south of Gaza, athwart the traditional Egyptian invasion route into Palestine. Finally, he has pushed to allow the private purchase of land on the West Bank by Jews, a proposal

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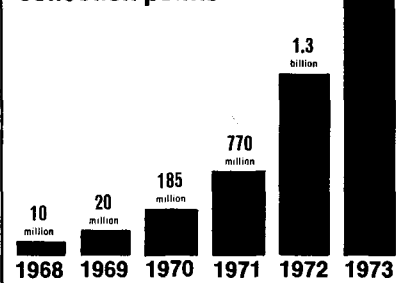
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We're also working on the theory that junked automobiles will be less of a problem as more and more high-scrap-value aluminum is used in cars. We've even built a home from recycled materials to demonstrate there are vast new markets for recycled products and that recycled materials can look as good and function as well as products from virgin sources.

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ISRAEL

which has kicked up a huge controversy.

- Shimon Peres, the Minister of Transportation and one of Dayan's strongest supporters, talks in vague terms of moving toward a federation in about "five to ten years" if the situation is not settled by then. He does not want to move quickly, however, and objects strongly to the annexationist proposals of the extreme right. He wants to use the threat of federation in the middle-range future as incentive to force the Arabs to negotiate. "If I had full support I would say to the Arabs, we are ready to wait ten years. But if you do nothing by then, we will move forward."

- The so-called doves, men such as the head of the powerful Histadrut labor union and Arie Eliav, the former secretary-general of the Labor Party, advocate taking the most conciliatory line possible toward the area. They say that even if they cannot find Arab leaders with whom to negotiate now—the hawks say there are none—any moves that increase Israeli presence in the West Bank merely reduce still further the chances for a settlement and deepen the trap into which they see Israel falling. Although they do not have much influence within the ruling Labor Party, these men obviously both annoy and trouble the leaders of Israel. They are men of great personal sincerity, and they constantly hold before Israel the dream of the founders, which, they say, is being perverted by the occupation of the Arab lands.

Such debate is a normal part of the Israeli political scene, and the absence of a clear official government policy has encouraged even senior ministers to disagree with each other publicly. But as the election campaign approached, Dayan, playing his unique role as the outsider within the government, began suggesting that if the Labor Party did not adopt a platform to his liking, he might sit the election out.

To Pinhas Sapir, the Minister of Finance and the most powerful man in the Labor Party, this posed a serious danger. Sapir opposed the moves into the West Bank which Dayan was advocating, but his first

priority was to hold the Labor Party together during the campaign. He and Prime Minister Golda Meir saw the risks of driving Dayan out of the party (he bolted once before, under David Ben-Gurion, and is capable of doing it again), thereby jeopardizing Labor's control of the Knesset. So he and Mrs. Meir decided that any open confrontation with Dayan must be delayed until after the election, and they assigned an influential Minister Without Portfolio, Israel Galili, the task of drawing up a compromise plank for the party platform. The resulting draft was adopted by the Labor Party. It provided for the creation of a small "center" at Rafa, near the place where Dayan had wanted a large port; the extension of Jerusalem to the south and east, into what is now legally the "administered areas"; and private acquisition of land by Israelis subject to the approval of the government.

This was all widely interpreted as a victory for Dayan. There is no question that the Galili compromise has pushed the lines back still farther in regard to the occupied territories. But the final assessment must await the clash sure to come in November after the election.

"Creeping annexation"

Some parts of Galili's proposal seem certain to become government policy. Shimon Peres said in an interview that the Galili proposals are good for the next four or five years in Israel. "They are based on our philosophy of how to deal with the Arabs," he said. "They just go a little further. We must seek better relations with the Arabs but at the same time improve our strategic position." Peres is opposed to the suggestion that such moves are leading Israel toward what Eliav calls "creeping annexation." He also opposed the concept of annexation for three reasons: "First, it would insult our best friend, the United States; second, it would kill our improving relations with King Hussein; and third, it would force the issue within Israel between those who oppose annexation and those who want to see Israel grow in area."

And yet, despite Peres' words, despite Abba Eban's assurances that "no one wants to keep the West

Bank," despite Golda Meir's forceful statements that there has been no change in policy and that the majority of the Cabinet and the people do not want the populated area of the West Bank inside Israel, the Israelis have a problem without a solution. Hussein cannot risk his political life by negotiating directly with Israel. The Israelis will not negotiate directly with the Palestinian Liberation Front leaders in Beirut, whom they consider to be terrorists. And no West Bank Palestinian has the stature to speak for his people. For strategic reasons, Israel will build up its presence in the Jordan River Valley and at the Rafa Junction near Gaza just as they have built kibbutzim on the Golan Heights.

These are all short-range or interim measures. They will increase the security of Israel, which understandably is the primary concern of most Israelis today, after three wars in twenty-five years. But won't each new step into the occupied territories further enmesh Israel with its unwanted Arab wards? Won't each step reduce the chances for negotiation?

The Israelis do not agree on this point. The so-called "doves"—using a term wholly misapplied from the American experience in Vietnam—oppose changes in the relationship with the West Bank precisely because they will reduce the chances for negotiation and will in time change the nature of Israel. The prevailing government viewpoint, however, is that the Arabs would have obtained better terms from Israel in 1968 than they could get today, and better terms today than they will be able to get in five years. "We will show them that they must negotiate or else they will face a worsening situation from their standpoint," said one government official. "We will give them the choice of negotiating now or being in a worse position later," said another.

Behind this view is the growing belief in Israel that the Arabs will not negotiate in the foreseeable future, so Israel might as well buckle down for the long haul. The Israelis know that the Arabs are now playing "the oil card" to try to change U.S. policy in the Middle East by using leverage derived from their

vast oil reserves. They are genuinely concerned that, over time, this strategy will weaken American support for Israel. But the Israelis know that their self-image and their identity are threatened more by prolonged and indefinite control of so many Arabs. Even if the mood is tranquil on the West Bank, the occupation of someone else's homeland for a long time can do damage to Israel.

I saw repeated examples of how worried thoughtful Israelis are about this problem. One day at lunch, Arie Eliav, an eloquent opponent of the Galili proposal, an old associate of Golda Meir, and a genuine hero to many Israelis, a man who already has fought in five wars, was talking about his objections to the government's policies. Two senior officials of the Israeli government were with us, and they were disputing many of Eliav's objections to the government's position. At times they simply felt that he was misrepresenting the situation to the American visitors. Then he stopped talking about the tactics of the political struggle with Dayan and began talking about his dreams for the Jewish State.

"We face moral decay in Israel if we keep these Arabs," he said. "Not only will we lose our creative drive as Zionists but we will have one million Arabs living in limbo. They won't know what their status is. They will work in our fields and make money. But the result will be a state of one million people without rights, and eventually we will have no choice but to annex them. It won't be the Jewish State anymore, the one we fought for and dreamed of. It will just be a state, another state with guns and planes like all the others. Just a state."

The other Israelis at the table fell silent. They had pointed out convincingly that Israel could find no one to negotiate with over the West Bank. They had said that the government was seeking every way out of the dilemma. They had cited many examples of Arab-Israeli cooperation on the West Bank, similar to my own story of the village chief. But what if there is no change? What if Israel cannot resolve its dilemma? Eliav had painted, all too explicitly, the nightmare which haunts Israel today.

This is the ultimate irony of Israel in the twenty-sixth year of its existence. It is something the Israelis do not like to talk about, for they are a humane and intelligent people who have an insoluble problem on their hands. Their country was born out of centuries of oppression, climaxed by the most savage tragedy ever visited by one people upon another. Their history hangs over them. When the State of Israel was born, they were prepared to fight to preserve it, and to survive. They still are; on this point Israel is more determined and united than ever. But they did not expect to have under their control the lives and destinies of other people, of Arabs both Christian and Muslim. It is an unwanted problem, by far the most serious one that Israel faces today. And not only will it not go away, but it is more and more likely to be with them for a long time. The question was put by more than one Israeli and American: "Are we building a Northern Ireland of the Middle East?"

—RICHARD HOLBROOKE

CALIFORNIA

When Los Angeles' newly elected mayor Tom Bradley saw the precinct returns detailing where his victory had been won last May, he discovered unexpectedly strong support in residential areas overlooking the coast at Pacific Palisades, in precincts fringing the Santa Monica Mountains, and in the wealthy districts where mansions cling to wooded hillsides and look out upon a view shrouded in smog. This is territory so solidly Republican that it is still known as Goldwater country. Four years before, in his first bid for the mayoralty, Bradley had been defeated by strong opposition in these same neighborhoods.

Mayor Bradley is a Democrat; but since local elections in California are nonpartisan, that affiliation may not be as significant as the fact that he is also black. He is a commanding figure, towering over any crowd; he still has the physique that once made him a track star. A former policeman with twenty-one years' experience on the force, Bradley is now a lawyer, and for the past ten years he has been a city

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CALIFORNIA

councilman. In both of his mayoralty contests, racial prejudice was deliberately provoked against him. Four years ago it defeated him. But this year a newer and larger concern grips California. The Bradley campaign was attuned to that concern.

A political phenomenon is making itself felt throughout the state. It transcends the conservatism that carried Ronald Reagan into the Governor's office in 1966 and again in 1970. It is stronger than the racism which touches state affairs from time to time, and it supersedes party. California is caught up in a mood of revulsion for the pace and the nature of its own growth.

California used to congratulate itself on its every expansion, every super-sized suburb or shopping center, every record set through the 1960s by a zooming increase in numbers: one-third of a million new arrivals every year. Each measurement was a matter of pride: the biggest school system, the most miles of freeway, the fastest-growing urban area, the highest dams, the world's longest water conduits, and then—the ultimate boast—the largest state population. Now Californians are revolting against bigness.

The environmental movement has engulfed California. It has gone beyond rhetorical concern over threats to the state's magnificent natural resources and beyond the professional conservationist's effort to preserve coast, mountain, open plain, and silent, sunbaked desert. Environmental alarm has entered into the day-to-day political life of the state and become the center of its political conflict.

Dismay at the blight of smog, and shock at the rapidity with which gentle countryside is being transformed into a crosshatch of cement lined with drab "little box" houses and high-rise cubes, have brought about an explosion of local regulatory laws intended to limit growth, to curb the sprawl of new developments and put them where they don't endanger resources, and to control physical change according to a plan and not at the whim of developers.

At the state level, this mood has

brought a number of changes. It has pushed to the fore issues of land use, open space, and conservation of resources in a legislature accustomed to thinking that taxes, schools, law and order, or welfare mattered most. Last fall the California electorate imposed an abrupt halt on all building along the coastline from Oregon to Mexico, and from now on will admit structures at the shoreline only by specific government permit. In addition, construction, totaling many millions of dollars in value, of dams, freeways, hotels, apartment complexes, suburban housing developments, and power plants has been stalled. Projects for which communities used to compete are now suspended by lawsuits, denounced at city council sessions, returned to the design table to be reduced in scale, or rejected out of hand. Those builders who have been most severely restrained warn that the state's economy is in peril.

The most sweeping change has occurred in local government. Anxiety over the deteriorating environment has led voters to overturn old power bases and bring into office a new kind of public official, sensitive to environment, articulate in a call for ordered growth, and resistant to the conventional pressures for progress. One after another, in a pattern which has become statewide, various city and county elections have turned on issues of controlling growth and imposing stricter zoning.

Preventing suicide

Bradley's election in Los Angeles is only the most striking event in this sequence. While environment was not his only issue, it was the most decisive. Election returns made it clear that he won because he inveighed against the city's "prolonged suicide" by way of unrelenting expansion. In previous ambitious planning, Los Angeles had been zoned to anticipate growth to a population of ten million, a scale Bradley characterized as insane. He urged reducing that expected total to four million. (The county of Los Angeles, comprising this City of Angels and seventy-six other cities, already has a population of nearly seven million.)

"As the city land is zoned today," Bradley said, "you could move the whole [population] of New York City into our boundaries. That is a nightmare. There is no way our air, our streets, our soil, our energy could support so many people. We must set reasonable limits or we face environmental disaster."

He promised to make mass transit an effective alternative to the automobile in this most car-oriented of all communities. He vowed to retract a permit recently granted the Occidental Petroleum Corporation to drill for oil on the seacoast beneath the cliffs of Pacific Palisades. He pledged to curb new housing developments which are eating up what little open space still exists on the Santa Monica Mountains. So popular were these proposals that Bradley won a strong plurality even in white neighborhoods.

How important such issues have become in California's political process can be illustrated with some statistics. California has 296 county supervisors. These officials legislate within California's 58 counties. (There are about five supervisors per county.) Of the 296, 140 have been newly elected within the past two years, 90 of them taking office just last spring. Never before in California's history has there been a dismissal on this scale of experienced, well-known incumbents in exchange for amateurs. Traditionally, these county governing bodies have been conventionally conservative. Now, suddenly, almost half their members have less than two years' experience and proclaim their commitment to conservation as against expansion. In some 20 counties, environmentalists have majority control. And the support which carried these newcomers into office continues to make itself evident.

These fledgling legislators constitute a new style in politics. They are generally young, though the young voters do not dominate their constituency. They are intelligent. They are vigorous workers. Many are professionals—doctors, architects, physicists, teachers—who would not likely have sought public office in the past. They are crusaders with a high degree of motivation. They are not necessarily anti-Establishment but are strongly independent, impervi-

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ous to the blandishments and cajoling which have previously shaped so much of California's decision-making to the whim of the utilities, the oil companies, the construction industry, the land developers, and organized labor.

An example of this new breed, Frank Frost, a young professor of ancient Greek at the University of California in Santa Barbara, won a seat on the Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors from an experienced rival, the incumbent mayor of the city of Santa Barbara. His platform was a modest but emphatic pledge: "Not one more house in Santa Barbara."

John Tuteur, a new supervisor in Napa County, who at thirty-one is one of the youngest supervisors in the state, is a Yale graduate who moved into politics after extensive involvement with Sierra Club activities. He notes that his colleagues, the newcomers in the powerful County Supervisors' Association, recently persuaded that body to recommend a modest share of gas tax revenues for mass transit. This is an amazing departure for a group of officials who once worshipped the road-builders.

"No growth"

City councils are experiencing similar revolutionary change. Last spring, at a conference of some five hundred mayors and councilmen, Don Benninghoven, executive director of the League of California Cities, asked how many of his colleagues attributed their election primarily to their positions on environmental issues. More than 70 percent raised their hands.

According to Benninghoven, Pete Wilson, new mayor of San Diego, is the first to reach that office without the backing of the big developers. He was elected on a commitment to control growth. San Jose, south of San Francisco, used to brag about having the fastest growth rate in the whole United States. Last spring a group of San Jose mothers, exasperated at crowded schools, brought all new housing to a halt. They got an initiative ordinance on the ballot prohibiting new housing unless the

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builders fund the needed classrooms. It passed. "We have never seen local upheavals to equal what is going on today," says Benninghoven.

Such occurrences across the state are too numerous to recount. A few more examples illustrate the pattern. The towns of Livermore and Pleasanton, east of San Francisco Bay, voted last spring to bar permits for new buildings until there are sewage plants and water facilities to serve them. Marin County, north of the Golden Gate Bridge, voted nine to one against enlarging its water supply. The message was perfectly clear: no more water meant no more housing. Then Marin elected to its water district board, by a 75 percent majority, an environmentalist dedicated to limiting all water main connections in the future. In Santa Monica, three city councilmen were ousted in May for approving an artificial island in the tidewater area to support a high-rise hotel and recreational facilities. In Redondo Beach, four incumbents were beaten by newcomers over the issue of coastal protection. Malibu voters turned down multimillion-dollar sewer enlargement bonds three years in a row, thwarting developers.

In Goleta, near Santa Barbara, a proposal to finance a new water supply was rejected out of hand. The "no growth" move was so strong that a moratorium was imposed on expanding the water supply until planners define the city's future size. Even before the offshore oil spill aroused public support for coastal protection, Santa Barbara had been involved in successive environmental battles. In three separate referenda, citizens challenged and rejected by ballot projects authorized by their supervisors which would have developed the coast. This year, in final exasperation, the community voted out of office the pro-development officials on both the county board of supervisors and the city council. This lovely city, with its striking backdrop of mountains and its magnificent shoreline, has voted to reduce projected population density by one-half, and it is structuring a new planning process

which permits an unusual degree of citizen participation.

So it goes all over the state. In mountainous Plumas County, supervisors approved an airport intended to provide access for vacation-home developers. The citizens voted it down. Voters in Chico replaced city councilmen last spring in order to save a park in preference to new housing. Many rural counties are setting up zoning restrictions against large-scale land development and are also barring city-sized lots. In 1968, Napa County, seeking to protect its unique high-quality vineyards, passed the earliest restrictive zoning of this type. It prohibited any use of land on the valley floor less than twenty acres in size. That move restrained the builders. But this year, recognizing new population pressures, Napa extended zoning limits to the rest of its territory. It now bans all building on plots smaller than five acres. This, Supervisor Tuteur says with satisfaction, "has brought development to a screeching halt."

In the university communities of Davis and Santa Cruz, protest erupted over plans for large new housing spreads. On the north coast, in redwood-filled Humboldt County, university students and faculty led a campaign which ejected from office one of the most powerful local ranchers and replaced him with an earnest young wild-rivers enthusiast dedicated to keeping the Eel River running free, not dammed.

"These new people we encounter in city councils are exciting," said Don Benninghoven. "They are the most articulate I have ever met. They take pride in being elected for the environmental cause. It is astonishing to have so many come into office, all over the state, with a uniform purpose."

To leaders of the Sierra Club, so long accustomed to political combat over the environment, the whole country seems to be reflecting new sensitivity to land use. Michael McCloskey, Sierra Club executive secretary, said, "The period of emotional publicity, of demonstrations and drives to 'save this' or 'save that' is over. Action has moved off the streets and into the legislatures, the city councils, and the courts. It is no longer so dramatic nor so simple. It is now deeply enmeshed

in the political process and concerns very complex and costly choices society must make. The big question is whether public support for the environmental concepts can be maintained in this new sophisticated phase."

Saving the coast

The recent report by the Laurance Rockefeller Task Force on Land Use and Urban Growth indicated that antipathy to growth is a nationwide mood. But in California the mood is augmented by a restless readiness for some positive political thrust. Governor Ronald Reagan's administration has focused upon retrenching government, reining it in, limiting its responsibilities, curbing its spending. Thus, since 1966 the prevailing political climate in California has been negative. The effect has been the bottling up of a normally effervescent people who have zest to affirm their faith in themselves and in their capacity for constructive government. The ecology cause has evoked a heady public response.

This does not mean that Governor Reagan has rejected environmental alarms. But his determination to reduce the role of government and leave most decision-making to the private sector conflicts with the present rush to impose regulations on the construction industry and on land developers and to narrow the freedom of private property owners.

It becomes apparent that political debate in the state will center on defining land-use policies and preserving treasured open space. It is dawning upon some thoughtful Californians that something quite new is happening which portends drastic revision of the concept of freedom to use real property, new responsibilities for government in physical planning, and new tax burdens. This runs counter to the conservative Reagan approach.

The most sweeping environmental control so far is the statewide initiative to conserve the coastline, which the electorate approved by 55 percent last November. This was clearly a landmark in state history. It is significant not only for the strictures it imposes on coastal property and for the complex regulatory

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mechanism it has set in motion but also for the fact that the California voters for the first time in sixty years overrode the unanimous plea of all major business interests in the state, their allies in organized labor, and the Governor's office. Voters endorsed, in the face of this powerful coalition, a proposal placed on the ballot by a collection of amateurs and citizen volunteers. It was the first defeat on a matter of such magnitude which the established interests had suffered since Hiram Johnson toppled the Southern Pacific Railroad machine in 1910.

The conservation movement was not credited as a serious force until this event of last November. Business and organized labor deemed it little more than an annoying fad, a whim, until the post-midnight tallies on the coastal initiative came in. There followed weeks of stunned conferences in business circles and predictions of catastrophe. The local elections last May proved that interest in environmental issues persists. The atmosphere of dismay on the part of business and labor has given way lately to plans for action.

Two groups appear to be massing to resist the effects of the proposal. One is readying for battle, or has already plunged into it via the courts and counterlegislation. This faction, including many local unions in the building trades, the operating engineers, real estate leaders, and land developers, is extremely bitter. These people consider themselves victims of "stop everything" extremists, and warn that revolution has arrived. As one protest group in Orange County expressed it, plans for density control seem "the ultimate tool for the wresting of private property rights from landowners." Growth limitations "pronounce the American dream dead in Orange County," they said. Sierra Club members, taunted as "ecofreaks," report that they are being subjected to the most severe criticism they have ever encountered.

Another faction, however, has come forward with a modified pro-ecology posture coupled with a call for "balance." This is the semantic cover for a move toward compromise rather than confrontation.

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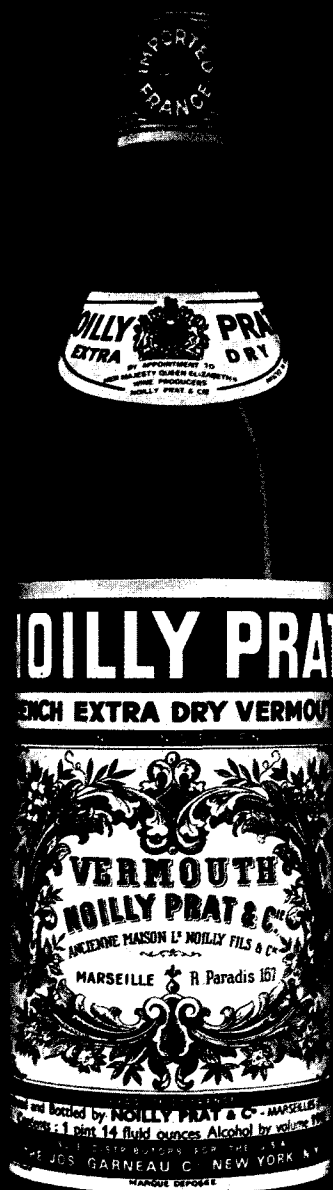
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One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

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She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's

marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

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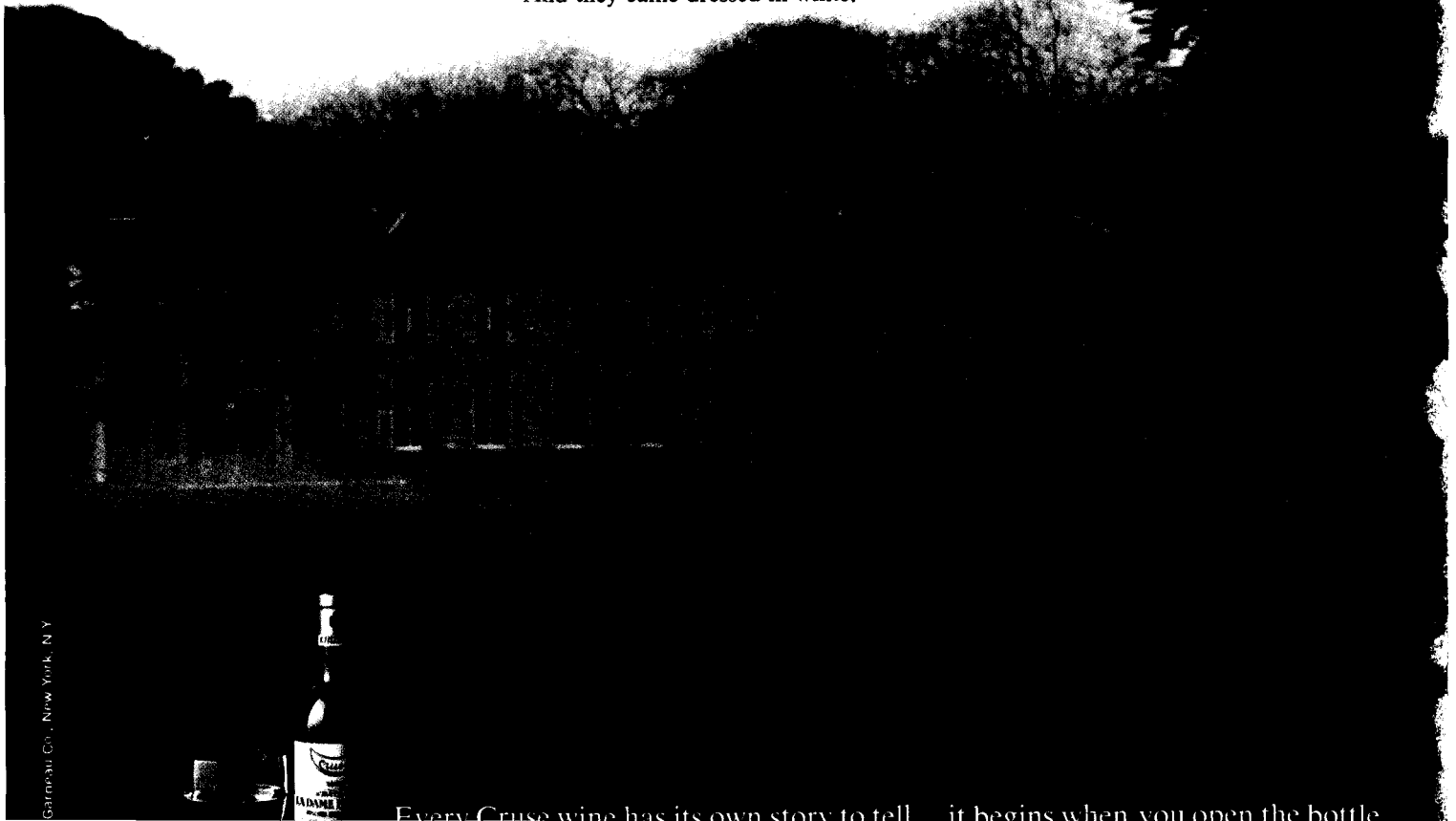
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The word "balance" is being used liberally by both sides. It means different degrees of compromise to each. Environmentalists agree that real economic problems are raised by population growth. Even though migration is reduced to a dribble at present, California needs two hundred thousand additional jobs each year. Driven by this need, organized labor, especially the building trades, views hostilely the environmentalists' effort to diminish or divert some kinds of construction. Labor has initiated a move to require that economic values be weighed, along with the environmental, in all decisions affecting zoning and land use. Business interests support spelling out the economic factors, although no one has clarified whether only the immediate job losses are to be weighed if some construction is halted, or if the long-range calculations about community life can also be considered. How far this "balance" accords with ecological preservation is yet to be decided.

Wary coalitions

To formalize their new wary camaraderie, labor leadership and oil companies, utilities, financial houses, and some farsighted businesses have created a new structure, the California Council for Environmental and Economic Balance, in the hope of countering the environmentalists with compromise rather than direct battle. Former Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown is state chairman. Michael Peevey, an economist who left the state AFL-CIO to direct this move, said, "We ought to be mature enough to work toward preserving natural resources without throwing rocks at one another."

Will Siri, a Sierra Club vice president, calls conflict between environmentalists and the labor-business coalition "an unnecessary war," but John Henning, state AFL-CIO executive secretary-treasurer, said at one point, "We are on a collision course in certain areas, and it would be ridiculous to say otherwise."

One notable accommodation to the environmentalist position was the decision, quietly disclosed in July, that several major California power companies will pool efforts to establish an inland nuclear power plant in the southern Central Val-

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ley, a direct contrast to their previous insistence that only the ocean shore was a suitable site.

There is another problem. To minority groups, sensitivity about the landscape goes hand in hand with indifference to human needs. In the ghetto, environmentalists are known as "Green Panthers." Bonds to preserve open space, suddenly popular with California voters, are viewed cynically by those who find that public money is scarce for school lunches, child-care centers, or welfare checks. Zoning to keep apartment builders out of a residential neighborhood seems—and often is—a device to bar blacks as well. The environmentalist movement involves for the most part educated middle- and upper-class whites. It has aspects of elitism which trouble some of the newly elected officials. Certainly Mayor Bradley of Los Angeles means to divert some of this enthusiasm toward providing services beneficial to the poor, such as low-cost public transportation.

William L. Wheaton, dean of the College of Environmental Design at Berkeley, sees the "no growth" movement as a mixed bag, composed firstly of people who want their taxes reduced, secondly of people set on keeping the minorities and the poor away from their residential neighborhoods, and thirdly of persons genuinely dedicated to preserving the earth's beauty and resources.

"The ratio of that mix differs from one community to another, but it is the coalition of these three elements that provides the political clout," he says. "Nobody knows how long they will stick together."

There are signs that social problems are prodding the environmentalists into concern for the inner city. In Palo Alto, there is a move to furnish low-cost housing where none existed before. This is a turn-about, since Palo Alto first committed public money to buying up nearby hillsides to preserve them as open space. Pete Wilson, the new mayor of San Diego, is undertaking improvement of the core city as an alternative to suburban growth. In his phased-growth program, he

plans to use zoning controls to rebuild the downtown area, including slums, and stop the helter-skelter growth of housing on the perimeter of the city.

San Jose, sprawled below the southern tip of San Francisco Bay, is a classic example of chaotic "slurb." It is considered the worst urban disaster in Northern California. But in the past two years San Jose, under a new local administration, has made heroic rescue moves. Its urban development policy designated as service areas those portions of the city where fire protection, storm drains, sewer and power lines, streets, and lighting are available. Authorities zoned to permit growth in these areas alone. Open space outside these service areas is not to be used for building for the next fifteen years.

"It is working," says San Jose city councilwoman Janet Gray Harris. "We are filling in the gaps. We are managing growth." Santa Clara, the county in which San Jose is situated, has persuaded other cities to follow San Jose's example. "By some miracle, we are learning to accommodate more gracefully to growth," said a county planner.

Up in Sacramento

At the state level, environmental enthusiasm peaked in about 1970. That year more than a thousand bills on the topic were introduced at the legislature. A statewide Environmental Quality Act took effect, mandating environmental impact reports on major construction. Legislators initiated moves for an overall antipollution agency and for regional planning agencies, passed laws protecting consumers in land sales, and greatly strengthened existing water pollution laws. The legislature ordered counties to zone in conformity with their master plans. This law is ironic, for though state politicians are according local planners new respect as master plans become vital guiding maps to the future, planning on a state scale has not been forthcoming.

What *has* been happening at the state capitol in Sacramento since 1970 is a gathering of strength among those opposed to the environmentalists. A plan for a statewide antipollution agency has been

rejected three times. Regional planning agencies, still a live issue, encounter rebuffs. The obstructionists worked hardest against the proposal to protect California's 1067 miles of coastline. Numerous studies undertaken over many years had urged California to establish special controls over the rapid spread of construction along this fragile and severely threatened strip of land. Every moneyed interest in the state seemed to have some access to the coast that it wanted to protect. For four years, oil companies, utilities, shipping lines, yachtsmen and fishermen, recreational operators, hotels, private homeowners, land developers, banks, and, of course, labor fought regulation of coastal construction. Each time legislation was proposed, the combined lobby defeated it. To oppose the lobby, the Coastal Alliance was organized last year, a collection of enthusiasts as diverse as Friends of the Earth, the Sierra Club, Boy Scout troops, housewives, and garden clubs.

These volunteers had been schooled in political action during a previous effort, from 1963 to 1969, to save San Francisco Bay. Led by such intrepid women as Mrs. Clark Kerr, wife of the then president of the University of California, Mrs. Donald H. McLaughlin, wife of a University of California regent, and Janet Adams, a housewife with a talent for politics, together with a host of concerned lawyers, engineers, scientists, and teachers, "Save the Bay" advocates had hounded the legislature and finally got money for a study. Then they pushed for enactment of a law halting peripheral fill. Ultimately they got the legislature to create the Bay Conservation and Development Commission (BCDC), empowered to grant permits for bayside building. In addition, the Commission undertook permanent planning for the shoreline.

This formula of permit-granting regulation accompanied by long-range planning is part of the new coastal conservation law. In adopting the referendum, the voters set up six regional coastal commissions, to be composed half of incumbent local officials and half appointed from the public at large. A statewide coastal commission has review and veto powers. It is drawing up a

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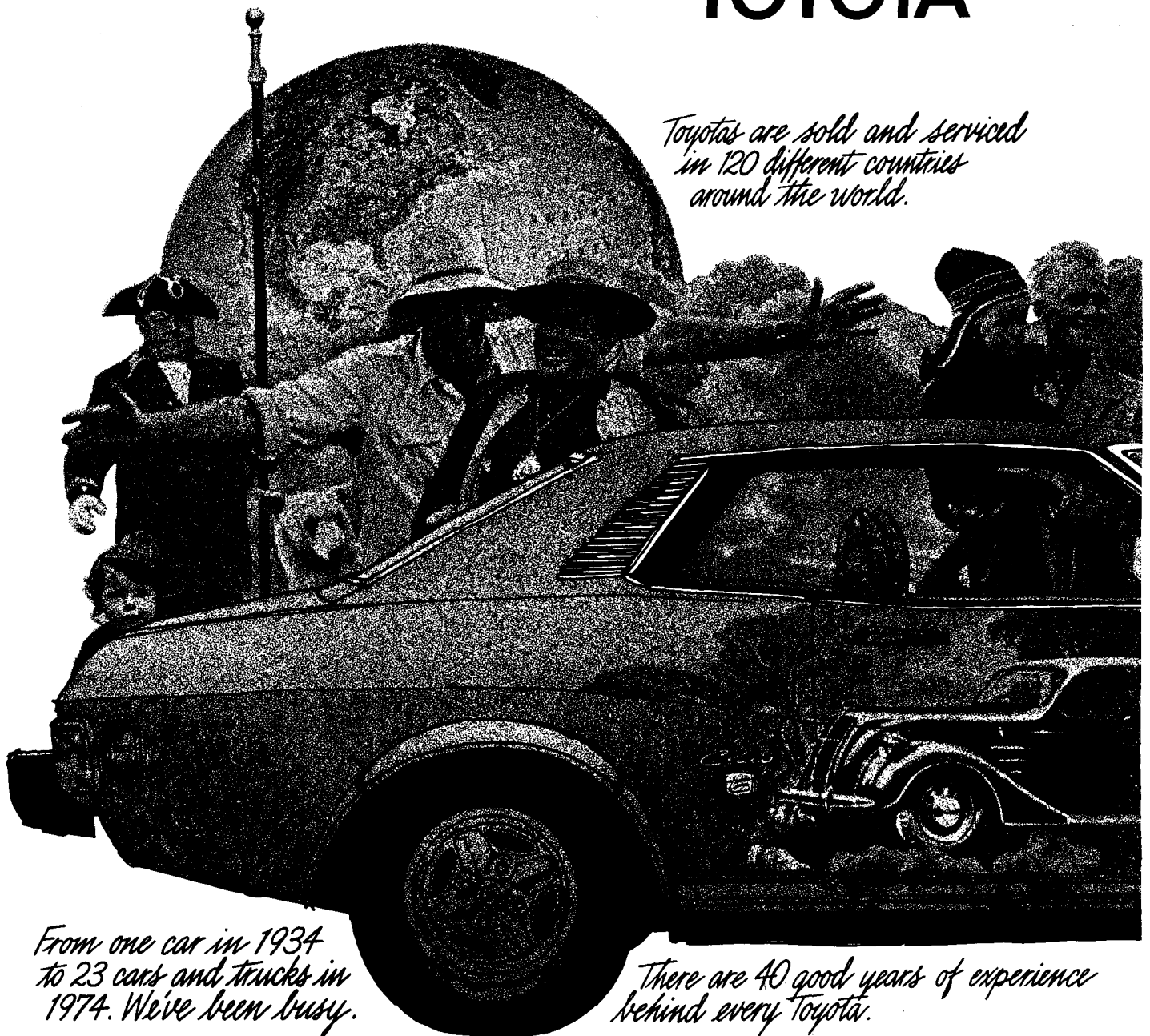
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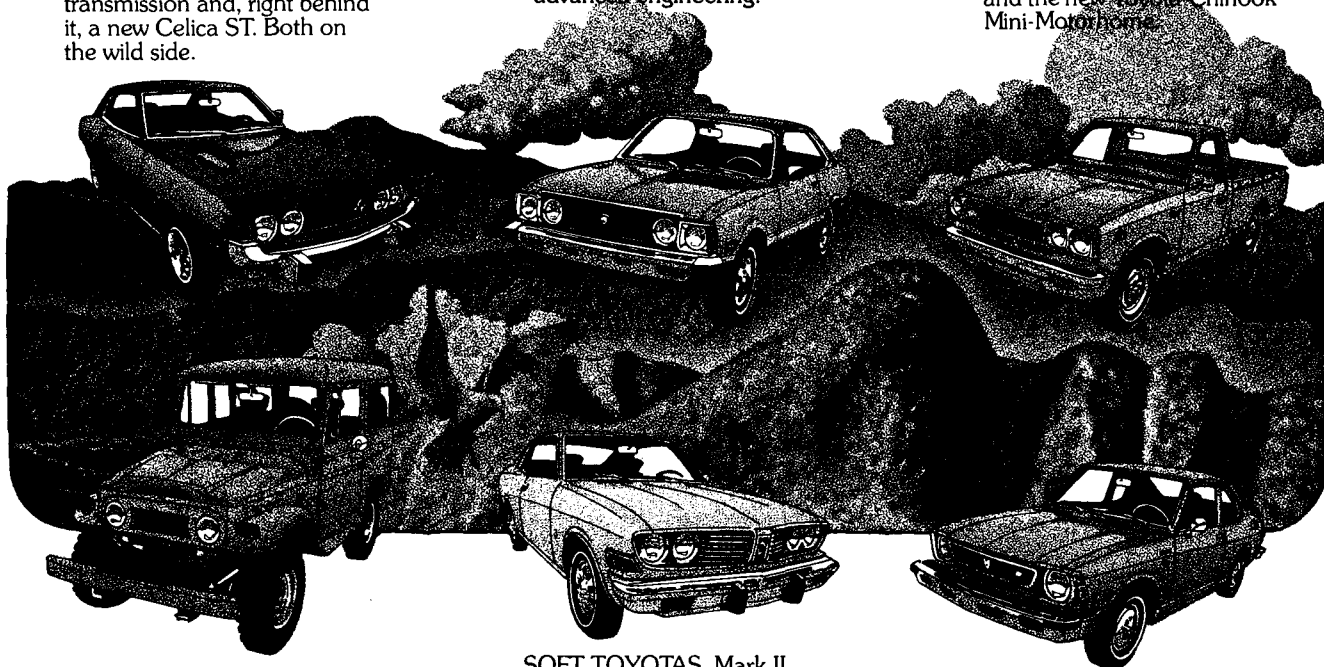
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CALIFORNIA

long-range plan for the coastline, to be set before the legislature by 1977. Since last November, nearly all construction along the coast (for one thousand yards inland from mean high-tide line) has halted, pending issue or denial of a permit; construction which has not yet halted is before the local commission or in court justifying its continuation.

Understandably enough, lawsuits have erupted. Three property owners have filed a class-action suit for an astronomical sum charging the coastal zone commissions with confiscation of private property. Redevelopment projects which had Washington's approval have been halted for review. Plans for single homes at scenic points have been refused permits, in order that the landscape may be kept open for passing motorists. High-rise condominiums representing investments of many millions of dollars have been rejected. By no means are all permits denied, but the priorities are fixed by the constitutional language of the law which orders preservation of "the ecological balance" of the coast "to prevent further deterioration."

Some thirty cases are already in the courts. New ones are disclosed in the press every week. California's legal system is already clogged with lawsuits provoked by local zoning restrictions or "no growth" rulings. They are filtering up to the appeal level. For instance, in Sacramento, McKeon Construction Company, already in and out of the Supreme Court on individual issues, is suing five ardent environmentalists for \$80 million on the contention that their arguments led public officials to quash its project. The five have had to issue fund-raising appeals to meet the burden of their defense.

State Building Trades Council president James Lee voiced the special outrage many feel now that the law gives anyone the right to challenge coastal development. He said: "The environmentalists have gone haywire. Down in Montecito a twenty-five-year-old pottery maker whose whole personal worth isn't more than \$2000 walked into court and got an injunction to stop a \$5-



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CALIFORNIA

million hotel. He doesn't even pay taxes. Yet he can disrupt the economy by a little yelling and screaming about a view being hurt. It is happening all over. The Auburn Dam, on which \$150 million has been spent, is stalled. The New Melones Dam on which the U.S. Army Engineers have put \$30 million is hauled into court by the ecology nuts. Where does this nonsense lead?"

Some building in California may have stalled, but it has not stopped completely. New houses still go up. Planned developments such as condominiums, community apartments, or stock-ownership cooperatives are in great demand. Large-scale projects have diminished. Communities advertise fifty or one hundred lots these days, not two thousand, as they used to four years ago. Standard subdivisions are still being built. The California Real Estate Commission reports that in early summer the number of filings for subdivision construction reached the highest level in department history; and the number of people clamoring to become real estate salesmen in California rose from the customary two thousand a month to well over five thousand in May. Some construction work may have been accumulating in the pipeline, but it is not easy to square such reports with the contention that California is being "wrecked." Construction jobs this summer, state figures show, were 5.9 percent more numerous than last year, while in the state as a whole nonagricultural jobs increased by only 3.6 percent.

Joseph E. Bodovitz, who managed the highly successful regulation of San Francisco Bay as director of the BCDC, has become executive director of the California Coastal Zone Conservation Commission. He terms the coastal issue "the critical turning point."

"If it had failed, it would have shown that people are not serious about the environment. It would have continued California's commitment to economic growth whatever the consequences. Now everyone recognizes a fundamental change has been ordered by the public."

The legal and legislative challenges do not dismay him. "Environmentalists seldom win battles permanently. They have to keep on fighting. What would be scary would be indifference. It is healthy that the whole state is involved in a serious contest over its development over the next few years."

"Cut, trim, squeeze"

But the coastal regulation initiative was only one of several blows to construction interests. Last September, the California Supreme Court ruled that the legislation requiring environmental impact reports on construction did not, as some thought, apply exclusively to government projects but required it of any private building which involves use of public funds or public authorization. The author of the legislation, Assemblyman John Knox, emphasizes that this was his intention.

"We didn't halt anything. We didn't say an unfavorable impact statement necessitated prohibiting a building. We just wanted public disclosure of the consequences and public discussion of what this meant to the community."

Norman B. Livermore, Jr., state resources director, reports that this makes California the only state to weigh environmental factors in private building as well as public. The case *Friends of Mammoth v. Mono County* arose when residents near a lovely chain of lakes in a high wooded canyon on the eastern side of the Sierras, just off the Reno-Los Angeles route, became so irritated at the influx of vacationers that they went to court to counter local approval given an eight-story, one-hundred-and-eighty-four-unit condominium which had not presented an environmental impact report. The word "impact" is ubiquitous in the conservation world these days, but California is still reeling from the results of that decision. It has forced hundreds of projects back for fresh consideration. A later court decision requires such reports even on projects completed prior to passage of the law itself, if these projects have a continuing effect upon the environment.

In 1968, Governor Reagan vetoed plans for the Dos Rios Dam on the

Eel River, one of the most abundant water sources in Northern California. He has blue-penciled highway plans which threatened coastal areas or mountain wilderness, and last year he signed the stronger of rival measures proposing a wild-river status for five key northern rivers. But moves to regulate private land use or restrict the freedom of individual property owners run contrary to Reagan's views. His basic aim is to reduce government's regulation of the citizenry. He was vehemently against the coastal protection restrictions. "California is behind most states in land conservation measures," said Dean Wheaton. "Eight years of Reaganism have taken their toll."

The Governor represents the next challenge the environmentalists confront. He has brought his own constitutional initiative to the ballot. This November his plan for limiting taxes will be the only measure before the people at a special election. Reagan's plan would impose on the state a ceiling on spending, confining its revenues to no more than the ratio of state income which is collected from all taxes at present. Over the next fifteen years, this level of permitted dollar expenditure would diminish each year by a fixed percentage. This reflects Reagan's effort to implant his "cut, trim, and squeeze" philosophy on the state and carry it into the future, irrespective of changing obligations, unforeseeable social demands, or environmental costs. The platform is also designed to carry forward his carefully calculated move toward the Republican nomination for the presidency after he leaves office in California in 1975.

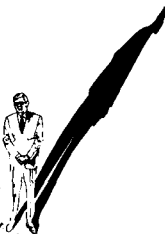
It is clear that this issue will face powerful opposition from forces eager to keep California's government flexible and responsive in a time of change. Whether the environmentalists are indeed shapers of California's destiny may be discovered in the extent of their participation in this next major political test.

—MARY ELLEN LEARY

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Holbrooke is the managing editor of *Foreign Policy* magazine.

Mary Ellen Leary is a free-lance reporter who writes about California politics.



Innocent Bystander

The Crystal Year

by L. E. Sissman

The twenty-seventh of this month—almost certainly, like so many of its predecessors, a chill and pewter day with a crack in the west to let the coming winter in—is my wedding anniversary. My fifteenth, to be exact. The sign in a gift shop I sometimes go to says that the fifteenth is the crystal year; if I get diligent and order the monograms in time, I may surprise my wife with some Orrefors or Waterford.

But that's hardly the point or purpose of the occasion. If there is anything in fifteen years of cumulative marriage to mark them besides an arbitrary milepost on the calendar, it's, well, a kind of crystallinity. Five thousand days of union, if not unity, lend a certain distance and clarity to one's view of oneself and one's marriage. And, doubtless, of one's wife. (I realize it is not lately fashionable to stay married, and faithful, for so long; nonetheless we, in all our unconscious gaucherie, have done it, and I think we have little to repent.)

My wife. I have learned a lot about her. She must be among the last of those perfectionistic creatures who itch to pat, fold, and tuck the world into order like a bed, and, though I am not of that vanishing kind, I find myself increasingly in admiration of her gift. To see her asserting herself over matter—the fork pricking the ideal number of steam vents in the top pie crust, the knife slicing its hoop of excess off the pie's circumference with micrometric exactitude—is to see a very grave and honorable human candle lit.

To see her, conversely, lose a

long-fought battle over garden weeds or bagworms in the saplings is to see that noble candle snuffed, to be relit again elsewhere. To know mechanisms and to try conclusions is my wife's lesson; though it will never apply to me, I've studied it long and carefully.

Myself. I've learned—by contrast with my wife over these married years—that I will always be a Sunday plumber, a slapdash, intuitive paperer-over of projects and problems. Not for me the unrelenting penetration of the malfunction to its source and the ensuing rebuilding, step by step, of the delicate tissue of structure; instead, I'll coin a phrase or make a law (on no known precedent) to cover it. Patience makes me impatient; I am too slack for rigor; I'm witlessly willing to live by my wits.

My marriage. Surely such opposites disagree? Surely they do. But, just as surely, they don't sunder. There is some cement in oppositeness, some saving grace and glue in being different. My wife regards me as a friendly curiosity, I'm sure, but one well worth respecting; I think and hope I do the same. Where is there any novel or tetralogy one-half so gripping as the ongoing saga of another person coping with all the vicissitudes of everyday? Where is the bombshell film that captures all the panoply and nuance, all the shadings of face and speech, of a whole life lived in front of one?

But to retrace my steps to the beginning. We entered on this marriage—this frail skiff which has become a stout ship through time and use—in thunder, lightning, and storm at sea. It was the disaffected dead end of the fifties, when so many of us who had started out with bright, simpleminded hopes after the war found we had to take our first tuck of compromise. My wife and I had both been married before; the age of anxiety and a wealth of small, repeated nags like poverty had laid waste both our marriages; now we joined up together in uncertainty, hoping not for radiant new horizons but for a small, plain, homely fresh start, surrounded not by glamorous vistas but by the humble, light-washed things—a crook-legged nightstand, a rusting pair of scissors, a bloomless,

pot-bound Christmas cactus, a dog-raveled afghan somebody's mother made—of ordinary life.

It was immediately apparent that our earlier experiences had almost disqualified us for family life. Both of us were proud and touchy, both afraid and ashamed to play the roles we had played and lost at in our former marriages. There was formality and constraint; there were long silences. If we had been living in our former haunt, the city, I think we would have given it up as a bad job, shaken hands, and made off somewhere else. But we had had the good sense or good fortune to pick up our traps and move to the country, where the strangeness of the scene, the days, the seasons was a constant challenge to our senses.

One can't stay rigid and inhibited very long in the face of a new world. Paradoxically, the experience of being caught in an old-fashioned blizzard, with six-foot drifts, a seventy-five-mile-an-hour gale, and a frozen soil pipe thawed us and brought us closer together. In the spring, the assault of growth and greenness from all quarters—the peepers' wall of sound, the first-quarter moon sliding down a dim-lit sky between new leaves, the first tough, tiny crocuses levering themselves up through frozen earth with the muscular power of a Charles Atlas—warmed us and made us, in both senses, sensible. Suddenly we were free of the past, even of our past feckless selves, and free to partake of these un-manmade happenings around us.

My wife's hands took up trowels, almost unconsciously, and began to shape and mold a garden out of dead, clayey soil; my hands picked up a camera and began to record the close-up images of flowers and grasses. I admired her garden; she, my pictures. Accord began to take turns with disharmony; I began to look on her face, in all its changefulness, with a proprietary smile, and she, I think, on mine. We were still different as noon and night and always would be, but our common wonder at the blackbirds, the sound of partridge drumming, the pink puff blossoms of rabbit's-foot clover gave us a single ground to stand

L. E. Sissman is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

BYSTANDER

on gladly. It was the earth, a place elusive to city people in these times.

We were also drawn together—how simple, how sentimental it now seems—by the dogs we owned. A pair of beagles, purebred but paperless, bought for ten dollars each from a kind farmer who had raised the litter in his cow-fragrant barn, never far from the lows and stomps of the horned cattle. We took our puppies home—already named, Fanny and Daisy, for two of their forebears, since simple names ran amply in that family—and learned all over again the responsible joy of having helpless dependents. It's all been written about dogs, and I don't want to plow that furrowed ground again, but the simple decency and happiness of the two puppies touched us more than we thought possible. Their adventures were our adventures; when they made a discovery, we made it too; and we ran the fields behind them as young as they were—and as in-

nocently reliant on the endlessness of life. That innocence was cured: Daisy was killed by a car when she was just over a year old; Fanny, after a short life plagued by respiratory illnesses, was killed by a car at five. But my wife and I found ourselves united even by that small—by human standards—but incredibly persistent sadness (to this day, we find it difficult to think of Fanny's death).

And there were the houses—not sleek, functional machines for living, but tumbledown engines of survival. I see my wife on a ladder, cigarette in mouth, paint roller in hand, hair in a bandanna, attacking a bare wall we'd scraped eight layers of old paper off; I see her refinishing an eight-dollar junk-shop table—mission oak, a ton of it—for us to dine on; I see her helping me put up the huge, shuddering porch screens, clumsy and flimsy as dobsonfly wings, at the onset of summer; I see her in the chiaroscuro of our low-ceilinged kitchen, baking the first flat biscuits of the strawberry-shortcake season; I see her in a kind of mind's-eye book of hours, tracing the seasons with her pertinacious housework. (I see myself, not incidentally, mostly helping at the fringes, or standing by and getting out of it; I am incorrigibly of the observing kind, not one to see a job of manual work through on my own.)

All these occasions of striving and unity have been ameliorated now, of course. Our present house is relatively new and relatively trouble-free. We can afford to save our labor with more machines than we once possessed. Our dog—a second Fanny from a later litter—is growing old fatly and docilely, kept alive and well because we will not let her run.

Our pleasures are more sere and settled, seen through our fifteen years of crystal light, of testing and discarding and going on from there. But those fields out there still get a rise out of us, and it is touching to see a pine and a blue spruce, tiny when we arrived, now growing to tower over our declining years. Each spring and fall, we make a certain old, fixed pilgrimage over meadows and through orchards in the manner of some mystic praising God. Bluet and violet in spring, woodbine and aster in the fall: these are resurgent

evidences of our imbrication, together, as a couple, in the nature of things.

Is this all too high-flown for the flatness of our ordinary days, when we communicate at cross-purposes or maybe, tired out, not at all? I don't think so, for the point of marriage—and perhaps its hope of surviving in a world of such staccato change—is to create a kind of gestalt, a whole greater than the sum of its parts, from just such orts of ordinariness.

We are born alone. We live and die mainly alone. It is not given to us to share wholly the consciousness of another person. But in the long loom of marriage, an intimacy and interpenetration that have little to do with sexuality per se begin to operate. Long-married people are said to come to look alike; even if not, their extended proximity must make them more deeply aware of every changing nuance of each other. Marriage must then be the state closest to true understanding of another, if not as well the state in which real love is nearest to realization.

In any case, I treasure—as you must surely know by now—the years of my marriage and the knowledge they have brought me. I can't begin to tell you what a rare and remarkable person my wife is, any more than I can tell her—in either case I would founder in unbelievability and mawkishness—but I can perhaps convey some of the sense of privilege in pursuing any decent marriage over the years, over the hills, as John Gay wrote, and far away. To come to understand another over time must be among the highest and most difficult of human aspirations.

Mere token as it is and as such gifts must always be, I *will* proceed forthwith to order that monogrammed Waterford. For one who's grown accustomed to my face.

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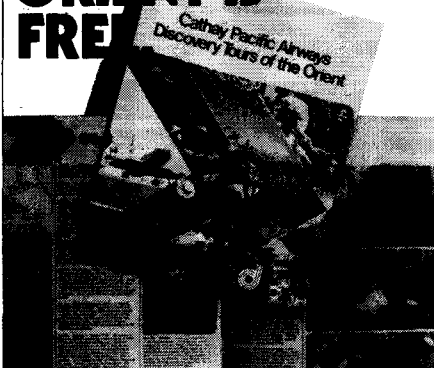
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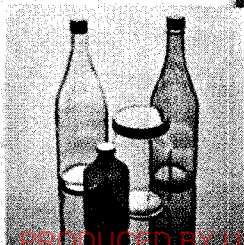
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MORE ON HOUSEWIVES

SIR: John Kenneth Galbraith (in "The Economics of the American Housewife," August *Atlantic*) presents such a generalized and simplified picture of the plight of American housewives that he not only misleads but poorly serves the worthwhile cause of women's liberation.

First, his portrait of American wives as complete housewives is incorrect. Actually, nearly half of American wives in husband-wife families hold jobs for which they receive monetary wages. In 1970, in 20,281,000 of 44,739,000 husband-wife headed families, that is in approximately 45 percent, *both* the wife and the husband worked.

Second, the high percentage of working wives makes questionable Galbraith's thesis that the expansion of consumption is made possible by unpaid household labor of wives. It is more likely that the expansion of consumption is made possible by the income which the working wife brings to the family. Glance at the statistics: in 1970, the percentage of family income contributed by job-holding wives was 25.7 percent for white families and 31.4 percent for black families. It was the wives' income that put these families into the middle class. Thus for nearly half of the husband-wife families, Galbraith's thesis is of dubious validity.

There is no reason to assume that in families with income-earning wives the wife does all the household labor, nor that the husband makes all crucial family decisions.

The reality is undoubtedly more complicated. The wife simply does not have the time to do *all* the household labor Galbraith describes, because she is out of the house, at least part of the time, at a job.

Furthermore, although 55 percent of the husband-wife families in 1970 did not have income-earning wives, it would be false to assume that in these families the wives never earn an income while married. It is more likely that they are in and out of the job market, earning money needed for special consumer purchases, such as earning the down payment of a house or saving for a baby, then dropping out of the market.

RONALD C. TOBEY
Riverside, Calif.

SIR: With respect to John Kenneth Galbraith's justification "for a period of time to discriminate affirmatively" in order to compensate for past as well as present exclusion of women and minorities from many occupations and educational opportunities:

A social policy which has as a premise the validity of "group fair shares" instead of individual merit is not easily reconcilable with a fundamental tenet of liberalism, an emphasis on the integrity and worth of the individual in society.

If society is to pursue *at present* a manner of discrimination in order to compensate for *past* injustices, then in the *future* society again will have to discriminate positively (or "affirmatively") in order to compensate for those injustices of the *present*, and so on!

While recognizing Galbraith's concern about the discrimination practiced in the name of certain convenient social virtues, we ought to consider Ernest van den Haag's contention that a society which attributes a higher priority to the social virtue of equality than to that of justice inevitably becomes unjust.

Social conscience demands affirmative *nondiscrimination*. Nothing less is morally and ethically acceptable. But anything more cannot be reconciled with justice.

JAMES A. GOLDMAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

HISTORY AS MIRROR

SIR: *The Atlantic* shows perception and sensitivity in publishing "Farming and Mining" and "The Last of the West" along with Barbara Tuchman's "History as Mirror" in its September issue. The acts of the *tarde-venus*, who burned the very resources that provided their livings, compare in a striking way to those today who strip-mine the earth for their short-term gain, and then move on.

Yet Ms. Tuchman is naïve to take comfort from the fact that man today perhaps is no better or worse than his brother of the past. The result of today's plundering is different, not only in its quantity but, more disastrously, in its quality. Medieval lands could restore themselves after burning, but strip-mining creates irreversible damage.

PETER WILD
Chairman, Wilderness Committee
Arizonans for Quality Environment
Tucson, Ariz.



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SIR: Barbara Tuchman is in error when she says that "Chaucer, from what I have read, passes it [the Black Death] over in silence." In *The Pardoner's Tale*, one of the finest stories of *The Canterbury Tales*, lines 208-229 contain obvious references to the Black Death, the key lines being: "He hath a thousand slayn, this pestilence" (217) and "The child seith sooth, for he [the pestilence] hath slayn this yer,/Henne over a myle, withinne a greet village,/Bothe man and woman, child, and hyne, and/ page" (224-227).

MORTON SHAPIRO
Department of English
University of North Carolina
Charlotte, N.C.

SIR: I am not comforted by Barbara Tuchman's assurances that mankind, as a species, will survive. This has not really been in doubt (unless a nuclear devastation so pervasive as to eliminate man leaves the earth to a more adaptable species).

For human beings living through a period of plague, tyranny, warfare, or other violence, the concern is individual and family survival. In the long run, as we are often reminded, we'll all be dead.

A view that long is for the biologist, not the historian.

MIRIAM COHEN
Newton Highlands, Mass.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: The article on "The Menlo Park Police" by Patricia Lynden in the September *Atlantic* is very good indeed in its emphasis on the community role of the police. However, she perhaps overstates the situation when she describes a reduction in cases of "assaults on police officers" of 150 percent since 1969. Such a reduction would not only be a magnificent achievement but borders on the impossible.

DAVID L. MACFARLANE
McGill University
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Patricia Lynden replies:

I regret the error. Assaults for 1969 totaled 24; for 1972 the figure was 8. The result, of course, was a 66⅔ percent decrease in assaults on police officers for the three-year period.

SIR: When my son was very young, he once asked me, "Mother, why did God have to make it rain today?" Then, looking skyward, he stamped his foot and added, "I've a notion to get Him down from there!"

This epitomizes the feeling I had when I read in the September *Atlantic* the title of an article by Paul O'Neil, "How Now World's Greatest Cow?" An article on animal husbandry in *The Atlantic*?

I had not the faintest intention of reading this cow article, but curiosity got the better of me, and, once into it, a horrible fascination held me to the end. It told me, even convinced me, of things I did not wish to know and tried to refuse to believe. It was about cows, true enough, but its implications involving the rest of the animal world, including humans, were plain to be seen. Does love, or even desire, play any necessary part in the begetting of offspring? Nonsense! It can all be done by science. The steers used as stand-ins for procreation in cows have their counterparts in the Masters and Johnson surrogates for human sexual passion. Computers are the new saviors of the world.

I thank you, editors, for the grace note that preceded the cow article, the poem "Rest" by John Hall Wheelock. I needed that badly.

FAYE C. LEWIS, M.D.
Webster City, Iowa

SIR: In the June issue L. E. Sissman writes: "This does not mean that I posit a nation of pot-makers squatting at their wheels."

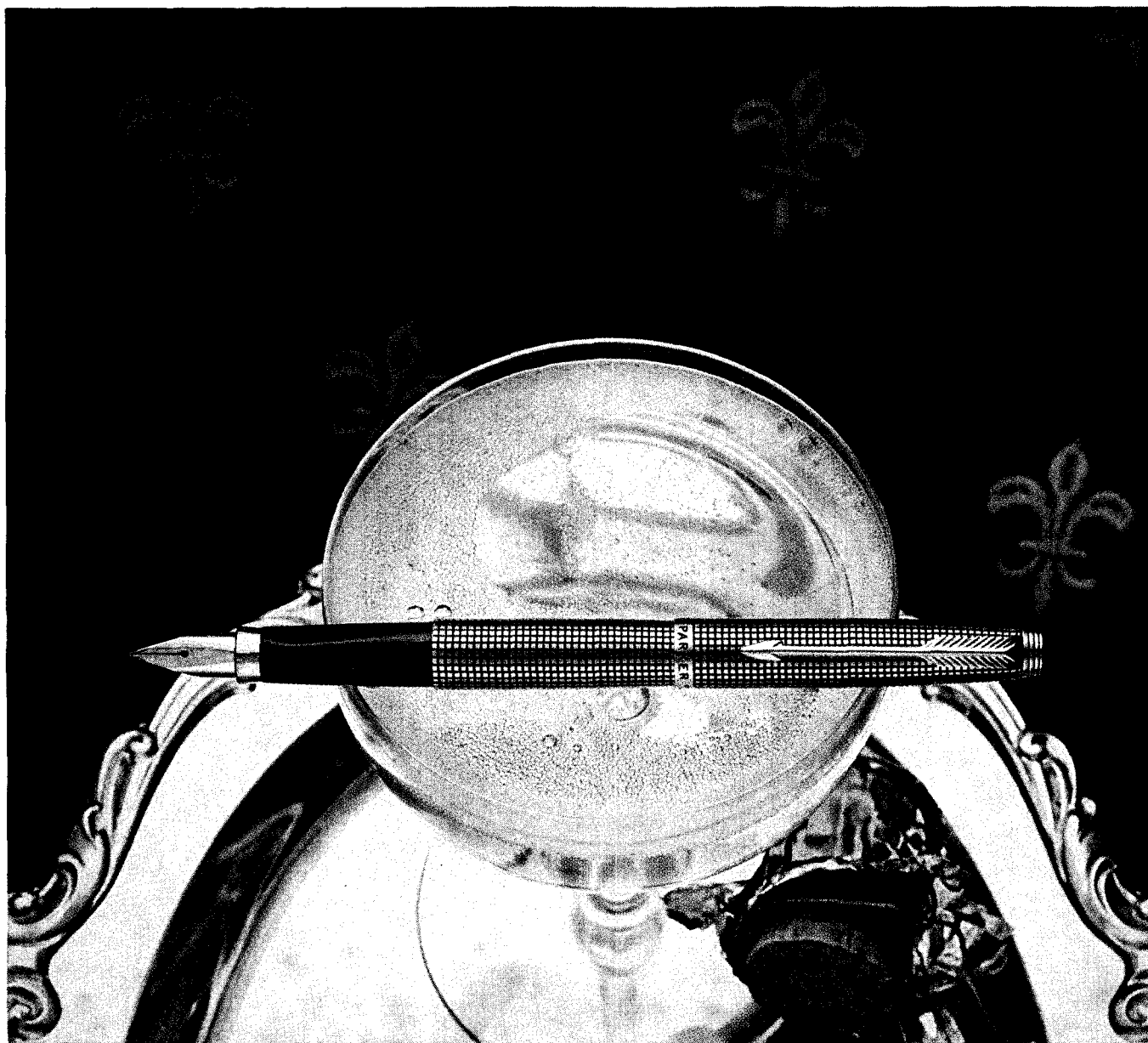
One cannot squat at a potter's wheel. You have to sit on a stool. One foot braces and the other turns (kicks) the treadle. One cannot even sit hunched, as the kicking motion requires you to sit fairly erect for leverage.

B. J. GRANTIER
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

L. E. Sissman replies:
Hmm.

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THE RUNAWAY PRESIDENCY

by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

“Watergate is potentially the best thing to have happened to the presidency in a long time. If the trails are followed to their end, many, many years will pass before another White House staff dares take the liberties with the Constitution and the laws the Nixon White House has taken.”

I

“**T**he tyranny of the legislature is really the danger most to be feared, and will continue to be so for many years to come,” Jefferson wrote Madison six weeks before Washington’s first inauguration. “The tyranny of the executive power will come in its turn, but at a more distant period.” On the eve of the second centennial of independence, Jefferson’s prophecy appears almost on the verge of fulfillment. The imperial presidency, created by wars abroad, has made a bold bid for power at home. The belief of the Nixon Administration in its own mandate and in its own virtue, compounded by its conviction that the republic has been in mortal danger from internal enemies, has produced an unprecedented concentration of power in the White House and an unprecedented attempt to transform the presidency of the Constitution into a plebiscitary presidency. If this transformation is carried through, the President, instead of being accountable every day to Congress and public opinion, will be accountable

every four years to the electorate. Between elections, the President will be accountable only through impeachment and will govern, as much as he can, by decree. The expansion and abuse of presidential power constitute the underlying issue, the issue that Watergate has raised to the surface, dramatized, and made politically accessible.

In giving great power to Presidents, Americans have declared their faith in the winnowing processes of politics. They have assumed that these processes, whether operating through the electoral college or later through the congressional caucus or still later through the party conventions, will eliminate aspirants to the presidency who reject the written restraints of the Constitution and the unwritten restraints of the republican ethos.

Through most of American history that assumption has been justified. “Not many Presidents have been brilliant,” James Bryce observed in 1921, “some have not risen to the full moral height of the position. But none has been base or unfaithful to his trust, none has tarnished the honour of the nation.” Even as Bryce wrote, however, his observation was falling out of date—Warren G. Harding had just been inaugurated—and half a century later his optimism appears as much the function of luck as of any necessity in the constitutional order. Today the pessimism of the Supreme Court in an 1866 decision, *ex parte Milligan*, seems a good deal more prescient. The nation, as Justice Davis wrote for the Court then, has “no right to expect that it will always have wise and humane rulers, sincerely attached to the principles of the Constitution. Wicked men, ambitious of power, with hatred of

liberty and contempt of law, may fill the place once occupied by Washington and Lincoln.”

The presidency has been in crisis before; but the constitutional offense that led to the impeachment of Andrew Johnson was trivial compared to the charges now accumulating around the Nixon Administration. There are, indeed, constitutional offenses here too—the abuse of impoundment and executive privilege, for example; or the secret air war against Cambodia in 1969-1970, unauthorized by and unknown to Congress; or the prosecution of the war in Vietnam after the repeal of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution; or the air war against Cambodia after the total withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam. But these, like Andrew Johnson’s far less consequential defiance of the Tenure of Office Act, are questions that a President may more or less plausibly insist lie within a range of executive discretion. The Johnson case has discredited impeachment as a means of resolving arguable disagreements over the interpretation of the Constitution in advance of final judgment by the Supreme Court.

What is unique in the history of the presidency is the long list of potential *criminal* charges against the Nixon Administration. The investigations in process suggest that Nixon’s appointees were engaged in a multitude of indictable activities: at the very least, in burglary; in forgery; in illegal wiretapping; in illegal electronic surveillance; in perjury; in subornation of perjury; in obstruction of justice; in destruction of evidence; in tampering with witnesses; in misprision of felony; in bribery (of the Watergate defendants); in acceptance of bribes (from Vesco and ITT); in conspiracy to involve government agencies (the FBI, the CIA, the Secret Service, the IRS, the Securities and Exchange Commission) in illegal action.

As for the President himself, he has denied that he knew either about the warfare of espionage and sabotage waged by his agents against his opponents or about the subsequent cover-up. If Nixon knew about these things, he obviously conspired against the basic processes of democracy. If he really did not know and for nine months did not bother to find out, he is surely an irresponsible and incompetent executive. For, if he did not know, it can only be because he did not want to

know. He had all the facilities in the world for discovering the facts. The courts and posterity will have to decide whether the *Spectator* of London is right in its harsh judgment that in two centuries American history has come full circle “from George Washington, who could not tell a lie, to Richard Nixon, who cannot tell the truth.”

Whether Nixon himself was witting or unwitting, what is clearly beyond dispute is his responsibility for the moral atmosphere within his official family. White House aides do not often do things they know their principal would not wish them to do—a proposition which I and dozens of other former White House aides can certify from experience. It is the President who both sets the example and picks the men. What standards did Nixon establish for his White House? He himself has admitted that in 1970, till J. Edgar Hoover forced him to change his mind, he authorized a series of criminal actions in knowing violation of the laws and the Constitution—authorization that would appear to be in transgression both of his presidential oath to preserve the Constitution and of his constitutional duty to see that the laws are faithfully executed. In 1971, as he has also admitted, he commissioned the White House plumbers, who set out so soon thereafter on their career of burglary, wiretapping, and forgery. “From the time when the break-in occurred,” he said of the Watergate affair in August, 1973, “I pressed repeatedly to know the facts, and particularly whether there was any involvement of anyone in the White House”; but two obvious sources—John Mitchell, his intimate friend, former law partner, former Attorney General, head of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, and Patrick Gray, acting director of the FBI itself—have both testified under oath that he never got around to pressing them. He even, through John Ehrlichman, asked the Ellsberg judge in the midst of the trial whether he would not like to be head of the FBI. And he continues to hold up Ehrlichman and Haldeman as models to the nation—“two of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know.”

Nixon, in short, created the Nixon White House. “There was no independent sense of morality there,” said Hugh Sloan, who served in the Nixon White House for two years. “. . . If you worked for someone, he was God, and whatever the orders were, you did it. . . . It was all so narrow, so closed. . . . There emerged some kind of separate morality about things.” “Because of a certain atmosphere that had developed in my working at the White House,” said Jeb Stuart Magruder, “I was not as concerned about its illegality as I should have been.” “The White House is another world,”

Professor Schlesinger, author of *The Age of Jackson* and three volumes of his work *The Age of Roosevelt*, and a former Assistant to President John Kennedy, will shortly publish *The Imperial Presidency*, from which this article is drawn.

Nixon created the Nixon White House.

said John Dean. "Expediency is everything." "No one who had been in the White House," said Tom Charles Huston, "could help but feel he was in a state of siege." "On my first or second day in the White House," said Herbert Porter, "Dwight Chapin [the President's appointments secretary] said to me, 'One thing you should realize early on, we are practically an island here.' That was the way the world was viewed." The "original sin," Porter felt, was the "misuse" of young people "through the whole White House system. They were not criminals by birth or design. Left to their own devices, they wouldn't engage in this sort of thing. Someone had to be telling them to do it." Gordon Strachan told of his excitement at "being twenty-seven years old and walking into the White House and seeing the President"; but, when asked what word he had for other young men who wanted to come to Washington and enter the public service, he said grimly, "My advice would be to stay away."

This is not the White House we have known—those of us, Democrats or Republicans, who served other Presidents in other years. Appointment to the White House of Roosevelt or Truman or Eisenhower or Kennedy or Johnson seemed the highest responsibility one could expect and therefore required higher standards of behavior than most of us had recognized before. And most of us look back at our White House experience, not with shame and incredulity, as the Nixon young men do, but as the most exhilarating time in our lives. Government, as Clark Clifford says, is a chameleon, taking its color from the character and personality of the President.

Moreover, Nixon's responsibility for the White House ethos goes beyond strictly moral considerations. In the First Congress, Madison, arguing that the power to remove government officials must belong to the President, added, "We have in him the security for the good behavior of the officer." This makes "the President responsible to the public for the conduct of the person he has nominated and appointed." If the President suffers executive officials to perpetrate crimes or neglects to superintend their conduct so as to check excesses, he himself, Madison said, is subject to "the decisive engine of impeachment."

II

The crisis of the presidency has led some critics to advocate a reconstruction of the institution itself. For a long time people have felt that the job was becoming too much for one man to handle. "Men of ordinary physique and discretion," Woodrow Wilson wrote as long ago as

1908, "cannot be Presidents and live, if the strain be not somehow relieved. We shall be obliged always to be picking our chief magistrate from among wise and prudent athletes,—a small class."

But what was seen until the late 1950s as too exhausting physically is now seen, after Vietnam and Watergate, as too dizzying psychologically. In 1968 Eugene McCarthy, the first liberal presidential aspirant in the century to run against the presidency, called for the depersonalization and decentralization of the office. The White House, he thought, should be turned into a museum. Instead of trying to lead the nation, the President should become "a kind of channel" for popular desires and aspirations. Watergate has made the point irresistible. "The office has become too complex and its reach too extended," writes Barbara Tuchman, "to be trusted to the fallible judgment of any one individual." "A man with poor judgment, an impetuous man, a sick man, a power-mad man," adds Max Lerner, "each would be dangerous in the post. Even an able, sensitive man needs stronger safeguards around him than exist today."

The result is a new wave of proposals to transform the presidency into a collegial institution. Mrs. Tuchman suggests a six-man directorate with a rotating chairman, each member to serve for a year, as in Switzerland. Lerner wants to give the President a Council of State, a body that he would be bound by law to consult and that, because half its members would be from Congress and some from the opposite party, would presumably give him independent advice. Both proposals were, in fact, considered and rejected at the Constitutional Convention.

Hamilton and Jefferson disagreed on many things, but they agreed that the convention had been right in deciding on a one-man presidency. A plural executive, Hamilton contended, if divided within itself, would lead the country into factionalism and anarchy and, if united, could lead it into tyranny. When power was placed in the hands of a group small enough to admit "of their interests and views being easily combined in a common enterprise, by an artful leader," Hamilton thought, "it becomes more liable to abuse, and more dangerous when abused, than if it be lodged in the hands of one man, who, from the very circumstances of his being alone, will be more narrowly watched and more readily suspected." With a single executive it was possible to fix accountability. But a directorate "would serve to destroy, or would greatly diminish, the intended and necessary responsibility of the Chief Magistrate himself."

Jefferson had favored a plural executive under the Articles of Confederation, and, as an American

The electorate often knows things that Presidents do not know; and the nation has already paid a considerable price for presidential isolation and ignorance.

in Paris, he watched with sympathy the Directoire of the French Revolution. But these experiments left him no doubt that plurality was a mistake. As he later observed, if Washington's Cabinet, in which he had served with Hamilton, had been a directorate, "the opposing wills would have balanced each other and produced a state of absolute inaction." But Washington, after listening to both sides, acted on his own, providing the "regulating power which would keep the machine in steady movement." History, moreover, furnished "as many examples of a single usurper arising out of a government by a plurality, as of temporary trusts of power in a single hand rendered permanent by usurpation."

The question remains whether the world has changed enough in two centuries to make these objections obsolete. There is, of course, the burden-of-the-presidency argument. But is the presidential burden so much heavier than ever before? The scope of the national government has expanded beyond imagination, but so too have the facilities for presidential management. The only President who clearly died of overwork was Polk, and that was a long time ago. Hoover, who worked intensely and humorlessly as President, lived for more than thirty years after the White House; Truman, who worked intensely and gaily, lived for twenty. The contemporary President is really not all that overworked. Eisenhower managed more golf than most corporation officials or college presidents; Kennedy always seemed unhurried and relaxed; Nixon spends almost as much time in Florida and California as in Washington, or so it appears. Johnson's former press secretary, George Reedy, has dealt with the myth of the presidential work load in terms that rejoice anyone who has ever served in the White House. "There is far less to the presidency, in terms of essential activity," Reedy correctly says, "than meets the eye." The President can fill his hours with as much motion as he desires; but he also can delegate as much "work" as he desires. "A president moves through his days surrounded by literally hundreds of people whose relationship to him is that of a dotting mother to a spoiled child. Whatever he wants is brought to him immediately—food, drink, helicopters, airplanes, people, in fact, everything but relief from his political problems."

As for the moral and psychological weight of these political problems, this is real enough. All major presidential decisions are taken in conditions of what General Marshall, speaking of battle, used to call "chronic obscurity"—that is, on the basis of incomplete and probably inaccurate intelligence, with no sure knowledge where the enemy is or

even where one's own men are. This can be profoundly anguishing for reasonably sensitive Presidents, especially when decisions determine people's livelihoods or end their lives. It was this, and not the work load, that did in Wilson and the second Roosevelt. But is the sheer moral weight of decision greater today than ever before? Greater for Johnson and Nixon than for Washington and Lincoln or Wilson or FDR? I doubt it very much.

If there is an argument for a plural executive, it is not the alleged burden of the presidency. The serious argument is simply to keep one man from wielding too much power. But here the points of Hamilton and Jefferson still have validity. The Council of Ten in Venice was surely as cruel as any doge. One wonders whether a six-man presidency would have prevented the war in Vietnam. It might well, however, have prevented the New Deal. The single-man presidency, with the right man as President, has its uses; and historically Americans have as often as not chosen the right man.

The idea of a Council of State has more plausibility. But it works better for foreign than for domestic policy. A prudent President is well advised to convoke ad hoc Councils of State on issues of war and peace. Kennedy added outsiders to his Executive Committee during the Cuban missile crisis; and it was an ad hoc Council of State in March, 1968, that persuaded Johnson to cease and desist in Vietnam. But, as an institutionalized body, with membership the ex officio perquisite of the senior leadership of House and Senate—that is, of the men in Congress who in the past have always been inclined to go along with Presidents—it could easily become simply one more weapon for a strong President. As Gouverneur Morris said at the Constitutional Convention, the President "by persuading his Council . . . to concur in his wrong measures would acquire their protection for them."

Above all, both the plural executive and the Council of State are open to the objection that most concerned the Founding Fathers—the problem of fixing accountability. In the case of high crimes and misdemeanors, who, to put it bluntly, is to be impeached? The solution surely lies not in blurring responsibility for the actions of the executive but in making that responsibility categorical and in finding ways of holding Presidents to it.

III

The other change in the institution of the presidency under discussion runs in the opposite direction. The idea of a single six-year presidential term is obviously designed not to reduce but to increase the independence of the

presidency. This idea naturally appeals to the imperial ethos. Lyndon Johnson advocated it; Nixon has commended it to his Commission on Federal Election Reform for particular study. What is more puzzling is that it also has the support of two eminent senators, both unsympathetic to the imperial presidency, Mike Mansfield of Montana and George Aiken of Vermont—support that gives it a hearing it would not otherwise have had.

It is not a new idea. Andrew Jackson recommended to Congress an amendment limiting Presidents to a single term of four to six years; Andrew Johnson did the same; the Confederate Constitution provided for a single six-year term. Mansfield and Aiken now press their version on the ground, as Mansfield says, that a six-year term would “place the Office of the Presidency in a position that transcends as much as possible partisan political considerations.” The amendment, says Aiken, “would allow a President to devote himself entirely to the problems of the Nation and would free him from the millstone of partisan politics.”

This argument has a certain old-fashioned good-government plausibility. How nice it would be if Presidents could be liberated from politics for six years and set free to do only what is best for the country! But the argument assumes that Presidents know better than anyone else what is best for the country and that the democratic process is an obstacle to wise decisions. It assumes that Presidents are so generally right and the people so generally wrong that the President has to be protected against political pressures. It is, in short, a profoundly antidemocratic position. It is also profoundly unrealistic to think that any constitutional amendment could transport a President to some higher and more immaculate realm and still leave the United States a democracy. As Thomas Corcoran told the Senate Judiciary Committee during hearings on the Mansfield-Aiken amendment, “It is impossible to take politics out of politics.”

But, even if it were possible to take the presidency out of politics, is there reason to suppose this desirable? The electorate often knows things that Presidents do not know; and the nation has already paid a considerable price for presidential isolation and ignorance. Few things are more likely to make Presidents sensitive to public opinion than worrying about their own political future. Moreover, if public opinion is at times a baneful influence, what else is democracy all about? The need to persuade the nation of the soundness of a proposed policy is the heart of democracy. “A President immunized from political considerations,” Clark Clifford told the Senate Judiciary Committee, “is a President who need not listen to the

people, respond to majority sentiment, or pay attention to views that may be diverse, intense and perhaps at variance with his own.”

The Mansfield-Aiken amendment expresses distrust of the democratic process in still another way—by its bar against re-eligibility. If anything is of the essence of democracy, it is surely that the voters should have an unconstrained choice of their leaders. “I can see no propriety,” George Washington wrote the year after the adoption of the Constitution, “in precluding ourselves from the service of any man, who on some great emergency shall be deemed universally most capable of serving the public.”

IV

Oddly, the crisis of the imperial presidency has not elicited much support for what at other times has been a favored theory of constitutional reform: movement in the direction of the British parliamentary system. This is particularly odd because, whatever the general balance of advantage between the parliamentary and presidential modes, the parliamentary system has one feature the presidential system badly needs now—the requirement that the head of government be compelled at regular intervals to explain and defend his policies in face-to-face sessions with the political opposition. Few devices, it would seem, are better calculated both to break down the real isolation of the latter-day presidency and to dispel the spurious reverence that has come to envelop the office.

In a diminished version, applying only to members of the Cabinet, the idea is nearly as old as the republic itself. The proposal that Cabinet members should go on to the floor of Congress to answer questions and take part in debate, “far from raising any constitutional difficulties,” as E. S. Corwin once observed, “has the countenance of early practice under the Constitution.” The Confederate Constitution authorized Congress to grant the head of each executive department “a seat upon the floor of either House, with the privilege of discussing any measures appertaining to his department,” and Congressman George H. Pendleton of Ohio, with the support of Congressman James A. Garfield, argued for a similar proposal in the Union Congress in 1864. In his last annual message, President William Howard Taft suggested that Cabinet members be given access to the floor in order, as he later put it, “to introduce measures, to advocate their passage, to answer questions, and to enter into debate as if they were members, without of course the right to vote. . . . The time lost in Congress over useless discussion of issues that

might be disposed of by a single statement from the head of a department, no one can appreciate unless he has filled such a place."

In the meantime, the young Woodrow Wilson carried the idea a good deal further toward the British model, arguing that Cabinet members should not just sit voteless in Congress but should be actually chosen "from the ranks of the legislative majority." Instead of the chaotic and irresponsible system of government by congressional committees, the republic would then have Cabinet government and ministerial responsibility. Though Wilson did not renew this specific proposal in later years, it very likely lingered in the back of his mind. On the eve of his first inauguration he noted that the position of the presidency was "quite abnormal, and must lead eventually to something very different." "Sooner or later," the President must be made "answerable to opinion in a somewhat more informal and intimate fashion—answerable, it may be, to the Houses whom he seeks to lead, either personally or through a cabinet, as well as to the people for whom they speak. But that is a matter to be worked out."

Wilson never found time to work it out. Today there appears to be little interest in reforms that squint at parliamentarianism. This may be in part because the parliamentary regimes best known in America—the British and French—have themselves moved in the direction of prime-ministerial or presidential government and offer few guarantees against the Vietnam-Watergate effect.

V

The problem of reining in the runaway presidency centers a good deal more at the moment on substantive than on structural solutions. Congress, in other words, has decided it can best restrain the presidency by enacting specific legislation in the conspicuous fields of presidential abuse. The main author of this comprehensive congressional attack on presidential supremacy, well before he assumed the chairmanship of the Senate Select Committee investigating Watergate, has been Senator Sam Ervin of North Carolina.

The republic owes a great deal to Sam Ervin. No one for a long time has done so much to educate the American people in the meaning and majesty of the Constitution (though his Constitution seems to stop with the ten amendments adopted in 1791; at least he does not show the same fervor about the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments as he does about the First and Fourth). For most Americans the Constitution has become a hazy document, cited like the Bible on ceremonial occa-

sions but forgotten in the daily transactions of life. For Ervin the Constitution, like the Bible, is superbly alive and fresh. He quotes it as if it had been written the day before; the Founding Fathers seem his contemporaries; it is almost as if he has ambled over from the Convention at Philadelphia. He is a true believer who endows his faith with abundant charm, decency, sagacity, and toughness. The old-fashioned Constitution—"the very finest document ever to come from the mind of men"—could have no more fitting champion in the battle against the imperial presidency.

But Ervin is concerned with more than the vindication of the Constitution. His larger design is to establish a new balance of constitutional power. Congress itself, Ervin thinks, has negligently become "the chief aggrandizer of the Executive." The restoration of the Constitution, he believes, requires the systematic recovery by Congress of powers appropriated by the presidency. The bills designed to constrain presidential war powers are, in his view, a confused and sloppy application of this strategy; he has little use for them. His own approach, direct and unequivocal, is expressed in the bill in which he proposes to give Congress absolute authority to veto executive agreements within sixty days. Congress never had, or even seriously sought, such authority before. While the provocation is real enough, the bill, if enacted, would give Congress unprecedented control over the presidential conduct of foreign affairs.

A leading item on Ervin's domestic agenda is executive privilege. This question has been historically one of conflicting and unresolved constitutional claims. In the nineteenth century, while insisting on a general congressional right to executive information, Congress acknowledged a right, or at least a power, of presidential denial in specific areas. It acquiesced in these reservations because they seemed reasonable and because responsible opinion saw them as reasonable. But what Congress saw as an expression of constitutional comity, Presidents in the later twentieth century—Nixon above all—have come to see as their inherent and unreviewable constitutional right.

Ervin, in response, has introduced a bill requiring members of the executive branch summoned by a committee of Congress to appear in person, even if they intend to claim executive privilege. Only a personal letter from the President could warrant the claim; and the bill gives the committee the power to decide whether the presidential plea is justified. In the words of Senator William Fulbright, it places "the final responsibility for judging the validity of a claim of executive privilege in the Congress, where it belongs."

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A presidential thesis in violation of the traditional comity between the two branches has thus produced a congressional answer that would itself do away with what has been not only a historic but a healthy ambiguity. For one hundred and eighty years the arbiter in this question has been neither Congress nor the President nor the courts but the political context and process, with responsible opinion considering each case more or less on merit and turning against whichever side appears to be overreaching itself. The system is not tidy, but it encourages a measure of restraint on both sides and has avoided a constitutional showdown. Now absolute presidential claims have provoked an absolute congressional response. Would this really be an improvement? Would Ervin and Fulbright themselves twenty years earlier have wanted to give Joe McCarthy and his committee "the final responsibility" to judge whether executive testimony could be properly withheld?

Next on the Ervin agenda stands the restoration of congressional control over something it has thought it had anyway—the power of the purse. This means a solution of the problem of presidential impoundment. Impoundment existed before Nixon, but no previous President used it to overturn statutes and abolish programs against congressional will. For Nixon, impoundment is a means of taking from Congress the determination of national priorities.

The courts have been more willing to grasp the nettle of impoundment than they were, at least at the start, in the case of executive privilege. In decision after decision this year, judges have declared one aspect after another of the impoundment policy illegal. No judge has accepted Nixon's claim that he has a "constitutional right" not to spend money voted by Congress. One judge calls his use of impoundment "a flagrant abuse of executive discretion." "It is not within the discretion of the Executive," says another, "to refuse to execute laws passed by Congress but with which the Executive presently disagrees." The decisions are, however, as they should be, constructions of specific statutes and stop short of proposing a general solution to the impoundment controversy.

Though the courts have rallied splendidly, it is not really very satisfactory to have to sue the executive branch in every case in order to make it carry out programs duly enacted by Congress. But Congress itself has found it hard to make a stand on the Constitution. For Nixon has changed the issue with some success from a constitutional to a budgetary question. Impoundment, in other words, is alleged as the only answer a fiscally responsible President can make to insensate congressional ex-

travagance. Sam Ervin derides this proposition. "Congress," he says, "is not composed of wild-eyed spenders, nor is the President the embattled crusader against wasteful spending that he would have you believe." The figures bear Ervin out. Congress, for example, cut more than \$20 billion from Administration appropriation requests in Nixon's first term. Congress and the presidency roughly agree on the amount of money government should spend but disagree, as Ervin puts it, "over spending priorities and [the President's] authority to pick and choose what programs he will fund." Impoundment, says Ervin, has to do not with the budget but with the separation of powers.

It is a political fact, fully recognized by Ervin, that anti-impoundment legislation will have to be accompanied by new evidences of congressional self-control in spending. Ervin is personally a budget-balancer anyway. So his impoundment bill includes a spending ceiling. The bill, as passed by the Senate in 1973, also has certain eccentricities for a constitutional fundamentalist. After a clear statement in Section 1 that impoundment is unconstitutional, subsequent sections say that nevertheless the President is authorized to commit this unconstitutional act for periods up to seventy days. Thereafter impoundments not covered by the anti-deficiency acts (which permit the executive to impound funds not required to achieve the purpose of a statute) must cease unless Congress specifically approves them by concurrent resolution. The House, on the other hand, is quite willing to let impoundments stand unless specifically disapproved by one house of Congress. Both bills legitimize impoundment; but, where the House would place the burden on Congress in each case to stop impoundment, Ervin would place the burden on the President in each case to justify impoundment.

VI

In one area after another, with the concealed passion and will of a deceptively relaxed personality, Ervin is moving to restore the balance of the Constitution by cutting the presidency down to constitutional size. However, his is the Constitution not of Abraham Lincoln but of *ex parte Milligan*. "What the framers intended," he says, "was that the President . . . should be merely the executor of a power of decision that rests elsewhere; that is, in the Congress. This was the balance of power between the President and Congress intended by the Constitution." The "ultimate power," Ervin says, is "legislative."

Both Nixon and Ervin are wrong in supposing that the matter can be settled by shifting the balance of power in a decisive way to one branch or the other.

It is hard to know how literally to take the Ervin scheme. If it sounds at times like an effort to replace presidential government by congressional government, it must be remembered that the Ervin proposals have been provoked by an attempt to alter the nature of the system. Ervin and his colleagues are fighting to protect Congress from the plebiscitary presidency, not to frustrate the leadership of a President who recognizes his accountability to Congress and the Constitution. Yet, if taken literally, the Ervin scheme is a scheme of presidential subordination. Where presidential abuse of particular powers has harmed the country, those powers are now to be vested in Congress. Pursued to the end, the Ervin scheme could produce a national polity which would be almost as overbalanced in the direction of congressional supremacy as the Nixon scheme is in the direction of presidential supremacy.

The Ervin counterattack thus runs the risk of creating a generation of weak Presidents in an age when the turbulence of race, poverty, inflation, crime, and urban decay is straining the delicate bonds of national cohesion and demanding, quite as much as in the 1930s, a strong domestic presidency to hold the country together. For Sam Ervin is of the pure Jeffersonian school, like the old *Tertium Quids* who felt that Jefferson and Madison, in building up the presidency and seeing the national government as an instrument of the general welfare, had deserted the true faith.

The pure Jeffersonian doctrine was a witness rather than a policy, which is why Jefferson and Madison themselves abandoned it. The pure Jeffersonian idea of decentralized power receded in the course of American history because local government simply did not offer the means to attain Jeffersonian ends. In practice, pure Jeffersonianism meant a system under which the strongest local interests, whether planters, landlords, merchants, bankers, or industrialists, consolidated their control and oppressed the rest; it meant all power to the neighborhood oligarchs. Theodore Roosevelt explained at the start of the twentieth century why Hamiltonian means had become necessary to achieve Jeffersonian ends, how national authority was the only effective means of correcting injustice in a national society. "If Jefferson were living in our day," said Wilson in 1912, "he would see what we see: that the individual is caught in a great confused nexus of complicated circumstances, and that . . . without the watchful interference . . . of the government there can be no fair play." And, for the first Roosevelt and for Wilson, as for their joint heir, the second Roosevelt, national authority was embodied in the presidency.

This has not been a bad thing for the republic. It is presidential leadership, after all, that brought the country into the twentieth century, that civilized American industry, secured the rights of labor organization, defended the livelihood of the farmer. It is presidential leadership that has protected the Bill of Rights against local vigilantism and natural resources against local greed. It is presidential leadership, spurred on by the Supreme Court, that has sought to vindicate racial justice against local bigotry. Congress would have done few of these things on its own; local government even fewer. It would be a mistake to cripple the presidency at home because of presidential excesses abroad. History has shown the presidency to be the most effective instrumentality of government for justice and progress. Even Calvin Coolidge, hardly one of the more assertive of Presidents, said, "It is because in their hours of timidity the Congress becomes subservient to the importunities of organized minorities that the President comes more and more to stand as the champion of the rights of the whole country."

The scheme of presidential subordination can easily be pressed to the point of national folly. But it is important to contend not for a strong presidency in general, but for a strong presidency within the Constitution. The presidency deserves to be defended on serious and not on stupid points. Watergate has produced flurries of near hysteria about the life expectancy of the institution. Thus Charles L. Black, Jr., Luce Professor of Jurisprudence at the Yale Law School, argues that, if Nixon turned over his White House tapes to Congress or the courts, it would mean the "danger of degrading or even destroying the Presidency" and constitute a betrayal of his "successors for all time to come." The republic, Black says, cannot even risk diluting the "symbolism" of the office lest that disturb "in the most dangerous way the balance of the best government yet devised on earth"; and it almost seems that he would rather suppress the truth than jeopardize the symbolism.

Executive privilege is not the issue. No Presidents cherished the presidency more than, say, Jackson or Polk; but both readily conceded to Congress the right in cases of malversation to penetrate into the most secret recesses of the executive department. Nor, in the longer run, does either Ervin's hope of presidential subordination or Black's fantasy of presidential collapse have real substance. For the presidency, though its wings can be clipped for a time, is an exceedingly tough institution. Its primacy is founded in the necessities of the American political order. It has endured many challenges and survived many vicissitudes. It is

nonsense to suppose that its fate as an institution is bound up with the fate of the particular man who happens to be President at any given time. In the end power in the American order is bound to flow back to the presidency.

Congress has a marvelous, if generally unfulfilled, capacity for oversight, for advice, for constraint, for chastening the presidency and informing the people. When it really wants to say no to a President, it has ample means of doing so; and in due course the President will have no choice but to acquiesce. But it is inherently incapable of conducting government and providing national leadership. Its fragmentation, its chronic fear of responsibility, its habitual dependence on the executive for ideas, information, and favors—this is life insurance for the presidency.

Both Nixon and Ervin are wrong in supposing that the matter can be settled by shifting the balance of power in a decisive way to one branch or the other. The answer lies rather in preserving fluidity and re-establishing comity. Indeed, for most people—here Ervin is a distinguished exception—the constitutional and institutional issues are make-believe. It is largely a matter, as Averell Harriman says, “of whose ox is getting gored: who is in or out of power, and what actions either side may want.” When Nixon was in the opposition, there was no more earnest critic of presidential presumption. Each side dresses its arguments in grand constitutional and institutional terms, but their contention is like that of the two drunken men described long ago by Lincoln who got into a fight with their greatcoats on until each fought himself out of his own coat and into the coat of the other.¹

VII

What is required is, in Herbert Wechsler's phrase, a set of neutral principles—principles, that is, that are not shaped in response to a particular situation but work all the time, transcending any particular result involved. The supreme neutral principle, as vital in domestic policy as in foreign policy, is that all great decisions of the government must be shared decisions. The subsidiary principle is that if the presidency

tries to transform what the Constitution sees as concurrent into exclusive authority, it must be stopped; and if Congress tries to transform concurrent into exclusive authority, it must be stopped too. If either the presidency or Congress turns against the complex balance of constitutional powers that has left room over many generations for mutual accommodation, then the ensuing collision will harm both branches of government and the republic as well. Even together, Congress and the presidency are by no means infallible; but their decisions, wise or foolish, at least meet the standards of democracy. And, taken together, the decisions are more likely to be wise than foolish.

All Presidents affect a belief in common counsel, but most after a time prefer to make other arrangements. Still, the idea is right, and the process of accountability has to begin inside the President himself. A constitutional President can do many things, but he has to believe in the discipline of consent. It is not enough that he personally thinks the country is in trouble and genuinely believes he alone knows how to save it. In all but the most extreme cases, action has to be accompanied by public explanation and tested by public acceptance. A constitutional President has to be aware of what Whitman called “the never-ending audacity of elected persons” and has to understand the legitimacy of challenges to his own judgment and authority. He has to be sensitive directly to the diversity of concern and conviction in the nation, sensitive prospectively to the verdict of history, sensitive always to the decent respect pledged in the Declaration of Independence to the opinions of mankind.

Yet Presidents chosen as open and modest men are not sure to remain so amid the intoxications of the office; and the office has grown steadily more intoxicating in recent years. A wise President, having read George Reedy and observed the fates of Johnson and Nixon, will take care to provide himself, while there still is time, with antidotes to intoxication. Presidents in the last quarter of the twentieth century might, as a beginning, plan to rehabilitate (I use the word in almost the Soviet sense) the executive branch of government. This does not mean the capitulation of the presidency to the permanent government; nor should anyone forget that it was the unresponsiveness of the permanent government that gave rise to the aggressive White House of the twentieth century. But it does mean a reduction in the size and power of the White House staff and the restoration of the access and prestige of the executive departments. The President will always need a small and alert personal staff to serve as his eyes and ears and one

¹Lincoln to H. L. Pierce et al., April 6, 1859. Lincoln, *Collected Works*, ed. R. P. Basler (New Brunswick, 1953), III, 375. Lincoln was amused by the fact that the Democrats of his day had stopped mentioning Jefferson while the Republicans constantly invoked him. “If the two leading parties of this day are really identical with the two in the days of Jefferson and Adams, they have performed about the same feat as the two drunken men.”

The age of the imperial presidency has produced the idea that run-of-the-mill politicians, brought by fortuity to the White House, must be treated thereafter as if they have become superior and perhaps godlike beings.

lobe of his brain, but he must avoid a vast and possessive staff ambitious to make all the decisions of government. Above all, he must not make himself the prisoner of a single information system. No sensible President will give one man control of all the channels of communication; any man sufficiently wise to exercise such control properly ought to be President himself.

As for the Cabinet, while no President in American history has found it a very satisfactory instrument of government, it has served Presidents best when it has contained men strong and independent in their own right, strong enough to make the permanent government responsive to presidential policy and independent enough to carry honest dissents into the Oval Office. Franklin Roosevelt, who is fashionably regarded these days as the cause of it all, is really a model of how a strong President can operate within the constitutional order. While no President wants to create the impression that his Administration is out of control, FDR showed how a masterful President could maintain the most divergent range of contacts, surround himself with the most articulate and positive colleagues, and use debate within the executive branch as a means of clarifying issues and trying out people and policies. Or perhaps FDR is in a way the cause of it all, because he alone had the vitality, flair, and cunning to be clearly on top without repressing everything underneath. In a joke that Henry Wallace, not usually a humorous man, told in my hearing in 1943, FDR could keep all the balls in the air without losing his own. Some of his successors tried to imitate his mastery without understanding the sources of his strength.

But not every President is an FDR, and FDR himself, though his better instincts generally won out in the end, was a flawed, willful, and, with time, increasingly arbitrary man. When Presidents begin to succumb to delusions of grandeur, when the checks and balances inside themselves stop operating, external checks and balances may well become necessary to save the republic. The nature of an activist President in any case, in Samuel Lubell's phrase, is to run with the ball until he is tackled. As conditions abroad and at home have nourished the imperial presidency, tacklers have had to be more than usually sturdy and intrepid.

How to make external checks effective? Congress can tie the presidency down by a thousand small legal strings; but, like Gulliver, the President can always break loose. The effective means of controlling the presidency lie not in law but in politics. For the American President rules by influence; and the withdrawal of consent, by Congress, by the press, by public opinion, can bring any

President down. The great Presidents have understood this. The President, said Andrew Jackson, must be "accountable at the bar of public opinion for every act of his Administration." "I have a very definite philosophy about the Presidency," said Theodore Roosevelt. "I think it should be a very powerful office, and I think the President should be a very strong man who uses without hesitation every power that the position yields; but because of this fact I believe that he should be sharply watched by the people [and] held to a strict accountability by them."

Holding a President to strict accountability requires, first of all, a new attitude on the part of the American people toward their Presidents, or rather a return to the more skeptical attitude of earlier times: it requires, specifically, a decline in reverence. An insistent theme in Nixon's public discourse is the necessity of maintaining due respect for the presidency. The possibility that such respect might be achieved simply by being a good President evidently does not reassure him. He is preoccupied with "respect for the office" as an entity in itself. Can one imagine Washington or Lincoln or the Roosevelts or Truman or Kennedy going on in public, as Nixon repeatedly does, about how important it is to do this or that in order to maintain "respect for the office"? But the age of the imperial presidency has produced the idea that run-of-the-mill politicians, brought by fortuity to the White House, must be treated thereafter as if they have become superior and perhaps godlike beings.

The Nixon theoreticians even try to transform reverence into an ideology, propagating the doctrine, rather novel in the United States, that institutions of authority are entitled to respect per se, whether or not they have done anything to earn respect. If authority is denied respect, the syllogism ran, the whole social order will be in danger. "Your task, then, is clear," Pat Moynihan charged his President in 1969: "To restore the authority of American institutions." But should institutions expect obedience that they do not, on their record of performance, deserve? To this question the Nixon ideologues apparently answer yes. An older American tradition would say no, incredulous that anyone would see this as a question. In that spirit I would argue that what the country needs today is a little serious disrespect for the office of the presidency; a refusal to give any more weight to a President's words than the intelligence of the utterance, if spoken by anyone else, would command; an understanding of the point made so aptly by Montaigne: "Sits he on never so high a throne, a man still sits on his bottom."

But what if men not open and modest, even at

the start, but from the start ambitious of power and contemptuous of law, reach the place once occupied by Washington and Lincoln? What if neither personal character, nor the play of politics, nor the Constitution itself avail to hold a President to strict accountability? In the end, the way to control the presidency may have to be not in many little ways but in one large way. In the end, there remains, as Madison said, the decisive engine of impeachment.

VIII

This is, of course, the instrument provided by the Constitution. But it is an exceedingly blunt instrument. Only once has a President been impeached, and there is no great national desire to go through the experience again. Yet, for the first time in a century, Americans in the 1970s have to think hard about impeachment, which means that, because most of us flinch from the prospect, we begin to think hard about alternatives to impeachment.

One alternative is the censure of the President by the Congress. That was tried once in American history—in 1834, when the Senate censured Andrew Jackson on the ground that, in removing the government deposits from the Second Bank of the United States, he had “assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both.” Jackson’s “protest” to the Senate was eloquent and conclusive. The Senate resolution, he said, charged him with having committed a “high crime.” It was therefore “in substance an impeachment of the President.” If Congress really meant this, Jackson said, let it be serious about it: let the House impeach him and the Senate try him. Jackson was plainly right. The slap-on-the-wrist approach to presidential delinquency makes little sense, constitutional or otherwise. There is no halfway house in censure. If a President has committed high crimes and misdemeanors, he should not stay in office. This does not mean, of course, that a fainthearted Congress may not pass a resolution of censure and claim to have done its duty. But, unless the terms of the resolution make it clear why the President is merely censurable and not impeachable, the action is a cop-out and a betrayal of Congress’ constitutional responsibility.

Are there other halfway houses? Another proposal seems worth consideration: that is, the removal of an offending President by some means short of impeachment. A resolution calling on the President to resign and passed by an overwhelming vote in each house could have a pow-

erful effect on a President who cares about the Constitution and the country. If either the President or the Vice President then resigned, the President, old or new, could, under the Twenty-fifth Amendment, nominate a new Vice President, who would take office upon confirmation by both houses of Congress. “Admirable,” said Cardinal Fleury after he read the Abbé de Saint-Pierre’s *Projet de Paix Perpétuelle*, “save for one omission: I find no provision for sending missionaries to convert the hearts of princes.” Alas, Presidents who succeed in provoking a long-suffering Congress into a resolution calling for their resignation are not likely to be deeply moved by congressional disapproval nor inclined to cooperate in their own liquidation.

If Presidents will not resign of their own volition, can they be forced out without the personal and national ordeal of impeachment and conviction?

A proposal advanced in various forms by leading members of the House of Representatives this year contemplates giving Congress authority by constitutional amendment to call for a new presidential election when it finds that the President can no longer perform the functions of his office (Representative Bingham) or that the President has violated the Constitution (Representatives Edith Green and Morris Udall).

The possibility of dissolution and new elections at times of hopeless stalemate or blasted confidence has serious appeal. Dissolution would give a rigid electoral system flexibility and responsiveness. It would permit, in Bagehot’s phrase, the timely replacement of the pilot of the calm by the pilot of the storm. It would remind intractable Congresses that they cannot block Presidents with immunity, as it would remind high-flying Presidents that there are other ways of being shot down besides impeachment. But my instinct is somehow against it. One congressman observes of the Green-Udall amendment that it “would, in effect, take one-half of the parliamentary process and not the entire parliamentary process.” This is certainly the direction and logic of dissolution. The result might well be to alter the balance of the Constitution in unforeseeable and perilous ways. It might, in particular, strengthen the movement against the separation of powers and toward a plebiscitary presidency. “The republican principle,” said the 71st Federalist, “demands that the deliberate sense of the community should govern the conduct of those to whom they intrust the management of their affairs; but it does not require an unqualified complaisance to every sudden breeze of passion, or to every transient impulse which the people may re-

ceive from the arts of men, who flatter their prejudices to betray their interests."

I think that the possibility of inserting dissolution into the American system is worth careful examination. But digging into the foundations of the state, as Burke said, is always a dangerous adventure.

IX

Impeachment, on the other hand, is part of the original foundation of the American state. The Founding Fathers placed the blunt instrument in the Constitution with the expectation that it would be used, and used most especially against Presidents. "No point is of more importance," George Mason told the Convention, "than that the right of impeachment should be continued. Shall any man be above Justice? Above all shall that man be above it, who [as President] can commit the most extensive injustice?" Benjamin Franklin pointed out that, if there were no provision for impeachment, the only recourse would be assassination, in which case a President would be "not only deprived of his life but of the opportunity of vindicating his character." Corruption or loss of capacity in a President, said Madison, was "within the compass of probable events. . . . Either of them might be fatal to the Republic."

The genius of impeachment lies in the fact that it can punish the man without punishing the office. For, in the presidency, as elsewhere, power is ambiguous: the power to do good means also the power to do harm, the power to serve the republic also the power to demean and defile it. The trick is to preserve presidential power but to deter Presidents from abusing that power. Shall any man be above justice? George Mason asked. Obviously not; not even a President of the United States. But bringing Presidents to justice is not all that simple.

History has turned impeachment into a weapon of last resort—more so probably than the Founding Fathers anticipated. Still, it is possible to exaggerate its impact on the country. It took less than three months to impeach and try Andrew Johnson, and the nation—in a favorite apprehension of 1868 as well as of 1973—was not torn apart in the process. Three months of surgery might be better than three years of paralysis. Yet impeachment presents legal as well as political problems. There is broad agreement, among scholars at least, on doctrine. Impeachment is a proceeding of a political nature, by no means restricted to indictable crimes. On the other hand, it plainly is not to be applied to cases of honest disagreement over national policy or over constitutional interpretation, especially when a

President refuses to obey a law that he believes strikes directly at the presidential prerogative. Impeachment is to be reserved, in Mason's phrase at the Constitutional Convention, for "great and dangerous offenses."

The Senate, in trying impeachment cases, is better equipped to be the judge of the law than of the facts. When Andrew Johnson was impeached, there had been no dispute about the fact that he had removed Stanton. When Andrew Jackson was censured, there had been no dispute about the fact that he had removed the deposits. The issue was not whether they had done something but whether what they had done constituted a transgression of the laws and the Constitution. But in the Nixon case the facts themselves remain at issue—the facts, that is, of presidential complicity—and the effort of a hundred senators to determine those facts might well lead to chaos. The record here may be one of negligence, irresponsibility, and even deception, but it is not necessarily one of knowing violation of the Constitution or of knowing involvement in the obstruction of justice. While impeachment is in the Constitution to be used, there is no point in lowering the threshold so that it will be used casually. All this argues for the determination of facts before the consideration of impeachment. There are two obvious ways to determine the facts. One is through the House of Representatives, which has the sole power to initiate impeachment. The House could, for example, instruct the Judiciary Committee to ascertain whether there were grounds for impeachment, or it could establish a select committee to conduct such an inquiry. The other road is through the courts. If the Special Prosecutor establishes incriminating facts, these can serve as the basis for impeachment.

But what if a President himself withholds evidence—for example, Nixon's tapes—deemed essential to the ascertainment of facts? If a President says "the time has come to turn Watergate over to the courts, where the questions of guilt and innocence belong," and then denies the courts the evidence they need to decide on innocence or guilt, what recourse remains to the republic except impeachment? Apart from the courts, President Polk said quite explicitly that the House, if it were looking into impeachment, could command testimony and papers, public and private, official or unofficial, of every agent of the government. If a President declines for whatever reason to yield material evidence in his possession, whether to the courts or to the House, this itself might provide clear grounds for impeachment.

All these things are obscure in the early autumn of 1973. It is possible that Nixon may conclude

“There is no week nor day nor hour,” wrote Walt Whitman, “when tyranny may not enter upon this country, if the people lose their supreme confidence in themselves,—and lose their roughness and spirit of defiance.”

that the Watergate problems are not after all (as he told the Prime Minister of Japan) “murky, small, unimportant, vicious little things,” but are, rather, evidence of a profound and grievous imbalance between the presidency and the Constitution. Perhaps he may, by an honest display of candor and contrition, regain a measure of popular confidence, re-establish constitutional comity and recover presidential effectiveness. But full recovery seems unlikely unless the President himself recognizes why his presidency has fallen into such difficulties. Nixon’s continued invocation, after Watergate, of national security as the excuse for presidential excess, his defense to the end of unreviewable executive privilege, his defiant assertion that, if he had it to do over again, he would still deceive Congress and the people about the secret air war in Cambodia—such unrepentant reactions suggest that he still has no clue as to what his trouble was, still fails to understand that the sickness of his presidency is caused not by the overzealousness of his friends or by the malice of his enemies, but by the expansion and abuse of presidential power itself.

X

For the issue is more than whether Congress and the people wish to deal with the particular iniquities of the Nixon Administration. It is whether they wish to rein in the runaway presidency. Nixon’s presidency is not an aberration but a culmination. It carries to reckless extremes a compulsion toward presidential power rising out of deep-running changes in the foundations of society. In a time of the acceleration of history and the decay of traditional institutions and values, a strong presidency is both a greater necessity than ever before and a greater risk—necessary to hold a spinning and distracted society together, necessary to make the separation of powers work, risky because of the awful temptation held out to override the separation of powers and burst the bonds of the Constitution. The nation requires both a strong presidency for leadership *and* the separation of powers for liberty. It may well be that, if continuing structural compulsions are likely to propel future Presidents in the direction of government by decree, the rehabilitation of impeachment will be essential to contain the presidency and preserve the Constitution.

Watergate is potentially the best thing to have happened to the presidency in a long time. If the

trails are followed to their end, many, many years will pass before another White House staff dares take the liberties with the Constitution and the laws the Nixon White House has taken. If the nation wants to work its way back to a constitutional presidency, there is only one way to begin. That is by showing Presidents that, when their closest associates place themselves above the law and the Constitution, such transgressions will be not forgiven or forgotten for the sake of the presidency, but exposed and punished for the sake of the presidency.

If the Nixon White House escapes the legal consequences of its illegal behavior, why will future Presidents and their associates not suppose themselves entitled to do what the Nixon White House has done? Only condign punishment will restore popular faith in the presidency and deter future Presidents from illegal conduct—so long, at least, as Watergate remains a vivid memory. Corruption appears to visit the White House in fifty-year cycles. This suggests that exposure and retribution inoculate the presidency against its latent criminal impulses for about half a century. Around the year 2023 the American people will be well advised to go on the alert and start nailing down everything in sight.

A constitutional presidency, as the great Presidents have shown, can be a very strong presidency indeed. But what keeps a strong President constitutional, in addition to checks and balances incorporated within his own breast, is the vigilance of the people. The Constitution cannot hold the nation to ideals it is determined to betray. The reinvigoration of the written checks in the American Constitution depends on the reinvigoration of the unwritten checks in American society. The great institutions—Congress, the courts, the executive establishment, the press, the universities, public opinion—have to reclaim their own dignity and meet their own responsibilities. As Madison said long ago, the country cannot trust to “parchment barriers” to halt the encroaching spirit of power. In the end, the Constitution will live only if it embodies the spirit of the American people.

“There is no week nor day nor hour,” wrote Walt Whitman, “when tyranny may not enter upon this country, if the people lose their supreme confidence in themselves,—and lose their roughness and spirit of defiance—Tyranny may always enter—there is no charm, no bar against it—the only bar against it is a large resolute breed of men.” □

A SOLDIER IN ICELAND

A story by Barton Midwood

He entered noisily. I hoped that he would take a seat far away but he took the aisle seat in my row.

A stewardess, a dark-haired Icelandic woman, came up to him.

"Are you going to behave yourself today?" she said.

"I'm sober this time," he said.

"Congratulations." She smiled.

He turned to me. "I was drunk yesterday and they kicked me off ten minutes before takeoff. You can't blame them. I was singing and I can't carry a tune."

The stewardess laughed.

"Icelanders are a musical people, you see," he continued. "They kicked me off very musically. I've got no complaint. The airline even paid the hotel bill in Luxembourg. That was hospitable, don't you think?"

He repeated the word "hospitable" and roared with laughter.

The stewardess smiled at the top of his head with maternal superiority and walked away.

He leaned into the aisle to watch her. "She has hair all over her legs," he said. He meditated for a moment. "I can't stand that," he concluded with a scowl, and meditated for another moment. Then he turned to me and said cheerfully, "My name is Hans. Hans Welleck."

I told him my name and we shook hands. He had a two- or three-day growth of beard and his eyes were red and swollen and there was a scar from a recent wound just over his left cheekbone. His clothes, a light brown gabardine suit and a white shirt open at the collar, were wrinkled and stained as though he had been sleeping in them.

We were on an Icelandic flight from Luxembourg to New York, a twelve- or thirteen-hour trip with a one-hour stopover in Iceland at Keflavik

Airport. Between us was an empty seat that was occupied a few minutes before takeoff by a thin, attractive woman, about twenty-four years old, who became talkative as soon as we were in the air.

Her name was Mary. She told us she had been working as a secretary for an English executive in Belgium and was now returning to New York to marry a man she hadn't seen in two years. They had been corresponding. He had been a law student when they first met. Last month he had passed his New York bar examination and had written a letter proposing marriage.

"So I accepted," she said. "Life in Belgium was all right, but empty. It was just smooth sailing in shallow waters."

"That's the sort of sailing I'd like to try some day," said Welleck. He laughed with derision and then muttered something under his breath, looking as though he wanted to plunge into her shallow waters and shout.

In fact, he alarmed her and she was put off. She took up a magazine and leafed through it, and he ordered a gin and tonic from the stewardess.

I pushed back the top of my chair, shut my eyes, and managed to fall asleep.

When I woke about an hour later, Welleck's face was flushed and he was talking to Mary.

He was pointing at the scar on his cheekbone. "I got this in a fight in a bar in Saigon. This idiot of a sergeant didn't like my face or something. 'How come you don't have any insignias on your uniform?' he says. 'I'm an engineer,' I tell him. So he starts to make fun of the engineers. I just laugh. What do I care about the engineers? But he won't quit, you see. I try to keep my mouth shut—but he

won't quit! Finally when he says why don't I get a gun like him and all his buddies and do some *real* work in this war, I can't take it any longer. 'Listen, friend,' I say, 'yesterday in fifteen minutes I killed more men than you have bubbles in your beer.' Then I beat the hell out of him and left."

He paused, apparently expecting an encouraging reply, but Mary stared at him in bewilderment.

He was ill at ease. "Some world, eh?" he said.

"I don't understand," she said. "Why didn't you have insignias?"

Welleck noticed that I was awake and he seemed relieved. He winked at me, as though he and I shared a secret. "Because we don't wear insignias," he said.

"Who do you mean by 'we'?" said Mary sternly.

"Professionals. I'm a professional."

"In plain words, you're a mercenary."

Welleck smiled at her and then again winked at me, but did not answer.

"Who do you fight for?" she continued.

He laughed. "Myself."

"But who *pays* you?"

"The American government."

"That's interesting," I said. "What's your job?"

"Two thousand dollars a month," he said.

"No, I meant what do you do?"

"Automatic weapons. I've been in Vietnam for nearly two years. Look, I'll show you something."

He reached under his seat and came up with a brown leather case that was full of photographs. He leafed through them, then handed one to me. "That's my monkey," he said.

It was a photograph of a monkey perched on the hood of a jeep. Standing beside the jeep was a man about thirty-five years old. He was wearing Army fatigues and was smiling at the camera.

"Who's the man?" I said.

"Jensen. He's a Dane. We've been everywhere together. The Congo, the Dominican Republic, Korea. He's taking care of Raffles for me."

"Raffles is your monkey."

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"Right there." He pointed at the photograph. "Just near the Cambodian border. I've had all kinds of pets."

"Are you going back?"

"I'll stay a couple of days in New York first. I ship out from San Francisco next week." He began to leaf through the photographs again. "Here, look at this one. She got hit by a car in Wiesbaden."

It was a photograph of two small children and an Afghan hound.

"Who are the children?" said Mary.

"My son and my daughter. I had a lion cub

when I was in Africa. One day he bit me and I let him go. I have a picture of him somewhere."

He began to look for it, but Mary interrupted him.

"Do you have any more pictures of your children?"

He studied her a moment suspiciously.

"They're fine-looking children," she added.

"Thanks," he said.

"When was the last time you saw them?"

"Three days ago. They're in Munich with my mother."

"What's she doing in Munich?"

"She was born there. So was I."

Mary looked at him with interest. "I thought you were American."

"I went to school in Philadelphia. I grew up there. My stepfather was American. When he died, my mother moved back to Germany. That was about three years ago. Here, look at this. That's Daisy." Welleck handed me another photograph of Jensen smiling at the camera, now with a parrot perched on his shoulder. "And here's another picture of the children." This he gave to Mary.

"Is that your wife with them?" she said.

"Yes."

"That's Jensen again," I said.

"Yes, in the Dominican Republic."

"Isn't your wife with the children in Munich?" said Mary.

"I don't know where she is. We just divorced." Welleck took the photograph from her and handed it to me. "Beautiful woman, eh?"

"Yes," I said.

"I gave her everything she asked for. A forty-thousand-dollar house in Wiesbaden, a Mercedes, a nurse for the children, two fur coats, everything. Two months ago I get leave. I figure I'll surprise her. I get to my house about ten o'clock at night and a guy answers the door. It looks like I woke him up and he's wearing my pajamas. He wants to know who I am and what I want. 'I am the person who owns this house,' I say, 'and I want my pajamas back.' Then I beat the hell out of him. He was a captain in the Air Force. An American." Welleck paused, preoccupied.

"So you divorced her," said Mary, unashamedly prodding him.

Welleck seemed not to mind. "Not that time," he said. "I just worked her over a bit. She said she was sorry, and I forgave her. Like a fool. I hadn't had any in six months. I wouldn't touch the street girls in Saigon. We had five days together just like old times. Then I took a trip to Munich to see my mother. Three days later I come home and the same guy answers the door in my pajamas. This time I put him in the hospital. *Then* I divorced her." He leaned toward Mary. "It drives me wild. One minute she lies in my arms and tells me she loves me forever and the next minute some idiot is wearing my pajamas. I can't put the two minutes together. Do you see?"

Mary lowered her eyes. "Yes."

"Anyway, the court gave me custody of the children. She can't see them without my permission."

"What happened to the captain?" I said.

"I fixed him good. I got him shipped out to Saigon. I know a colonel in Wiesbaden. Good friend of mine. Hey, do you want to see something special? Look at this."

He began to leaf through the photographs in his leather case again and brought out a picture of Joan Baez, the singer. She was standing in an alley near the back door of a theater and was caught in the middle of an admiring crowd. She was signing an autograph book and smiling.

"I took that picture myself," said Welleck. He had tears in his eyes from talking about his wife and it was painfully apparent that he was making an attempt to get a grip on himself by changing the subject. "You don't see a picture like that every day," he added. "Only professionals get pictures like that."

"It's a good picture," I agreed.

"I'm just nuts about Joan Baez," he said.

"That's ironical," said Mary.

"What do you mean?" said Welleck.

"I mean, she's a peacemonger. I should think you'd hate her politics."

"Why? I don't. I *like* her politics."

"Well, I'm sure she wouldn't like yours."

Welleck's face reddened; he was hurt. "Why? What do you know about my politics?"

Mary shrugged her shoulders and kept silent.

"Who's talking about politics anyway?" continued Welleck. "I'm talking about *music*, not politics. I don't give a damn about politics."

Sulking, he started to put the photograph back in the leather case, but then an idea seemed to occur to him and he turned to Mary. "Look, I'd like you to have this photograph. I mean, it would be nice if you took it. I've got about fifteen prints of it."

"No, no, really," said Mary. "It's kind of you but I couldn't—"

Prepared for the rebuff, Welleck promptly closed the leather case and interrupted her. "Look, can I buy you two a drink?"

Mary glanced at me.

"Sure," I said. "Let's all get drunk."

Welleck was delighted. "*That's* the spirit! Stewardess!"

The stewardess, who was just a few yards down the aisle, signaled that she would be with him in a minute.

"What about you, Mary?" he said.

She smiled at him. "All right. Gin and tonic?"

"That's *my* drink too!" He was excited as a schoolboy.

The stewardess appeared. He smiled up at her and there were still tears in his eyes. "We'd like some drinks, miss."

"Yes?"

"Gin and tonic for the lady and myself." He turned to me. "What about you?"

"Vodka and tomato juice."

"Bloody Mary for the gentleman," he said.

Mary winced and glared at him sharply, but he was looking elsewhere.

The stewardess walked away.

Welleck turned to Mary. "Did you notice her legs?"

"No," said Mary.

"Hair. You never see that on an American woman."

Mary was embarrassed. "Oh?"

"What's your opinion?"

"Of what?"

"This business."

"Which business?"

"Women with hair on their legs."

"I don't know. Will you excuse me for a minute?"

He stood up to let her pass. She went down the aisle toward the front of the plane and disappeared into the ladies' room.

"Did I say something wrong?" he said.

"I think you insulted her when you called my drink a Bloody Mary," I said.

He slapped his forehead and shut his eyes. "I'm an idiot."

"Don't worry about it."

"I just didn't think! I *always* call it a Bloody Mary."

"She thinks you said it deliberately."

"But I didn't!"

"I know."

"I just didn't put the two together."

When she reappeared in the aisle, Welleck looked up anxiously. She had gathered her hair into a severe ponytail and had applied mascara on her eyelashes and fresh lipstick.

Welleck leaned toward me. "War paint," he whispered. He stood up to let her pass.

She bestowed a smile upon him, a tolerant smile, and sat down, quite erect, and folded her hands in her lap. "Tell us how you learned this curious profession of yours, Mr. Welleck," she said abruptly.

Welleck was taken aback. He blushed and looked at his hands; he took a breath, holding it a moment, preparing to appease her. "I joined the Legion when I was seventeen. You can call me Hans."

"The French Foreign Legion?"

"Yes."

She laughed condescendingly. "I thought that was done only in prewar movies."

"In my time a lot of guys joined the Legion," he said, good-naturedly. "Nowadays they let their hair

Clean getaway

Remember those smoke plumes that jetliners used to trail as they took off? Watch one of the big new jets as it climbs into the air. You'll see it's virtually smoke-free.

The secret is the advanced design of its engines. They have what we call a high bypass ratio. That means that for every cubic foot of air that goes through the combus-

tion chamber, five cubic feet go around it.

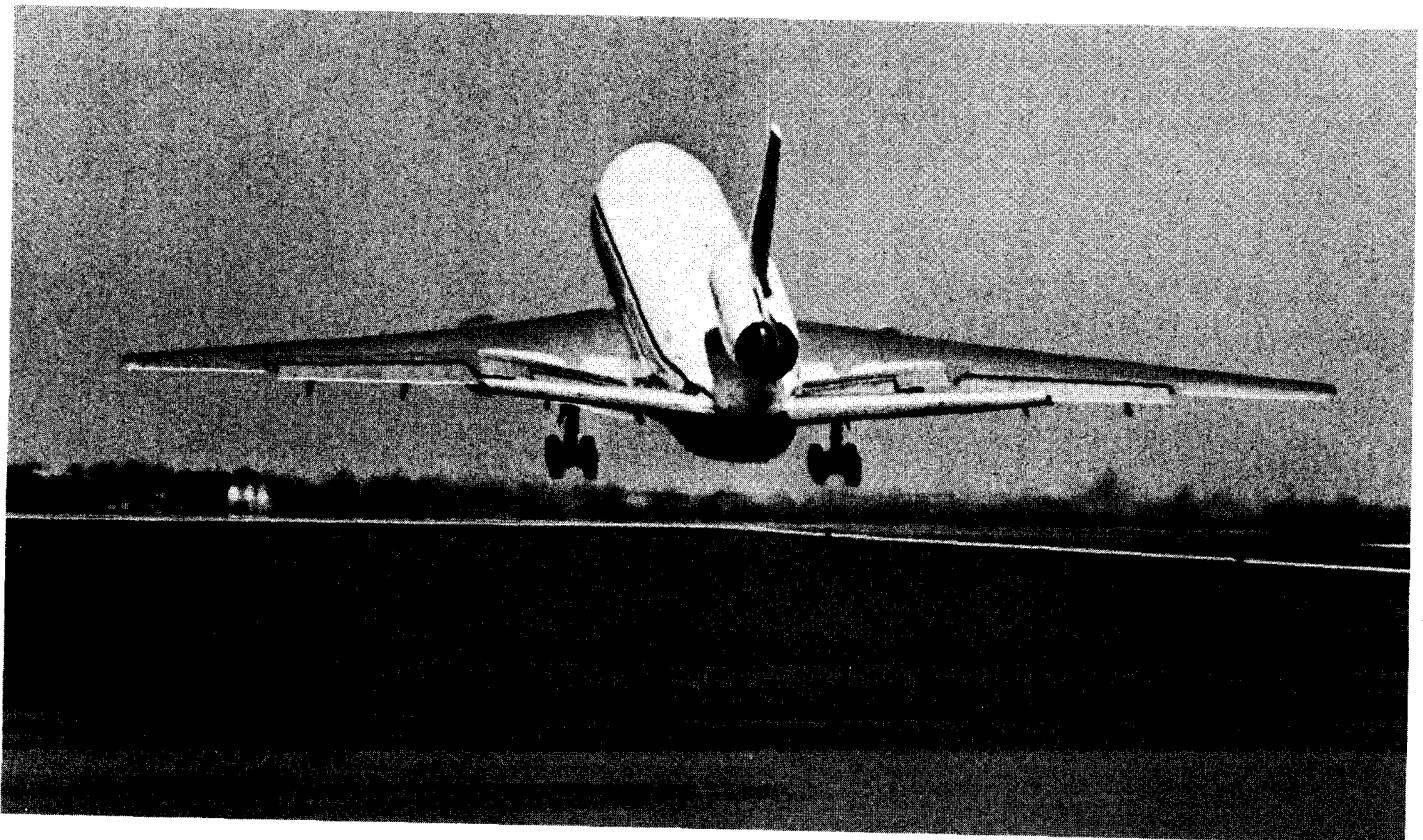
The result: less exhaust emission. Add to that a more efficient combustion process that just about eliminates smoke, and you can see why these are the cleanest engines that have ever flown.

At the same time, we're modifying the engines of other planes to get rid of smoke and

reduce the invisible emissions. It's a big job. The airlines have been spending millions of dollars to help clean the air, and research goes on.

Though emissions from all airliners now cause *only 1 percent* of the nation's air pollution, we won't give up the fight.

Clean air is everybody's job. We are committed to doing our part.



The Airlines of America
The air we fly in is the air you breathe...and we never forget it.

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"It is only fair to warn you that you are dealing with fanatics."

"It is every winemaker's quest to make the great American wine. As is true of most things of quality, mere wishing won't make it so. We at Sonoma Vineyards feel that we have a fine chance and indeed an obligation to attain this achievement.

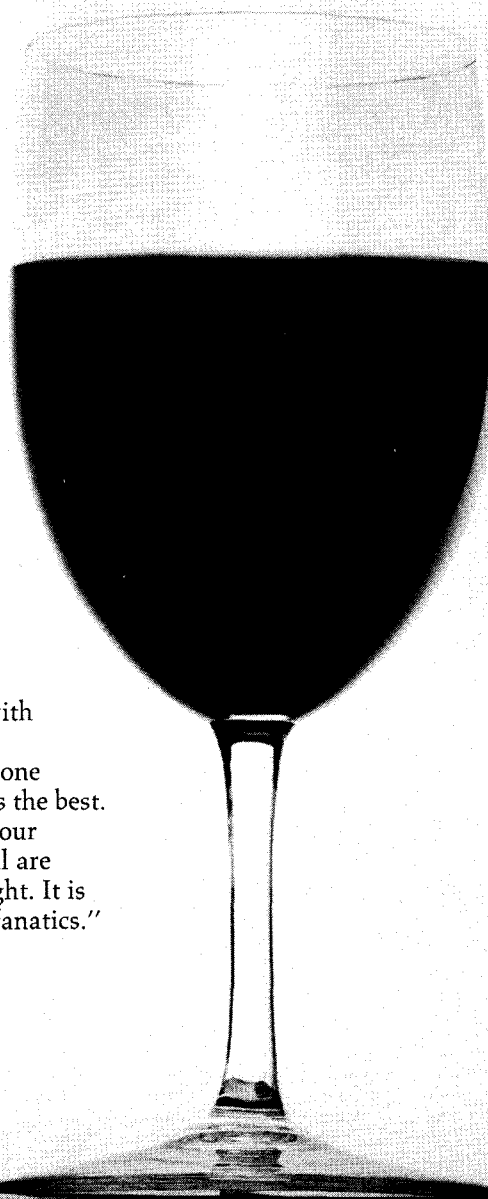
"We are a relatively new winery, and we have been able to take advantage of all the new data, both viticultural and technological, that is available through the University of California at Davis as well as our industry's own research. We are not captive to old mistakes and misguided country-store philosophies.

"Always with reverence to the antiquity and sensitivity of our industry, where art mingles with technology, we press on boldly to innovate. Our viticultural cellar practices are based entirely on one driving theme, quality—how to make our wines the best. How to present you with a better product. All of our resources of talent, creativity, muscle and capital are marshalled behind this one ever-recurring thought. It is only fair to warn you that you are dealing with fanatics."

Rodney D. Strong
Winemaker

Sonoma Vineyards.

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grow and go to San Francisco. If I were born twenty years later, maybe I'd have gone to San Francisco myself."

"Tell us, Mr. Welleck, was it some fascinating heartless woman, some *femme fatale*, that drove you to make such a dramatic move?"

"No, it was my stepfather. Are you making fun of me?"

Mary fluttered her eyelids mockingly at him and smiled.

"My stepfather and me, we didn't get along," he continued, choking back his pride. "One day I cut him with a knife. In the right shoulder. I left that day and never went back. I had a friend who'd joined the Legion a couple of weeks before, so I knew how to go about it. The Legion trained me. I was with them four years, mainly in Algiers. After that, I could fight where I liked and name my own price."

"You've murdered people in many countries then," said Mary. "How fascinating."

"I suppose you could put it that way," he said softly.

"You'd put it another way, I'm sure."

"Look," he said, "if you're upset that I called his drink a Bloody Mary, I want you to know I didn't mean anything by it. I always call it a Bloody Mary."

Her face reddened. "So do I."

"Then why are you upset?"

"I'm not upset, Mr. Welleck, and I don't care what you call your drink."

"His drink."

"Anyone's drink."

"You've got me wrong, Mary. I'm not a murderer. I'm a soldier."

"He's right," I said. "He's a soldier."

Welleck was glad of the support. Suddenly he became excited. "Did you read the story in *Newsweek* last year? They had three pages on mercenaries."

"No," said Mary.

"He's read it, I'll bet." He turned to me. "Did you?"

"Yes," I lied.

"See? He reads."

"What did *Newsweek* say?" said Mary.

"They said that we are the most highly skilled soldiers in the world, that's what they said."

"You must be very proud of yourself."

"You look up that story in *Newsweek*. You'll learn something."

"What will I learn?"

"Lots of things. Like about Leopoldville. We went into Leopoldville four hundred strong. Do you know how many men we lost? Out of four hundred, how many do you think we lost?"

"I don't know and I don't care."

"Guess."

"Two hundred and fifty," she said.

Welleck slapped his knees and roared with laughter. Mary stared at him in horror. Suddenly he stopped laughing, looked her in the eye, and held four fingers in front of her face.

"Four men," he said. Then he winked knowingly at me and leaned back in his seat. "*Newsweek* was right: very *highly skilled soldiers*. There are only a handful of us, you know. Mainly Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes. Not too many Germans like me."

"Yes, it's always the same old boys," he added with pride and nostalgia. "Wherever I go, the same old faces."

"Why are you fighting in Vietnam?" said Mary.

"I told you: the money."

"I don't remember your telling me that."

"That's because you don't listen."

"Would you fight for the other side if they paid more?"

"I don't like the Communists."

"Why not?"

"If you'd seen what I've seen, you'd understand."

"Like what?"

"I've seen a few things that I wouldn't care to talk about."

"Just give us an example."

"Communists have no respect for human life," he said with exasperation.

To illustrate his point he told a story about a massacre in the Congo. An immense body of half-naked men charged his unit, most of them armed with sticks. They rushed into a wall of machine-gun fire and kept coming until all of them were dead.

"These people are insane," he concluded. "Human life doesn't mean a thing to them. I don't know how many I killed in half an hour. Hundreds, thousands maybe."

There was a pause. Welleck rubbed his eyes. Mary's hands were trembling.

After a few minutes she spoke. "Mr. Welleck?" she said.

"Yes?"

"I don't either."

"You don't what?" he said, puzzled.

"I don't have respect for human life."

"Oh?"

"Yes." Then she leaned toward him and spat in his face.

Then she stood up and said, "Please let me pass."

Welleck turned pale and he gaped at her. According to convention, if you are sitting in the aisle seat on an airplane and a woman beside you asks permission to pass, you should rise from your seat and step aside into the aisle. But Mary had

just spat in Welleck's face and he was trembling. What should he do, and why did she spit at him?

"Please let me pass," she repeated impatiently.

The stewardess appeared with our drinks on a white plastic tray.

"Sorry I took so long," she said.

"I'm changing my seat," said Mary.

The stewardess glanced at the top of Welleck's head and clicked her tongue in an expression of disapproval. Then she smiled sympathetically at Mary. "That's all right, dear. There are some empty seats up front. I'll bring your drink in a minute."

"Will you *please* let me pass?" said Mary.

Welleck just sat there gazing dumbly at her and trembling.

"The lady is talking to you," said the stewardess.

Welleck stood up and stepped into the aisle. He took a white handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face. Mary sidestepped out of the seat, hurried toward the front of the plane, and slipped into a seat just behind the cockpit.

A passenger, a rather fat boy about eleven or twelve years old, came down the aisle and tapped Welleck's shoulder. He wanted to pass. Welleck, after staring confusedly at him for a moment, slid back into the seat to make way.

Then the stewardess offered me my drink and I took it. Welleck made no move to take his, however. The stewardess irritably let down the little table attached to the back of the seat in front of him. Then she put his drink on it and walked away.

The man in the seat across the aisle—an old man who had been putting together a complicated balsa-wood model of a nineteenth-century whaling schooner since takeoff—leaned toward Welleck and said, "If I were you, I wouldn't let her get away with that." He spoke with a Midwestern American drawl.

Welleck glared at him.

"Spitting's a disgusting habit," continued the old man. "She your wife?"

Welleck turned away and closed his fist around the bottle of tonic in front of him.

"People are scumbags," he said.

This was not said to anyone in particular, but the old man understood that it was directed partly at him. He shrugged his shoulders and went back to his whaling schooner.

Welleck stared at the bottle of tonic for a while.

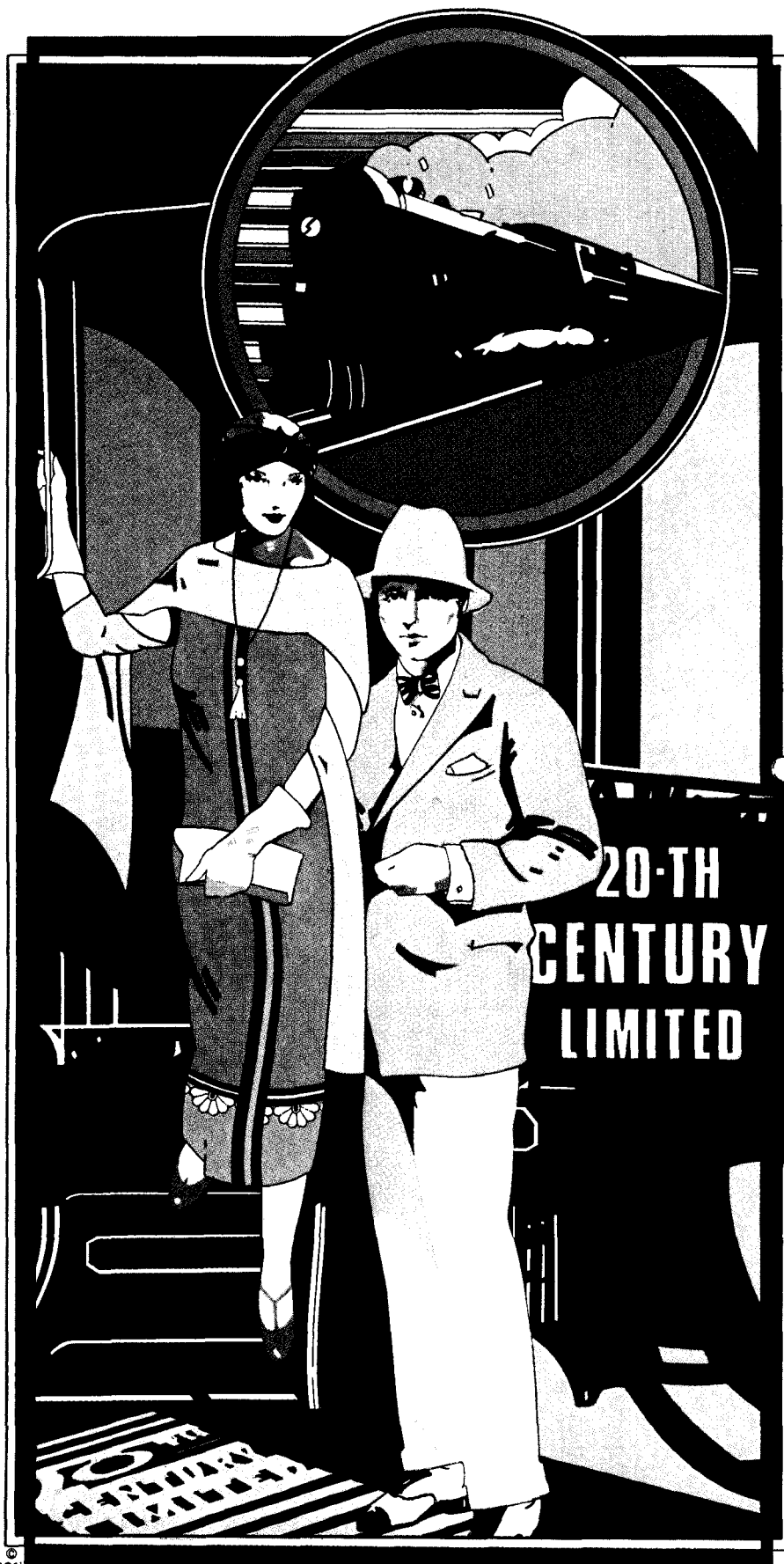
"Are you all right?" I said.

He kept silent and would not look at me, so I let him alone.

Eventually he took a small bottle from his jacket pocket. He emptied three large white pills into his palm, tossed all of them into his mouth at once, and washed them down with the tonic. Ten minutes later he was fast asleep.

He was still asleep when the plane landed at

It was Some Party. Ballantine's was there.



THE mid 1930's. The Twentieth Century Limited. Grand Central Station. 5:30 P.M. New York to Chicago, 16½ hours.

It was a casting director's dream. All the right people converging on Track 34 to board the train that called itself "The Greatest Train in the World"

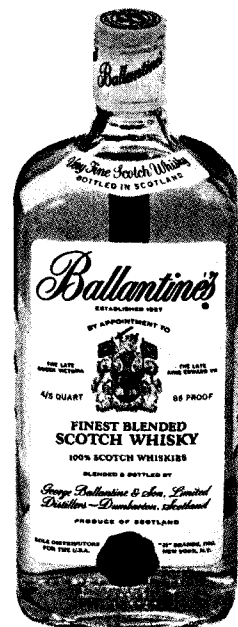
This was the fastest train between New York and Chicago. The extra fare train. With a passenger list that kept city desks going double time.

You moved down a red carpet to be greeted by the chief steward. Some ran for the club car to make a last minute call, while starlets clustered on the Century's open observation car longing to be photographed.

It was difficult, almost impossible, to be blasé about the Twentieth Century. From its very first run, it was simply a place where "Something" was always happening to "Somebody."

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Through this area, in only one of the oil pipelines that lies beneath it, have moved 24 million gallons of energy in the past month. Energy that powers industry, homes, cars, planes, ships, trucks. Energy that sustains the life style Americans have come to take for granted.



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Keflavik Airport four hours later. I saw the stewardess shaking his shoulder as I was making my way to the exit.

When he appeared in the terminal, he went straight for Mary, who was looking at a magazine at the newsstand. He began talking to her with anxious exaggerated gestures. I was about fifty yards off near the coffee bar and couldn't hear what he was saying. Mary just looked at him dumbly and two minutes later she turned her back on him and went into the ladies' room.

I wanted to avoid Welleck myself. I stepped out of the terminal building on the side facing the runways and lit a cigarette.

It was about forty degrees and there was no snow on the ground. There was a light breeze. From here the country looked as flat as a tabletop, though in the distance one could see some hills shrouded in mist. Behind me were the terminal's large glass windows, which were opaque because the sky was reflected in them.

I stood in silence for about ten minutes until I heard a voice behind me. It was Welleck.

"I was waving at you through the window," he said. "But you just looked right through me. Something wrong?" There was a low-keyed threat in his question.

"I didn't see you," I said.

He turned to look at the window. "You can't see a *thing* through those windows, can you!" He laughed in relief. "Really, I'm becoming a paranoid-type nut," he added.

I offered him a cigarette.

"I don't smoke," he said. "But sometimes I like to take a cigarette from a friend."

He took the cigarette gingerly and I lit it for him, cupping my hands around the match, against the wind.

"That girl hates me," he said.

"She's just upset."

"I ought to keep my mouth shut."

"You've been through a bad time," I said. "Talking helps."

"Talking don't help. Talking hurts."

"Then why do you talk?"

"Beats me," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "You know, sometimes I expect that when I look in the mirror, I'm going to see a monster or something, a real beast with blood dripping out of his mouth. But what do I see? A face not too different from the one I had when I was twenty-one. How old do you think I am?"

"It's hard to say."

"Guess."

"Thirty-six," I said.

He looked at me suspiciously. "You're kidding. Most people guess much lower. If you could see me after I've slept and cleaned myself up, you'd think I was a kid or something."

"How old are you actually?"

"Thirty-five."

He fell silent, reflecting perhaps on the fact that he was thirty-five.

"Some place, this Iceland," he said after a while. "No army here, you know. No navy either. Nothing. A peaceful lot, the Icelanders. Funny, isn't it? I mean, these people used to be great warriors. They have stories in rhyme to prove it, too! If you'd have come here fifteen hundred years ago, you wouldn't have found such a nice little democratic ant-pile with women at the voting polls. You'd have seen big hairy bastards stalking about the place with axes in their hands. Sailors and hunters. A fighting race. The only fighters in Iceland nowadays are the Americans. But the citizens don't like the American bases mucking up their precious little island, I can tell you that for free. They even lock up their daughters at night. That's a fact. You never see any of these hairy-legged Icelandic broads walking about with a GI. I'll tell you something else about Iceland. Somebody got the name mixed up with Greenland. Greenland was the place that was supposed to be called Iceland. It was colder back in Luxembourg, did you notice?"

"Yes."

"People don't know *anything*. Iceland's not icy, for chrissakes! Iceland is *green*. Nice climate. Temperate. I think I ought to have been born here, really. About fifteen hundred years ago. In those days people wouldn't look at me like I was Dracula or something. I'd be a hero. They'd write sagas and all kinds of crap about me."

"That's probably true," I said.

"Maybe I'll write a book myself someday. I have a lot of stories to tell. *True* stories. Things that don't get into the newspapers. I'd get into trouble if I wrote them now. But my contract's up in seven months. I have a nice pile put away in a bank in Belgium. Close to one hundred and forty thousand dollars."

"Will you have to pay taxes on it?"

"No. Of course, I can't touch a penny till my contract's up. But after that I'm free and clear. I'll buy a little bar in Munich and a house near my mother so I can see my children, and I'll write my book. I'll have a nice life. Smooth sailing in shallow waters. The only thing I'd like to do before I quit is fight for the Israelis. As far as I'm concerned, Israel has the best army in the world. That's because they have something to fight for."

"No doubt about it," I said.

"You're looking at me like you think I'm a bull-shit artist. You think I won't quit. Well, it's true that it's hard to quit. War is the only trade I know and I'm an expert. But after Israel, believe me, that's it."

I parted company with Welleck. A quarter of an hour before we were supposed to reboard I decided to spend the night in Reykjavik and take a

plane the following morning. I had been seduced by the ridiculous brochures stuffed in the pockets behind the seats in the airplane—color photographs of sinful night life in the capital city. Besides, the prospect of getting back into the plane with both Welleck and Mary put me on edge.

Welleck was disappointed. At bottom I think he understood that I wanted to get away from him. As we were saying good-bye, he asked a favor. He asked if I would send him the next Joan Baez album when it was released. He said he would reimburse me for the album and the postage.

"You'll get a bill all right, including travel expenses to the record shop."

At this he laughed. "I'll miss you up there," he said, pointing at the sky, and he laughed again. Then we shook hands and parted.

A new Joan Baez album was released that year and I sent one to him in care of a Saigon address he had given me. Six weeks later I received a letter from Saigon. It wasn't from Hans Welleck, though, but from his friend, Jensen. This is the letter:

Dear R. Anderson,

I am sorry to be someone who brings you sad news. Our friend Hans Welleck was killed by a hand grenade this week. I think it was thrown from behind. He lived in a coma twelve hours after he was hit and he died in the hospital three

days ago. It was very kind that you sent the record. Many times he told me about a friend in America who promises to send a record. He would have been very happy. I know. He was my best friend. He was always telling me about Joan Baez.

I have a problem that maybe you can give advice. I have a monkey called Raffles that used to belong to Hans. Once he said that if he was killed I should send to his wife the monkey. But that was last year, and this year he divorced his wife, and I never ask again what I should do with the monkey. It didn't seem right that I should ask. So, now he has no wife. Also I don't know where to find the one who used to be his wife. I don't think she would want the monkey anyway. Also I cannot send it to his children. They would love this monkey, because it is very friendly, but they live with Hans's mother and she is afraid of animals.

Maybe you would like to have the monkey. I think Hans would like you to have it. I don't know your opinion of monkeys but this is a good one. It would be very complicated. There are so many rules about animals and airplanes. But I know some people on the inside, and I think I could fix it. I would keep the monkey myself, but I am shipping out in three months, and where I am going I cannot take monkeys.

Hoping to hear from you,
T. Jensen

ON BEING EASY IN THE RITUAL OF SEPARATION

Morning: from sleep to confusion.
Celebration of relevant anodynes.
Gymnastic pacing. Elimination. EAT.
Read the paper: politics: interesting:
personal intervention ineffective from
Marxist-Leninist point of view.
Go to work. Work. COME HOME.
Moment of clarity: Meet god.
Conversation as to the relation
between being and becoming.
Some relation. Whiskey. EASY.
Read. Sleep before morning. EAT.
MAKE MONEY. MAKE SONS. DIE.

Thanks for the moment before dreams.
Moment of clarity, relations,
work, conversation, god,
whiskey, sleep, thanks, EASY.

by Alan Dugan

Come and meet Zinfandel the Great.

Every year, we gently bring our Zinfandel grapes to the magic moment, when they become a superb California red table wine.

By then, we've pampered and fussed over them so, it almost hurts to crush them.

And every day through the year, they've been awakened by a cool, Pacific breeze that makes our Paicines mountain vineyards, near San Juan Bautista, such a salubrious setting for growing fine wines. It's the same breeze that made the Franciscan friars grow *their* wine here over a hundred years ago.

And it's why Zinfandel by Almadén is Zinfandel the Great.

So come. Come and get to know Zinfandel.

Come to Almadén.

Almadén Wines

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This is your year. Make a little Thunder of your own.

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Brilliant styling. A whisper of sport.
And that celebrated Thunderbird ride.
From its distinctive front end to its deep
luxury interior, Thunderbird '74 has
just about everything you'll ever want.
Including air conditioning, the elegant
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steel-belted radial ply tires and a 460 V-8
engine. All *standard*. And you can add
the optional Power-Operated Sunroof or
the new Glass Moonroof.

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Unique in all the world.

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THUNDERBIRD

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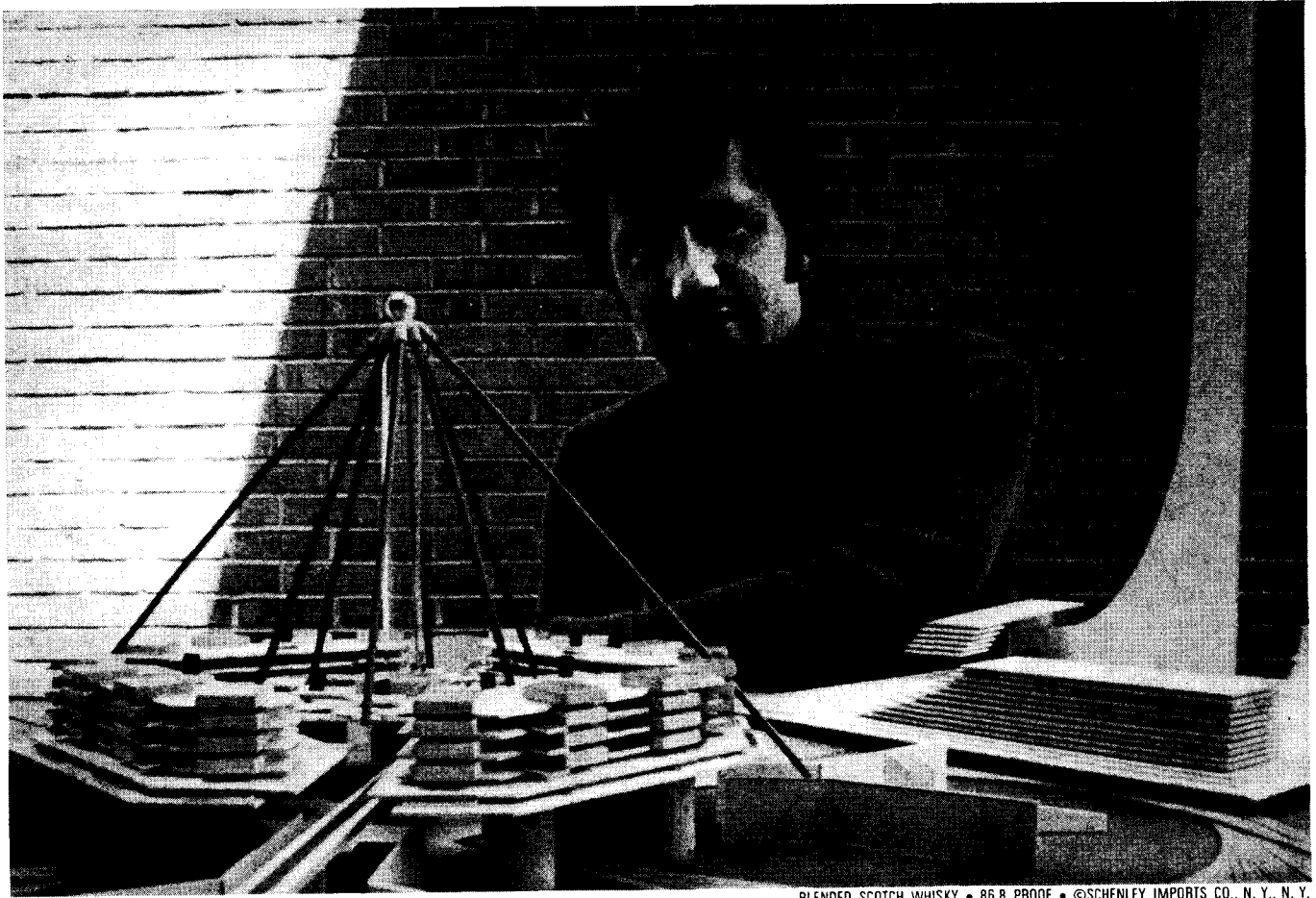
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DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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JOHN ALAN STOCK

HOME: Chesapeake, Virginia

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Architect/Urban Planner

HOBBIES: Animated cinematography,
tennis, wine-making.

LAST BOOK READ: "Capitalism, the
Unknown Ideal" by Ayn Rand

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Preliminary
design for Underwater Housing Development
Study for human occupancy.

QUOTE: "The urban planner in the 20th
century must lead people from the world of the
practical into the realm of dreams and then back
again in a way that makes dreams possible."

PROFILE: An individualist. A creative
thinker. Optimistic about the future of mankind,
yet concerned enough to take a leadership role.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways
to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough
for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set
down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only
the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the
Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

THE FORCE THAT DRIVES THE FLOWER

by Annie Dillard

What is it about fecundity that so appalls?
Is it that with nature's bounty goes a
crushing waste that threatens our own
cheap lives?

I wakened myself last night with my own shouting. It must have been that terrible yellow plant I saw pushing through the flood-damp soil near the log by Tinker Creek, the plant as fleshy and featureless as a slug, that erupted through the floor of my brain as I slept, and burgeoned into the dream of fecundity that woke me up.

I was watching two huge luna moths mate. Luna moths are those fragile ghost moths, fairy moths, whose five-inch wings are swallow-tailed, a pastel green bordered in silken lavender. From the hairy head of the male sprouted two enormous, furry antennae that trailed down past his ethereal wings. He was on top of the female, hunching repeatedly with a horrible animal vigor.

It was the perfect picture of utter spirituality and utter degradation. I was fascinated and could not turn away my eyes. By watching them I in effect permitted their mating to take place and so committed myself to accepting the consequences—all because I wanted to see what would happen. I wanted in on a secret.

And then the eggs hatched and the bed was full of fish. I was standing across the room in the doorway, staring at the bed. The eggs hatched before my eyes, on my bed, and a thousand chunky fish swarmed there in a viscid slime. The fish were firm and fat, black and white, with triangular bodies and bulging eyes. I watched in horror as they squirmed three feet deep, swimming and oozing about in the glistening, transparent slime. Fish in the bed!—and I awoke. My ears still rang with the foreign cry that had been my own voice.

Fool, I thought: child, you child, you ignorant, innocent fool. What did you expect to see—angels? For it was understood in the dream that the bed full of fish was my own fault, that if I had turned away from the mating moths the hatching of their eggs wouldn't have happened, or at least would have happened in secret, elsewhere. I brought it on myself, this slither, this swarm.

I don't know what it is about fecundity that so appalls. I suppose it is the teeming evidence that birth and growth, which we value, are ubiquitous and blind, that life itself is so astonishingly cheap, that nature is as careless as it is bountiful, and that with extravagance goes a crushing waste that will one day include our own cheap lives. Every glistening egg is a *memento mori*.

Now, in late June in the Blue Ridge, things are popping outside. Creatures extrude or vent eggs; larvae fatten, split their shells, and eat them; spores dissolve or explode; root hairs multiply, corn puffs on the stalk, grass yields seed, shoots erupt from the earth turgid and sheathed; wet muskrats, rabbits, and squirrels slide into the sunlight, mewling and blind; and everywhere watery cells divide and swell, swell and divide. I can like it and call it birth and regeneration, or I can play the devil's advocate and call it rank fecundity—and say that it's hell that's a-poppin'.

This is what I plan to do. Partly as a result of my terrible dream, I have been thinking that the landscape of the intricate world that I have cherished is inaccurate and lopsided. It's too optimistic. For the notion of the infinite variety of detail and the multiplicity of forms is a pleasing one; in complexity are the fringes of beauty, and in variety are generosity and exuberance. But all this leaves something vital out of the picture. It is not one monarch butterfly I see, but a thousand. I myself am not one, but legion. And we are all going to die.

In this repetition of individuals is a mindless stutter, an imbecilic fixedness that must be taken

into account. The driving force behind all this fecundity is a terrible pressure I also must consider, the pressure of birth and growth, the pressure that squeezes out the egg and bursts the pupa, that hungers and lusts and drives the creature relentlessly toward its own death. Fecundity, then, is what I have been thinking about, fecundity and the pressure of growth. Fecundity is an ugly word for an ugly subject. It is ugly, at least, in the eggy animal world. I don't think it is for plants.

I never met a man who was shaken by a field of identical blades of grass. An acre of poppies and a forest of spruce boggle no one's mind. Even ten square miles of wheat gladdens the hearts of most people, although it is really as unnatural and freakish as the Frankenstein monster; if man were to die, I read, wheat wouldn't survive him more than three years. No, in the plant world, and especially among the flowering plants, fecundity is not an assault on human values. Plants are not our competitors; they are our prey and our nesting materials. We are no more distressed at their proliferation than an owl is at a population explosion among field mice.

After the flood last year I found a big tulip tree limb that had been wind-thrown into Tinker Creek. The current dragged it up on some rocks on the bank, where receding waters stranded it. A month after the flood I discovered that it was growing new leaves. Both ends of the branch were completely exposed and dried. I was amazed. It was like the old fable about the corpse growing a beard; it was as if the woodpile in my garage were suddenly to burst greenly into leaf. The way plants persevere in the bitterest of circumstances is utterly heartening. I can barely keep from unconsciously ascribing a will to these plants, a do-or-die courage, and I have to remind myself that coded cells and mute water pressure have no idea how grandly they are flying in the teeth of it all.

In the lower Bronx, for example, enthusiasts found an ailanthus tree that was fifteen feet long growing from the corner of a garage roof. It was rooted in and living on "dust and roofing cinders." Even more spectacular is a desert plant, *Ibervillea sonora*e—a member of the gourd family—that Joseph Wood Krutch describes. If you see this plant in the desert, you see only a dried chunk of loose wood. It has neither roots nor stems; it's like an old gray knothole. But it is alive. Each year before the rainy season comes, it sends out a few roots and shoots. If the rain arrives, it grows flowers and fruits; these soon wither away, and it reverts to a state as quiet as driftwood.

Well, the New York Botanical Garden put a dried *Ibervillea sonora*e on display in a glass case. "For seven years," says Joseph Wood Krutch, "without soil or water, simply lying in the case, it put forth a few anticipatory shoots and then, when no rainy season arrived, dried up again, hoping for better luck next year." That's what I call flying in the teeth of it all.

(It's hard to understand why no one at the New York Botanical Garden had the grace to splash a glass of water on the thing. Then they could say on their display case label, "This is a live plant." But by the eighth year what they had was a dead plant, which is precisely what it had looked like all along. The sight of it, reinforced by the label, "Dead *Ibervillea sonora*e," would have been most melancholy to visitors. I suppose they just threw it away.)

The growth pressure of plants can do an impressive variety of tricks. Bamboo can grow three feet in twenty-four hours, an accomplishment that is capitalized upon, legendarily, in that exquisite Asian torture in which a victim is strapped to a mesh bunk a mere foot above a bed of healthy bamboo plants whose woodlike tips have been sharpened. For the first eight hours he is fine, if jittery; then he starts turning into a colander, by degrees.

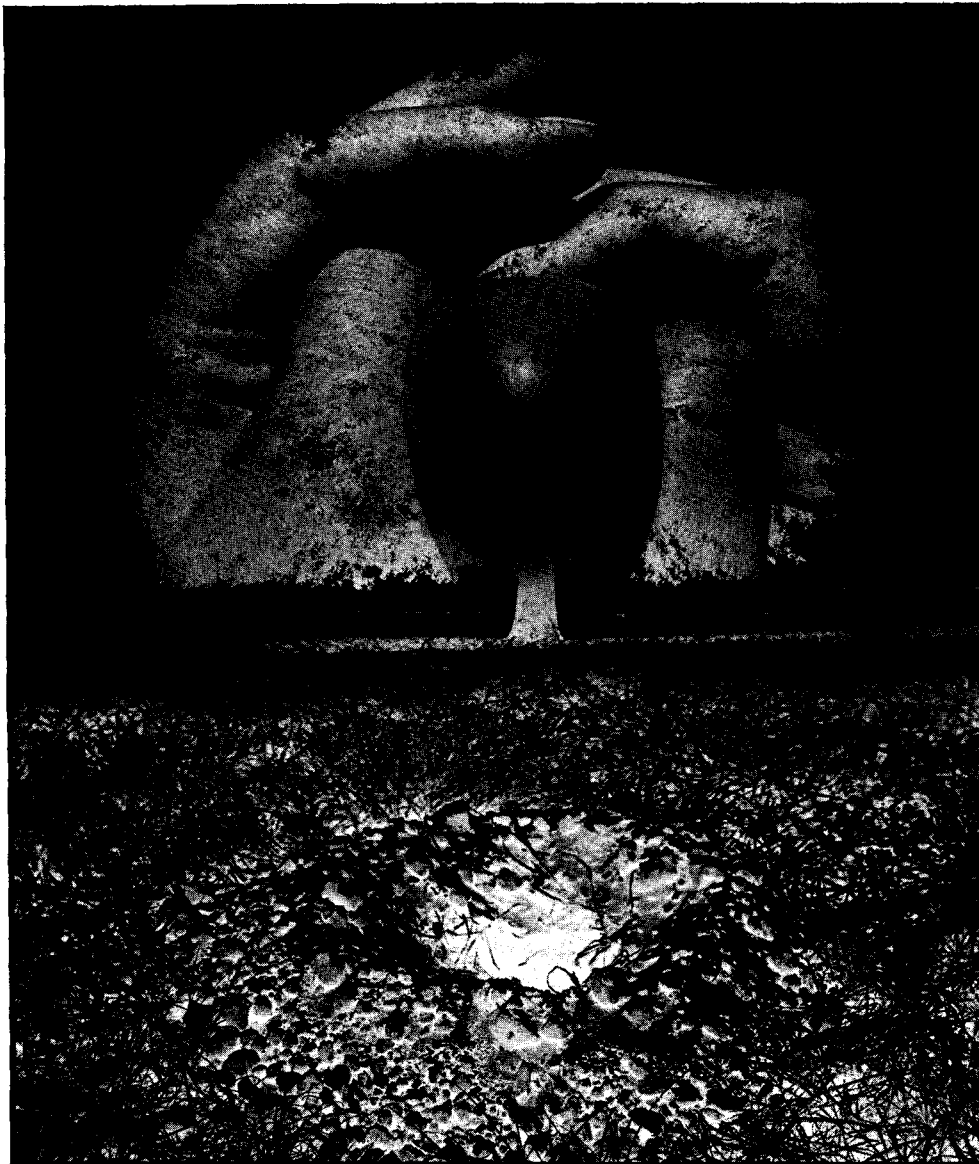
Down at the root end of things, blind growth reaches astonishing proportions. So far as I know, only one real experiment has ever been performed to determine the extent and rate of root growth, and when you read the figures, you see why. I have run into various accounts of this experiment, and the only thing they don't reveal is how many lab assistants were blinded for life.

The experimenters studied a single grass plant, winter rye. They let it grow in a greenhouse for four months; then they gingerly spirited away the soil—under microscopes, I imagine—and counted and measured all the roots and root hairs. In four months the plant had set forth 378 miles of roots—that's about three miles a day—in 14 million distinct roots. This is mighty impressive, but when they get down to the root hairs, I boggle completely. In those same four months the rye plant created 14 billion root hairs, and those little things placed end to end just about wouldn't quit. In a single cubic inch of soil, the length of the root hairs totaled 6000 miles.

Other plants use water power to heave the rock earth around as though they were merely shrugging off a silken cape. Rutherford Platt tells about a larch tree whose root had cleft a one-and-a-half-ton boulder and hoisted it a foot into the air. Everyone knows how a sycamore root will buckle a sidewalk, a mushroom will shatter a cement basement floor. But when the first real measurements of this awesome pressure were taken, nobody could believe the figures.

Rutherford Platt tells the story in *The Great*

Annie Dillard is a poet living in Virginia. Her book, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, from which this essay is adapted, will be published in April.



American Forest, one of the most interesting books ever written:

In 1875, a Massachusetts farmer, curious about the growing power of expanding apples, melons, and squashes, harnessed a squash to a weight-lifting device which had a dial like a grocer's scale to indicate the pressure exerted by the expanding fruit. As the days passed, he kept piling on counterbalancing weight; he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his vegetables quietly exerting a lifting force of 5 thousand pounds per square inch. When nobody believed him, he set up exhibits of harnessed squashes and invited the public to come and see. The *Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture*, 1875, reported: "Many thousands of men, women, and children of all classes of society visited it. *Mr. Penlow* watched it day and night, making hourly observations; *Professor Parker* was moved to write a poem about it; *Professor Seelye* declared that he positively stood in awe of it."

All this is very jolly. Unless perhaps I were strapped down above a stand of growing, sharp-

ened bamboo, I am unlikely to feel the faintest queasiness either about the growth pressure of plants or their fecundity. Even when the plants get in the way of human "culture," I don't mind. When I read how many thousands of dollars a city like New York has to spend to keep underground water pipes free of ailanthus, ginko, and sycamore roots, I cannot help but give a little cheer. After all, water pipes are almost always an excellent source of water. In a town where resourcefulness and beating the system are highly prized, these primitive trees can fight city hall and win.

But in the animal world things are different, and human feelings are different. While we're in New York, consider the cockroaches under the bed and the rats in the early morning clustered on the porch stoop. Apartment houses are hives of swarming roaches. Or again: in one sense you could think of Manhattan's land as high-rent, high-rise real estate; in another sense you could see it as an enormous breeding ground for rats, acres and acres of rats. I suppose that the cockroaches don't do as

much actual damage as the roots do; nevertheless, the prospect does not please. Fecundity is anathema only in the animal. "Acres and acres of rats" has a suitably chilling ring to it that is decidedly lacking if I say instead "acres and acres of tulips."

The landscape of earth is dotted and smeared with masses of apparently identical individual animals, from the great Pleistocene herds that blanketed grasslands to the gluey gobs of bacteria that clog the lobes of lungs. The oceanic breeding grounds of pelagic birds are as teeming and cluttered as any human Calcutta. Lemmings blacken the earth and locusts the air. Grunion run thick in the ocean, corals pile on pile, and protozoans explode in a red tide stain. Ants take to the skies in swarms, mayflies hatch by the millions, and molting cicadas coat the trunks of trees. Have you seen the rivers run red and lumpy with salmon?

Consider the ordinary barnacle, the rock barnacle. Inside every one of those millions of hard white cones on the rocks—the kind that bruises your heel as you bruise its head—is of course a creature as alive as you or me. Its business in life is this: when a wave washes over it, it sticks out twelve feathery feeding appendages and filters the plankton for food. As it grows, it sheds its skin like a lobster, enlarges its shell, and reproduces itself without end. The larvae "hatch into the sea in milky clouds." The barnacles encrusting a single half-mile of shore can leak into the water a million million larvae. How many is that to a human mouthful? In sea water they grow, molt, change shape wildly, and eventually, after several months, settle on the rocks, turn into adults, and build shells. Inside the shells they have to shed their skins. Rachel Carson was always finding the old skins; she reported: "Almost every container of sea water I bring up from the shore is flecked with white, semitransparent objects. . . . Seen under the microscope, every detail of structure is perfectly represented. . . . In the little cellophane-like replicas I can count the joints of the appendages; even the bristles, growing at the bases of the joints, seem to have been slipped out of their casings." All in all, rock barnacles may live four years.

My point about rock barnacles is those million million larvae "in milky clouds" and those shed flecks of skin. Sea water seems suddenly to be but a broth of barnacle bits. Can I fancy that a million million human infants are more real?

I have seen the mantis' abdomen dribbling out eggs in wet bubbles like tapioca pudding glued to a thorn. I have seen a film of a termite queen as big as my face, dead white and featureless, glistening with slime, throbbing and pulsing out rivers of globular eggs. Termite workers, who looked like tiny dock workers unloading the *Queen Mary*,

licked each egg to prevent mold as fast as it was extruded. The whole world is an incubator for incalculable numbers of eggs, each one coded minutely and ready to burst.

The egg of a parasite chalcid fly, a common small fly, multiplies unassisted, making ever more identical eggs. The female lays a single fertilized egg in the flaccid tissues of its live prey, and that egg divides and divides. As many as 2000 new parasitic flies will hatch to feed on the host's body with identical hunger. Similarly—only more so—Edwin Way Teale reports that a lone aphid, without a partner, breeding "unmolested" for one year, would produce so many living aphids that, although they are only a tenth of an inch long, together they would extend into space 2500 *light-years*. Even the average goldfish lays 5000 eggs, which it will eat as fast as it lays, if permitted. The sales manager of Ozark Fisheries in Missouri, which raises commercial goldfish for the likes of me, said, "We produce, measure, and sell our product by the ton." The intricacy of goldfish and aphids multiplied mindlessly into tons and light-years is more than extravagance; it is holocaust, parody, glut.

The pressure of growth among animals is a kind of terrible hunger. These billions must eat in order to fuel their surge to sexual maturity so that they may pump out more billions of eggs. And what are the fish on the bed going to eat, or hatched mantises in a Mason jar going to eat, but each other? There is a terrible innocence in the benumbed world of the lower animals, reducing life there to a universal chomp. Edwin Way Teale, in *The Strange Lives of Familiar Insects*—a book I couldn't live without—describes several occasions of meals mouthed under the pressure of a hunger that knew no bounds.

There is the dragonfly nymph, for instance, which stalks the bottom of the creek and the pond in search of live prey to snare with its hooked, unfolding lip. Dragonfly nymphs are insatiable and mighty. They clasp and devour whole minnows and fat tadpoles. "A dragonfly nymph," says Teale, "has even been seen climbing up out of the water on a plant to attack a helpless dragonfly emerging, soft and rumpled, from its nymphal skin." Is this where I draw the line?

It is between mothers and their offspring that these feedings have truly macabre overtones. Look at lacewings. Lacewings are those fragile green creatures with large, transparent wings. The larvae eat enormous numbers of aphids, the adults mate in a fluttering rush of instinct, lay eggs, and die by the millions in the first cold snap of fall. Sometimes, when a female lays her fertile eggs on a green leaf atop a slender stalked thread, she is hungry. She pauses in her laying, turns around, and eats her eggs one by one, then lays some more, and eats them, too.

DO YOU EAT THE RIGHT FOOD WITH THE WRONG WINE?

Everybody in the wine business seems to be avoiding giving specific advice about which wine to drink with which food.

Mainly because they want you to feel free to buy any of their wines and enjoy them with whatever you eat.

This is one way to look at it.

Looking at it this way sells more wine and there are no rules to follow.

But the trouble with leaving it all to chance is you may never experience some pretty fabulous taste combinations.

Some wines go better with some foods than others, and we at Inglenook Vineyards think you should know which is which.

We spend a lot of time and money in the making of our wines. And we want you to be able to enjoy them under the best possible conditions.

FISH?

Everybody knows white wine goes with fish, but not everybody knows why. White wine is acidic, and its acidity helps break down the oil in fish, which most people find disagreeable. Lemon is served with fish for the same reason.

Just remember that shell fish go best with the drier white wines, fish without shells taste best with a dry or semi-dry white wine.

The chart below explains which wine is which.

WHITE WINES		
Dry	Semi-Dry	Semi-Sweet
Chablis Grey Riesling Pinot Chardonnay White Pinot	Johannisberg Riesling Semillon Sylvaner Traminer Rhine	Chenin Blanc Sauterne

FOWL?

With white meat fowl, such as chicken, turkey, and cornish hen, any white wine goes well. But with red meat fowl, such as goose, pheasant, duck and quail, any red or white wine can be drunk.

CHINESE FOOD?

If you want wine with your Flaming Filet of Yak instead of tea, order any dry or semi-dry white wine. Semi-sweet whites seem to clash with the spiciness of many Chinese dishes, particularly Mandarin, and red wines are inappropriate for the same reason.



CANDIED BAKED HAM?

This is one American dish neither red nor white wines seem to go with. The dry red wines compete with the natural dryness of the meat. And the dry white wines are overpowered by it. A Rosé solves the problem and is the perfect compromise.

STEAKS, ROASTS, CHOPS, PASTA?

Red wine is the right wine for meat, but not just any red wine. It should be a dry red. The sweeter reds, combined with the richness of meat tend to fill you up and make you wish you hadn't eaten at all. Here's our chart for red wines:

RED WINES		
Dry	Semi-Dry	Sweet
Cabernet Sauvignon Charbono Pinot Noir Red Pinot	Burgundy Gamay Beaujolais Zinfandel	Ruby Port Tawny Port

CHEESE AND NUTS?

You can drink just about any red wine as you eat just about any cheese, and each does a little magic for the other. With nuts, there is really only one wine: Port. And with Port, there is really only one kind of nut: the walnut. Try them together, for one of the nicest experiences of your life.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Now that you know the right wine to drink with your food, it's still possible to drink the wrong wine. Because if the wine you drink isn't up to the food on your table, it won't make much difference if it's red when it's supposed to be white, or vice versa. A better argument for buying Inglenook could not be devised. Estate Bottled Inglenook is the filet mignon of wine, and unfortunately, it's almost as expensive.

But for the extra money you pay, you get a wine that has been properly vintaged, aged, and bottled on our estate, a European practice almost extinct here in the U.S.

Estate bottling gives us the control necessary to produce a wine fine enough to be served at state dinners in Washington, and at various other events in high places where money is no object.

Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine is a luxury, but then isn't any fine meal?



Inglenook



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INGLENOOK

In Europe, there are many great wines.
In America, there is Inglenook.

Anything can happen, and anything does; what's it all about? Valerie Eliot, T. S. Eliot's widow, wrote in a letter to the *London Times*: "My husband, T. S. Eliot, loved to recount how late one evening he stopped a taxi. As he got in the driver said: 'You're T. S. Eliot.' When asked how he knew, he replied: 'Ah, I've got an eye for a celebrity. Only the other evening I picked up Bertrand Russell, and I said to him, "Well, Lord Russell, what's it all about," and, do you know, he couldn't tell me.'" Well, Lord God, asks the delicate, dying lacewing whose mandibles are wet with the juice secreted by her own ovipositor, what's it all about? ("And, do you know . . .")

Although mothers devouring their own offspring is patently the more senseless, somehow the reverse behavior is the more appalling. In the death of the parent in the jaws of its offspring I recognize a universal drama that chance occurrence has merely telescoped, so that I can see all the players at once. Gall gnats, for instance, are common small flies. Sometimes, according to Teale, a gall gnat larva, which does not resemble the adult in the least, and has certainly not mated, nevertheless produces within its body eggs, live eggs, which then hatch within its soft tissues. Sometimes the eggs hatch alive even within the quiescent body of the pupa. The same incredible thing occasionally occurs within the genus *Miastor*, again to both larvae and pupae. "These eggs hatch within their bodies and the ravenous larvae which emerge immediately begin devouring their parents." In this case, I know what it's all about, and I wish I didn't. The parents die, the next generation lives, *ad maiorem gloriam*, and so it goes.

You are an ichneumon wasp. You mated and your eggs are fertile. If you can't see a caterpillar on which to lay your eggs, your young will starve. When the eggs hatch, the young will eat any body in which they find themselves, so if you don't kill them by emitting them broadcast over the landscape, they'll eat you alive. But if you let them drop over the fields you will probably be dead yourself, of old age, before they even hatch to starve, and the whole show will be over and done, and a wretched one it was. You feel them coming, and coming, and you struggle to rise. . . .

Not that the ichneumon wasp is making any conscious choice. If she were, her dilemma would be truly the stuff of tragedy; Aeschylus need have looked no further than the ichneumon. That is, it would be the stuff of real tragedy if only Aeschylus and I could convince you that the ichneumon is really and truly as alive as we are, and that what happens to it matters. Will you take it on faith?

Here is one last story. It shows that the pressures of growth "gang aft a-gley." The clothes moth, whose

caterpillar eats wool, sometimes goes into a molting frenzy that Teale describes as "curious." "A curious paradox in molting is the action of a clothes-moth larva with insufficient food. It sometimes goes into a 'molting frenzy,' changing its skin repeatedly and getting smaller and smaller with each change." Smaller and smaller . . . can you imagine the frenzy? Where shall we send our sweaters? The diminution process could, in imagination, extend to infinity, as the creature frantically shrinks and shrinks and shrinks to the size of a molecule, then an electron, but never can shrink to absolute nothing and end its terrible hunger. I feel like Ezra: "And when I heard this thing, I rent my garment and my mantle, and plucked off the hair of my head and of my beard, and sat down astonished."

I am not kidding anyone if I pretend that these awesome pressures to eat and breed are wholly mystifying. The million million barnacle larvae in a half-mile of shore water, the rivers of termite eggs, and the light-years of aphids ensure the living presence, in a scarcely concerned world, of ever more rock barnacles, termites, and aphids.

It's chancy out there. Dog whelks eat rock barnacles, worms invade their shells, shore ice razes them from the rocks and grinds them to a powder. Can you lay aphid eggs faster than chickadees can eat them? Can you find a caterpillar, can you beat the killing frost?

As far as lower animals go, if you lead a simple life you probably face a boring death. Some animals, however, lead such complicated lives that not only do the chances for any one animal's death at any minute multiply greatly but so also do the *varieties* of the deaths it might die. The ordained paths of some animals are so rocky they are preposterous. The horsehair worm in the duck pond, for instance, wriggling so serenely near the surface, is the survivor of an impossible series of squeaky escapes. I did a bit of research into the life cycles of these worms, which are shaped exactly like hairs from a horse's tail, and learned that although scientists are not exactly sure what happens to any one species of them, they think it might go something like this:

You start with long strands of eggs wrapped around vegetation in the duck pond. The eggs hatch, the larvae emerge, and each seeks an aquatic host, say a dragonfly nymph. The larva bores into the nymph's body, where it feeds and grows and somehow escapes. Then if it doesn't get eaten, it swims over to the shore where it encysts on submersed plants. This is all fairly improbable, but not impossibly so.

Now the coincidences begin. First, presumably, the water level of the duck pond has to drop. This

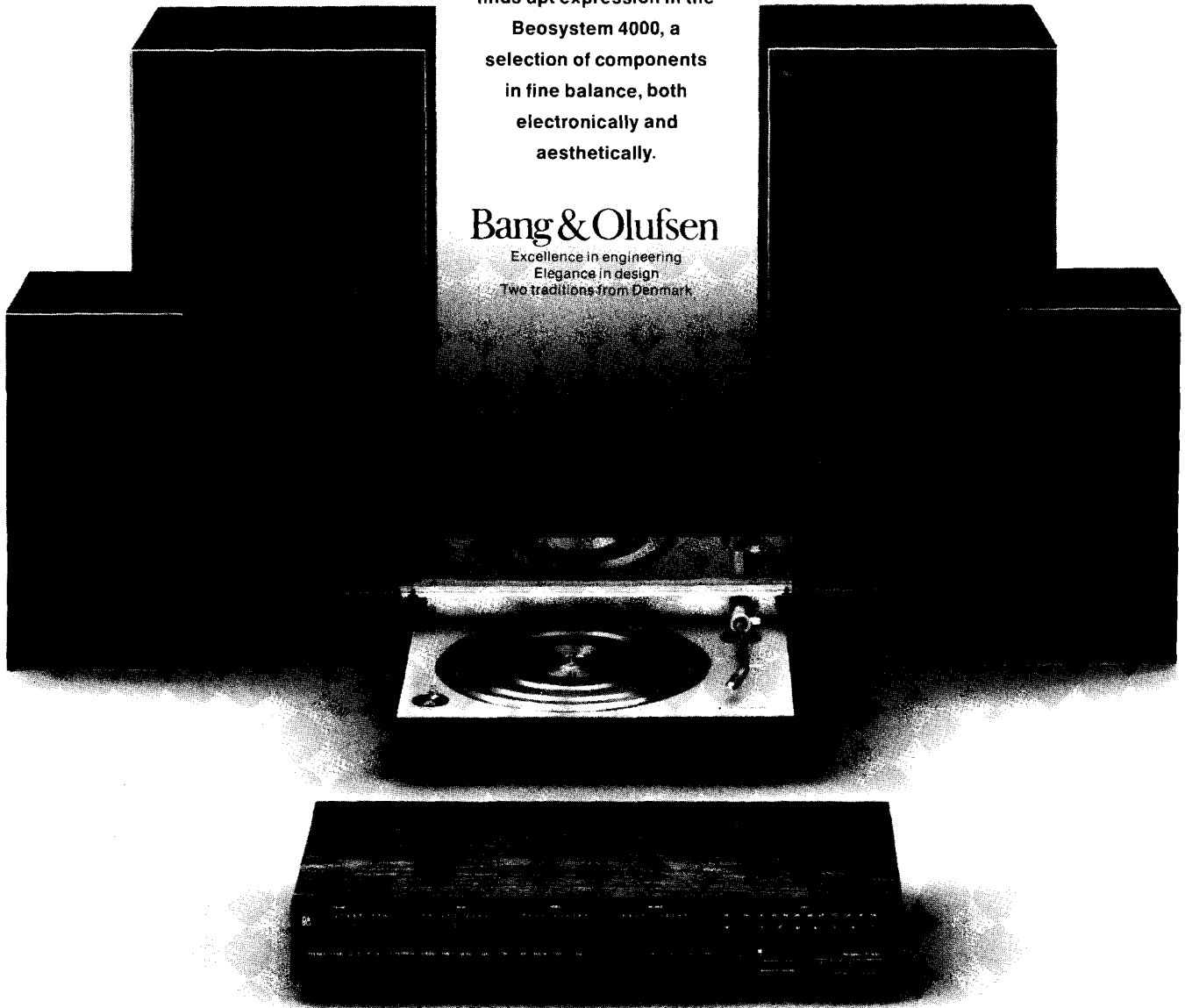
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LA 11/3

A short discourse from wine importer,
Michael Dacres Dixon, on a most promising
(perhaps even great) new wine.

Introducing the Argentine Trumpeter



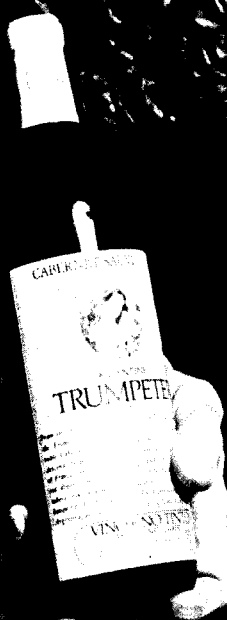
It's no secret that wine from Argentina has never been conspicuous on the world's great wine lists. But now, with the introduction of the Argentine Trumpeter, that will all change.

Argentina's Mendoza Valley lies in the very heart of one of the world's two great wine-growing latitudinal belts where soil and climate harmonize for perfect growing conditions. There, certain of the wine grapes are direct descendants of the great French varietals of Bordeaux.

I traveled to Argentina with Christopher M. Stevens, internationally known as a Master of Europe's Worshipful Company of Vintners, to see what could be done to translate these superb grapes into an equally superb wine. I think we did it.

We hope the rather inelegant price of our 1964 Cabernet Sauvignon and 1966 Cabernet Malbec will not in the least deter you from purchasing your first bottle. Thereafter, I am confident you will return time and again to savor the stunning and seductive flavor of this new wine, which we are so pleased and proud to have imported into this country.

Michael Dacres Dixon





exposes the vegetation so that the land host organism can get at it without drowning. Horsehair worms have various land hosts, such as crickets, beetles, and grasshoppers. Let's say ours can only make it if a grasshopper comes along. Fine. But the grasshopper had best hurry, for there is only so much fat stored in the encysted worm, and it might starve. Well, here comes just the right species of grasshopper, and it is obligingly feeding on shore vegetation. Now I have not observed any extensive grazing of grasshoppers on any grassy shores, but obviously it must occur. Bingo, then, the grasshopper just happens to eat the encysted worm.

The cyst bursts. The worm emerges in all its hideous length, up to thirty-six inches, inside the body of the grasshopper, on which it feeds. I presume that the worm must eat enough of its host to stay alive, but not so much that the grasshopper will keel over dead far from water. Entomologists have found tiger beetles dead and dying on the water whose insides were almost perfectly empty except for the white, coiled bodies of horsehair worms. At any rate, now the worm is almost an adult, ready to reproduce. But first it's got to get out of this grasshopper.

Biologists don't know what happens next. If at the critical stage the grasshopper is hopping in a sunny meadow away from a duck pond or ditch, which is entirely likely, then the story is over. But say it happens to be feeding near the duck pond. The worm perhaps bores its way out of the grasshopper's body, or perhaps is excreted. At any

rate, there it is on the grass, drying out. Now some biologists have to go so far as to invoke a "heavy rain," falling from heaven at this fortuitous moment, in order to get the horsehair worm back into the water where it can mate and lay more seemingly doomed eggs. You'd be thin, too.

Other creatures have it just about as easy. A blood fluke starts out as an egg in human feces. If it happens to fall into fresh water, it will live only if it happens to encounter a certain species of snail. It changes in the snail, swims out, and now needs to find a human being in the water in order to bore through his skin. It travels around in the man's blood, settles down in the blood vessels of his intestine, and turns into a sexually mature blood fluke, either male or female. Now it has to find another fluke, of the opposite sex, which also just happens to have traveled the same circuitous route and landed in the same unfortunate man's intestinal blood vessels. Other flukes lead similarly improbable lives, some passing through as many as four hosts.

But it is for gooseneck barnacles that I reserve the largest measure of awe. Recently I saw photographs taken by members of the *Ra* expedition. One showed a glob of tar as big as a softball, jet-sam from a larger craft, which Heyerdahl and his crew spotted in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The tar had been in the sea for a long time; it was overgrown with gooseneck barnacles. The gooseneck barnacles were entirely incidental, but for me they were the most interesting thing about the whole expedition. How many gooseneck barnacle

larvae must be dying out there in the middle of vast oceans for every one that finds a glob of tar to fasten to? You've seen gooseneck barnacles washed up on the beach; they grow on old ship's timber, driftwood, strips of rubber—anything that's been afloat in the sea long enough. They do not resemble rock barnacles in the least, although the two are closely related. They have pinkish shells extending in a flattened oval from a flexible bit of "gooseneck" tissue that secures them to the substratum.

I have always had a fancy for these creatures, but I'd always assumed that they lived near shores, where chance floating holdfasts are more likely to occur. What are they doing—what are the larvae doing—out there in the middle of the ocean? They drift and perish, or, by some freak accident in a world where anything can happen, they latch and flourish. If I dangled my hand from the deck of the *Ra* into the sea, could a gooseneck barnacle fasten there? If I gathered a cup of ocean water, would I be holding a score of dying and dead barnacle larvae? Should I throw them a chip? What kind of a world is this, anyway? Why not make fewer barnacle larvae and give them a decent chance? Are we dealing in life, or in death?

I have to look at the landscape of the blue-green world again. Just think: in all the clean, beautiful reaches of the solar system, our planet alone is a blot; our planet alone has death. I have to acknowledge that the sea is a cup of death and the land is a stained altar stone. We the living are survivors huddled on flotsam, living on jetsam. We are escapees. We wake in terror, eat in hunger, sleep with a mouthful of blood.

The faster death goes, the faster evolution goes. If an aphid lays a million eggs, several might survive. Now, my right hand, in all its human cunning, could not make one aphid in a thousand years. But these aphid eggs—which run less than a dime a dozen, which run absolutely free—can make aphids as effortlessly as the sea makes waves. Wonderful things, wasted. It's a wretched system.

Any three-year-old can see how unsatisfactory and clumsy is this whole business of reproducing and dying by the billions. We have not yet encountered any god who is as merciful as a man who flicks a beetle over on its feet. There is not a people in the world that behaves as badly as praying mantises. But wait, you say, there is no right and wrong in nature; right and wrong is a human concept. Precisely: we are moral creatures, then, in an amoral world. The universe that suckled us is a monster that does not care if we live or die—does not care if it itself grinds to a halt. It is fixed and blind, a robot programmed to kill. We are free and seeing; we can only try to outwit it at every turn to save our skins.

This view requires that a monstrous world running on chance and death, careening blindly from nowhere to nowhere, somehow produced wonderful us. I came from the world, I crawled out of a sea of amino acids, and now I must whirl around and shake my fist at that sea and cry Shame! If I value anything at all, then I must blindfold my eyes when I near the randomly shaped Swiss Alps. We must as a culture disassemble our telescopes and settle down to backslapping. We little blobs of soft tissue crawling around on this one planet's skin are right, and the whole universe is wrong.

Or consider the alternative.

Julian of Norwich, the great English anchorite and theologian, cited, in the manner of the prophets, these words from God: "See, I am God: see, I am in all things: see, I never lift my hands off my works, nor ever shall, without end. . . . How should anything be amiss?" But now not even the simplest and best of us sees things the way Julian did. It seems to us that plenty is amiss. So much is amiss that I must consider the second fork in the road, that creation itself is blamelessly, benevolently askew by its very free nature, and that it is only human feeling that is freakishly amiss. The frog I saw being sucked by a giant water bug had, presumably, a rush of pure feeling for about a second, before its brain turned to broth. I, however, have been sapped by various strong feelings about the incident almost every day for several years.

Do the barnacle larvae care? Does the lacewing who eats her eggs care? If they do not care, then why am I making all this fuss? If I am a freak, then why don't I hush?

Our excessive emotions are so patently painful and harmful to us as a species that I can hardly believe that they evolved. Other creatures manage to have effective matings and even stable societies without great emotions, and they have a bonus in that they need not ever mourn. (But some higher animals have emotions that we think are similar to ours: dogs, elephants, otters, and the sea mammals mourn their dead. Why do that to an otter? What creator could be so cruel, not to kill otters, but to let them care?) It would seem that emotions are the curse, not death—emotions that appear to have devolved upon a few freaks as a special curse from Malevolence.

All right then. It is our emotions that are amiss. We are freaks, the world is fine, and let us all go have lobotomies to restore us to a natural state. We can leave the library then, go back to the creek lobotomized, and live on its banks as untroubled as any muskrat or reed. You first.

Of the two ridiculous alternatives, I rather favor the second. Although it is true that we are moral creatures in an amoral world, the world's amorality does not make it a monster. Rather, I am the freak. Perhaps I don't need a lobotomy, but I

could use some calming down, and Tinker Creek is just the place for it. I must go down to the creek again. It is where I belong, although as I become closer to it, my fellows appear more and more freakish, and my home in the library more and more limited. Imperceptibly at first, and now consciously, I shy away from the arts, from the human emotional stew. I read what the men with telescopes and microscopes have to say about the landscape, I read about the polar ice, and I drive myself deeper and deeper into exile from my own kind. But, since I cannot avoid the library altogether—the human culture that taught me to speak in its tongue—I bring human values to the creek, and so save myself from being brutalized.

What I have been after all along is not an explanation but a picture. This is the way the world is, altar and cup, lit by the fire from a star that has only begun to die. My rage and shock at the pain and death of individuals of my kind is the old, old mystery, as old as man, but forever fresh, and completely unanswerable. My reservations about the fecundity and waste of life among other creatures are, however, mere squeamishness. After all, I'm the one having the nightmares. It is true that many of the creatures live and die abominably, but I am not called upon to pass judgment. Nor am I called upon to live in that same way, and those creatures who are are mercifully unconscious.

The picture of fecundity and its excesses and of the pressures of growth and its accidents is of course no different from the picture I have long cherished of the world as an intricate texture of a bizarre variety of forms. Only now the shadows are deeper. Extravagance takes on a sinister, wastrel air, and exuberance blithers. When I added the dimension of time to the landscape of the world, I saw how freedom grew the beauties and horrors from the same live branch. This landscape is the same as that one, with a few more details added, and a different emphasis. Instead of one goldfish swimming in its intricate bowl, I see tons and tons of goldfish laying and eating billions and billions of eggs. The point of all the eggs is of course to make goldfish one by one—nature loves the *idea* of the individual, if not the individual himself—and the point of a goldfish is pizazz. This is familiar ground. I merely failed to acknowledge that it is death that is spinning the globe.

It is harder to take, but surely it's been thought about. I cannot really get very exercised over the hideous appearance and habits of some deep-sea jellies and fishes, and I exercise easy. But about the topic of my own death I am decidedly touchy. Nevertheless, the two phenomena are two branches of the same creek, the creek that waters the world. Its source is freedom, and its network of branches is infinite. The graceful mockingbird that falls drinks there and sips in the same drop a beauty

that waters its eyes and a death that fledges and flies. The petals of tulips are flaps of the same doomed water that swells and hatches in the ichneumon's gut.

That something is everywhere and always amiss is part of the very stuff of creation. It is as though each clay form had baked into it, fired into it, a blue streak of nonbeing, a shaded emptiness like a bubble that not only shapes its very structure but that also causes it to list and ultimately explode. We could have planned things more mercifully, perhaps, but our plan would never get off the drawing board until we agreed to the very compromising terms that are the only ones that being offers.

The world has signed a pact with the devil; it had to. It is a covenant to which every thing, even every hydrogen atom, is bound. The terms are clear: if you want to live, you have to die; you cannot have mountains and creeks without space, and space is a beauty married to a blind man. The blind man is Freedom, or Time, and he does not go anywhere without his great dog Death. The world came into being with the signing of the contract. A scientist calls it the Second Law of Thermodynamics. A poet says, "The force that through the green fuse drives the flower/ Drives my green age." This is what we know. The rest is gravy. □

THE STRENGTH OF ILLUSIONS

Emergencies arrive: a toad
on fire near the barn,

the water pump stopping
in the night,

rain on the bed,
rain on the typewriter,

the possibilities are endless:
a black wolf, marooned

in his own gentleness,
believes he is white

in white moonlight.

by Tom McKeown

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"THE NEXT WAR"

How the military men see the future

by Drew Middleton

*"Oh, boy, oh, joy, where do we go from here?
Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier."*

The confident, exuberant spirit of the refrain sung by the doughboys of 1918 would be almost incomprehensible to the U.S. military men of 1973. For they are trying to identify their mission in a world of drastically altered strategic patterns, at the same time as they grope for a new identity in a changing America.

The chief petty officer, watching a destroyer's wake in the blue Mediterranean, ponders two black seamen's unwillingness to accept deck assignments. The colonel at Fort Carson, coaxing a raw battalion of infantry through a field exercise, wonders whether his men should be prepared to fight the Russians in Europe or guerrillas in a South American jungle. An Air Force general, on the verge of retirement, who led his squadron into the deadly air above Regensburg, curses as he reads of a pilot refusing a Cambodian mission because of moral scruples.

To the military, even more than to the average American, the world is a confused place where old standards are irrelevant, and long-established strategies are increasingly questioned. What is their mission in an era of détente with the Soviet Union? Not that many believe détente is here to stay; erudite young admirals, who know their Marx as well as their Mahan, argue that, to the Russians, détente is only a breathing space in the long duel with the capitalist enemy. More sim-

plistic officers say that no authoritarian power builds an enormous military machine without intending to use it.

Containment, the politico-military world strategy that was the basis for American policy from the late forties to the late sixties, is dead. The expansion of the Soviet fleet and, equally important, of Soviet air transport has relegated it to the history books. A multipolar world has replaced the uncomplicated certainties of two superpowers glaring across Germany. The military must adjust to the emergence of three other great power centers: China, Western Europe, and Japan.

Many American intelligence specialists believe that, for the Soviets, détente with the United States is a means of buying time for a settlement of accounts with China. In their analysis the possibility of a Sino-American war has receded. Soviet military thought, however, holds that China and the United States and Japan inevitably will clash over economic domination of Southeast Asia, from Vietnam to Burma.

Bright young officers in the staff colleges argue that the United States today is a "have-not" country in terms of raw materials—a condition that imposes new responsibilities, and inhibitions, on strategic planners. The nation's vital interests have multiplied. Stability in the Persian Gulf may be as essential to national survival now as were English airfields and ports a generation ago.

The days when the military had only to ask and Congress would give are done. Senator William

Proxmire's detailed criticisms of the Navy's \$14.8 billion F-14 fighter symbolize mounting congressional opposition to military expenditure. Embarrassing and accurate charges of service waste come from the House of Representatives. The press analyzes every defense budget, questioning the suitability of costly new weapons systems to the piping times of peace.

Dollars are dwindling in a period of financial strain for the services. Volunteer forces, competing for manpower in the labor market, consume an increasingly high percentage of the defense budget. Simultaneously, vast sums are sought for projects to modernize the Navy and the Air Force, such as the Trident ballistic missile submarine, at a cost of \$1.3 billion each, and the B-1 bomber, now in the research and development stage.

The services' problems have multiplied, their options narrowed at a time when their hold on public esteem and confidence is weaker than at any point since before World War I. They blame the Vietnam experience. The Army is widely abused for reasons ranging from My Lai to military failure. The operations of the Air Force and Naval Air are attacked as both barbaric and ineffective.

Power in the Pentagon has shifted from the Secretaries of the Army, Navy, and Air Force, who are now for the most part administrators and ceremonial figures, to the Secretary of Defense, the President, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In the Cambodian bombing, according to a senior officer, the Department of the Air Force was cut out of the communications dealing with those operations.

The public picture of the professional military man, standing aloof from political intrigue and chicanery, upholding West Point's motto of "Duty, Honor, Country," has grown tarnished. Congressional investigation of the clandestine bombing of Cambodia and Laos must lead many to believe that there is an alarming number of officers who will lie arrogantly to protect themselves, their superiors, and what they consider to be the interests of the service.

Nothing so expressed the military's present state as much as the anguished words of a young colonel of artillery:

"We've got to stop saying 'can do' automatically when the civilian policy makers ask us to take on a mission. We've got to be a whole hell of a lot more cautious about new commitments. We have to rethink strategy on the basis of what we can and can't do. And we have to decide what sort of a war we're most likely to fight."

This is a more realistic attitude than the "we can lick the world" attitude of pre-Vietnam days. And the colonel identified the services' major concern: what will be the nature of the next war?

Drew Middleton, a longtime New York Times foreign correspondent, is now military editor for that paper.

A high proportion of military thinkers and planners assumes there will certainly *be* another war. They differ, however, about what kind of war it will be. Senior officers who fought in World War II or Korea and whose professional training has concentrated largely on "the big war" believe there will be a war with the Soviet Union. Younger officers, colonels and majors, commanders and captains, believe the future holds only limited wars, more Vietnams. They maintain that Russia's Vietnam dividends—a President ousted, a nation divided, an economy weakened—were so great that the Soviets will foment other limited conflicts.

A minority believes there will be no war, big or small. Their rationale is that the proliferation of economic ties among competing nations and ideological systems is approaching a point at which the traditional causes of war, such as national rivalries and economic competition, are becoming extinct. This group believes that armies, navies, and air forces will be reduced to the role of police, useful in projecting power but unlikely to use it.

Some military thinkers who do believe in the inevitability of war see the global situation of the post-containment era creating new causes for conflict. One of the most lucid of this group is Colonel Robert J. Leider of the National War College, who recently wrote:

How and on what terms will nations compete for the earth's diminishing resources?

How will nations respond to the inevitable disequilibrium which must occur when one power retains access to cheap sources of a vital commodity, like oil, while rivals and competitors are forced to reach for expensive substitutes?

Can responsible nations stand idly by while others plunder and upset delicate environmental balances for short-term economic gains, but with far-reaching, long-lasting, and border-jumping consequences?

Finally, there is the most complex question: What are the political and social consequences of economic inequality in a world of exhaustible resources?

So, these servicemen reason, there will be war for one cause or another. But what kind of war? This is the starting point of a debate that involves strategy, doctrine, and weapons.

For a quarter of a century the armed forces were trained and equipped primarily for war with the Soviet Union in Europe; mentally and emotionally, a generation of general and flag officers has prepared for that war. The armored division commander weighs his men and weapons against the Russians. The Navy sees the rapidly expanding Soviet fleet, and calls for more ships. To many, Korea and Vietnam were sideshows distracting the services from preparation for a European conflict.

Younger officers, however, increasingly challenge this concept of the nature of the next war. They

argue that in conditions of nuclear parity, which means a certain second-strike capability for both America and Russia, there will be no nuclear war because both Washington and Moscow understand that neither society would survive it in recognizable form. Instead, they argue, world conditions favor limited wars on a scale ranging from guerrilla actions to conventional conflicts such as Korea.

Some could be "client wars," with a power supported by the Soviet Union—India or Iraq, for example—fighting Iran, largely armed by the United States. Or Israel, America's ally in the Middle East, might again be attacked by Arab powers under Russian tutelage.

Wars of "national liberation" that might ultimately compel American intervention are another possibility. Two such wars, supported by the Chinese, are being waged in Thailand and Burma. Neither state is of vital importance to the United States. But strategic imperatives change rapidly. Fifty years ago Iran, Saudi Arabia, and Kuwait were simply places on a map. Now their oil makes them important to us.

"There are hundreds of guerrillas in the hills of Venezuela," a young naval captain says. "Suppose, just suppose the Russians decide to provide them with more than oral support and send arms and instructors from Cuba. There's oil in Venezuela. We need it. What do we do?"

The extent and vigor of the debate over the nature of the next war has been stimulated by the fumbings and frustrations of Vietnam. A new, skeptical military line of thought questions strategies and doctrines long accepted as immutable, and as age and retirement thin the ranks of the Europe-firsters, the younger men, who believe in the likelihood of limited war, seem to be gaining.

Theoretically, and only theoretically, American strategy has been set by the Nixon Doctrine, which, like most strategies, is a compromise between political expediency and military reality. Its three key elements are:

The United States will keep all its treaty commitments.

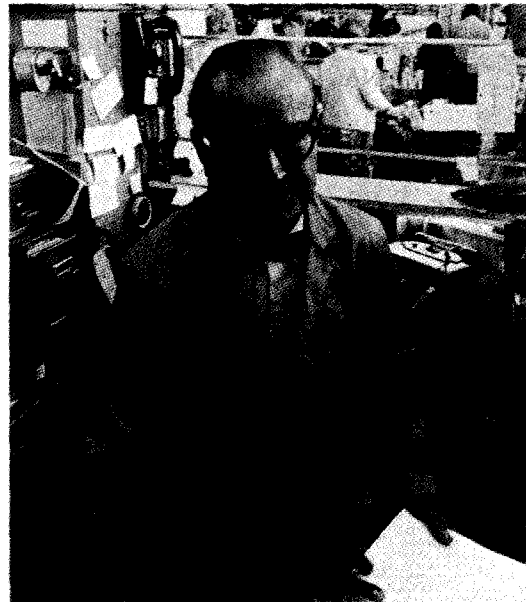
We shall provide a shield if a nuclear power threatens the freedom of a nation allied with us or of a nation whose survival we consider vital to our security.

In cases involving other types of aggression we shall furnish military and economic assistance when requested and as appropriate. But we shall look to the nation directly threatened to assume the primary responsibility of providing the manpower for its defense.

All treaty commitments? In present circumstances, it is reasonable to believe the North Atlantic Treaty would be honored. But, after Vietnam, would we fly to the defense of a member of the



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Southeast Asia Treaty Organization—Thailand, for example?

A “shield” is to be provided for allies or states whose survival is “vital” to American security and that shield’s provision implies nuclear confrontation. How far would we go to defend the Philippines under those circumstances? Is Israel’s survival vital to the United States if military intervention on her behalf costs us access to Middle East oil?

These are the questions the military raise about the Nixon Doctrine, which many regard as unreliable because it is a panacea for things as they were in 1970, not things as they may be in 1975. American interests have contracted in the Far East but they have expanded under new economic pressures in the Middle East.

Could conventional wars be deterred or won by air and naval power alone? Young staff officers argue that, as Vietnam showed, limited wars are won or lost by infantry. Client states may supply manpower but, as we learned in Vietnam, it takes years of training and millions of dollars of equipment to make such a state militarily effective.

Uncertainty over the nature of any future war has bred uncertainty over weapons and the priorities to be assigned to weapons systems. In theory, American forces are equipped to fight any kind of war. In fact, the requirements of battle in the hills of Vietnam proved far different from those necessary for war in Europe.

Should all divisions be armed and equipped to fight with a full complement of tanks and heavy artillery? Or, as some young colonels suggest, would it not be wiser to equip some units for warfare in underdeveloped countries? Does the Air Force need the costly B-1 bomber to replace the B-52, if the future holds limited wars in which the Air Force’s chief role will be to support the Army in actions against guerrillas? Are billion-dollar carriers more important than escort vessels to safeguard the sea lanes over which oil passes to the United States?

The military’s problems have prompted reexamination of sacrosanct commitments and deployments. About one-third of an Army of thirteen and one-third divisions is stationed in Europe prepared for a war against the Soviet Union that appears increasingly unlikely. In the view of many officers, the Army’s present strength is not enough to maintain present force levels in Europe and fight the limited wars they expect.

But withdrawal of sizable forces from Europe could invite perils the United States has sought to avert since 1950. General Andrew J. Goodpaster, the commander of NATO’s forces, fears that serious reductions in American strength would leave the Alliance without a major nuclear power around which NATO’s conventional forces and the nuclear forces of Britain and France could coalesce. In that

situation, he argues, might not the Soviet Union be tempted to exert political pressure, backed by a military machine far more powerful than Hitler’s in 1939, upon NATO states, Norway and Denmark in the north, Greece and Turkey in the southeast, whose withdrawal from the Alliance would be of the greatest strategic value to the Russians?

America’s NATO strategy is being examined in the light of the services’ new situation. That strategy includes not only the defense of Western Europe by American and other forces there, but the reinforcement and replenishment of those forces by large convoys crossing the Atlantic. Leaving aside the question of whether there would be anyone to reinforce and replenish after a week of fighting, is this a realistic operation in view of the continuing expansion of the Soviet surface fleet with its guided missiles and the modernization of submarine forces that are already superior in numbers?

The Navy’s brass answers, “Of course we can do it.” If war were to come, there would be a “surge” of destroyers and carriers and convoys across the Atlantic. Some ships would be lost but the goods would be delivered. Junior officers, however, have misgivings about the operation. They question the number and quality of the escort forces, wonder about the vulnerability of carriers, forecast that the “surge” could result in unacceptable losses.

In the Middle East, another area of prime strategic importance, admiration for Israel’s military achievements is balanced by recognition that the stakes have risen. By the end of the decade America will be importing a minimum of eight million barrels of oil a day from the Persian Gulf.

Our fundamental commitment to Israel is part of postwar history. A recent politico-military rationale for it has been that Israel’s defeat by Arab powers supported by the Soviet Union would be followed by the fall of the remaining pro-American Arab governments, such as Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, to left-wing insurgents.

This argument sufficed before the Defense Department realized the strategic consequences of the so-called energy crisis. Now there is greater emphasis on strengthening forces in the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean and, since military and political strategy cannot be separated, almost equal emphasis on the improvement of relations with Arab states.

The services, acutely aware that Vietnam lowered their prestige, are worried too about their military performance there. They blame politicians for indecision, and for ignorance in making judgments that the military feels should have been left to them. But most general officers concede that the services’ performance fell far below the expected standard. Conventional tactics in an unconventional war, poor security, the dis-

persion of manpower and of logistical support, confusion over priorities, repetitive tactics, indecision on the offensive; all these are ticked off by critics in the services as evidence of a poor performance.

Some consolation is drawn from the successes attained, largely by the Air Force and Naval Air, in Vietnam in 1972. Then General Giap led his forces out of the friendly jungles and tried conventional warfare with large formations of infantry supported, usually inefficiently, by tanks. He did so, according to intelligence reports, over the protests of his Soviet advisers. The North Vietnamese forces suffered serious losses. The services, however, cannot expect other generals in other limited wars to repeat Giap's blunder.

In the wake of Vietnam, General Goodpaster sees good and bad results. Vietnam veterans now stationed in Europe are battle-ready and command-experienced. But they have much to relearn in tactics, chiefly because Vietnam was more static than any war with the Soviets in Europe would be. The Army fought in Vietnam, he pointed out, unconcerned about hostile air strikes and comfortably certain that air support was always there.

General William W. Momyer, who commanded the Seventh Air Force in Vietnam, believes the Air Force learned much about coping with enemy electronic emissions and thus about avoiding surface-to-air missiles. Pilots adapted to precise flight patterns, maneuvering at very high speeds without wingmen losing position. Another significant advantage for the Air Force was the opportunity to use new weapons, such as the laser-guided "smart bomb," guided by television, under battle conditions in the closing phases of the war.

Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr., Chief of Naval Operations, considers the experience in riverine warfare in the Mekong River delta of great value for limited wars and believes that the Navy must maintain a riverine force. The Navy also experimented with and perfected new methods of halting coastal supply of the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces, methods which could be used in other limited conflicts.

General William C. Westmoreland returned with a firm belief in the helicopter as a weapons system. Fitted with the TOW missile and the new Vulcan gun, he thinks the helicopter can answer Soviet numerical superiority in tanks. But no one can be sure of the helicopter's fate in a skyful of MIG's.

Vietnam shocked all the services into greater flexibility. "Officers and noncoms are more innovative. They're not so inclined to go by 'the book' [established tactical doctrine] if their experience in Vietnam tells 'em 'the book' is wrong," says Major General Gordon J. Duquemin, commanding the First Infantry Division (Mechanized) at Fort Riley. "They know they have to train for any sort of war with what they have and most,

from the Vietnam veteran to the new volunteer, show plenty of adaptability."

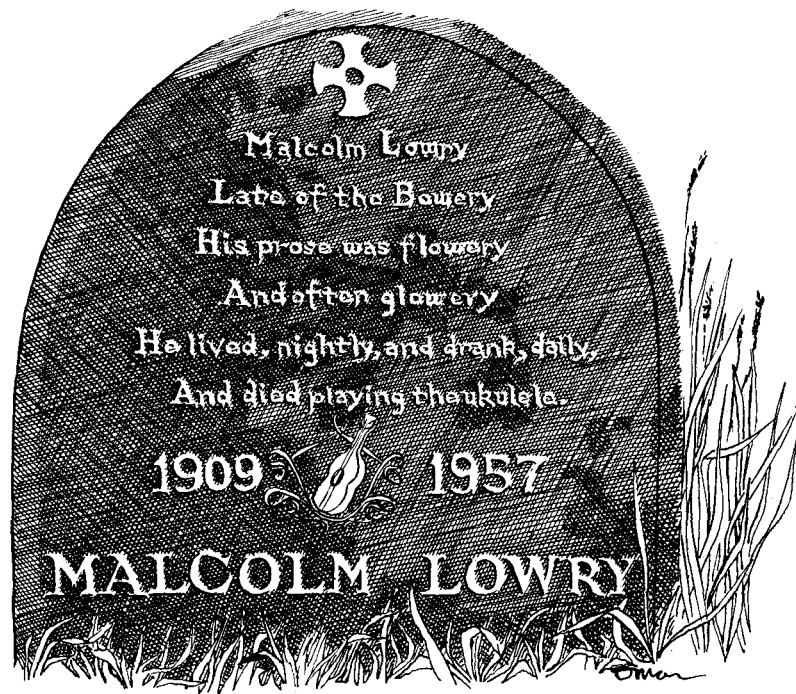
Morale is slowly improving. Officers and noncoms are remaining longer with their units, ending the turbulence in command which was a major cause of indiscipline and slackness in the Vietnam forces. The race problem, while still acute in the Navy, appears less urgent in the Army and Air Force than it was eighteen months ago. Like the drug problem, the race issue mirrors the country that supports the services. When the country masters race and drugs, the services will.

These are real problems. In the long run, however, what is important to the future security of the United States is the nature of any future war—and a strategy that will fulfill commitments with fewer resources. □

UNCLE

How could he come
humpbacked
in his crisp undershirt
on the front porch in black Detroit
bringing in the milk,
the newspaper, the bills
long past noon? His truck howls
all night to Benton Harbor, Saginaw,
Dog of the Prairie.
In the high work camps
the men break toward dawn.
He sleeps under a mountain.
Uncle, I call you again Uncle,
I come too late
with a bottle of milk
and a chipped cup of Schnapps
to loosen your fever, undo
your arms and legs
so you can rise
above Belle Isle and the Straits,
your clear eye
rid of our rooms forever,
the glass of fat, the blue flame.

by Philip Levine



RUINED GENIUS

by Douglas Day

After *Under the Volcano*.

The village of Ripe is in East Sussex, about five miles due east of the town of Lewes, just north of the South Downs. Ripe is an antique sort of place. Two of its cottages are listed in the Domesday Book, its church is early thirteenth century, and it seems to be populated mostly by elderly ladies and middle-aged urban weekenders from London. There is the one church, one pub, no cinema. Ripe is quiet, "quaint," and lovely in a faintly seedy way. It is hard to believe that raffish, rackety Brighton is only a half hour's drive to the southwest.

In spite of its air of having gone almost unnoticed by the last five centuries, Ripe has one rather considerable claim to contemporary fame. Just at the edge of the consecrated ground in the churchyard is a small gravestone, usually almost hidden by unmown grass, that commemorates the village's most famous resident:

MALCOLM LOWRY
1909-1957

For the first five or so years after this man's death, until there began appearing in Ripe a steady stream of earnest academic researchers,

journalists, broadcasters in antennae-wagging BBC vans, and literary entrepreneurs in general, probably only a dozen inhabitants of the village remembered Malcolm Lowry even vaguely as the nice writing chap who had died so suddenly a while back. Their memories might have been jogged if Lowry's widow had had engraved on his headstone the epitaph he himself had composed:

Malcolm Lowry
Late of the Bowery
His prose was flowery
And often glowery
He lived, nightly, and drank, daily,
And died playing the ukulele.

But Lowry's connections with the Bowery were fleeting, at best; he drank very little (publicly, at least) while in Ripe; and—sadly—he did not die playing the ukulele, or taropatch, as for some obscure reason he insisted on calling it, which he had carried about with him for so many years. The part about the flowery-glowery prose is apt enough, given Lowry's penchant for self-deprecation; but the townspeople of Ripe would not have known that.

What they *would* have known was what was written up in the Brighton *Argus* a week after Lowry's death:

SHE BROKE GIN BOTTLE

FOUND HUSBAND DEAD

One evening last week Mrs. Margerie Lowry, of White Cottage, Ripe, tried to stop her 47-year-old writer husband . . . from starting on the gin.

She smashed the bottle on the floor. And he hit her.

Afraid, Mrs. Lowry fled next door, and did not go back to the cottage until nine o'clock the next morning.

When she did she found her husband dead.

This was the story told at the Eastbourne Inquest, when the Coroner, Dr. A. C. Sommerville, recorded a verdict of death by misadventure.

INCURABLE

Mrs. Lowry said her husband had been treated in a hospital for alcoholism, but was discharged last year as incurable.

"When he hit me," she said, "he was under the influence and in a bad temper."

P.C. [Police Constable] William Ford said he found Mr. Lowry on the floor beside his bed.

Near him was a smashed gin bottle and a smashed orange-squash bottle.

A bottle of 20 sodium amytal sleeping tablets belonging to his wife was missing.

This was found later, empty.

"In the house," said P. C. Ford, "I found a number of bottles prescribed for Mrs. Lowry."

Medical evidence showed that Mr. Lowry died from acute barbituric poisoning associated with a state of chronic alcoholism.

As epitaph, the newspaper report is more nearly accurate than Lowry's poetic version; but it still misses the important points. Nowhere does it mention, for instance, that this sad suicide was one of the century's greatest novelists, a man of such awesome talent that the word "genius" must be used to describe him.

How did the author of *Under the Volcano* come to be in Ripe, and what, precisely, was the manner of his death? Like everything else about Lowry, the answers are complicated.

To begin with, one must go back almost three years, to September, 1954. Lowry and Margerie were just about to sail on the Italian freighter *S. S. Giacomo* from New York to Genoa, with their

lives, as they felt, in tatters. In August, they had flown east from Vancouver, by way of Los Angeles, after having surrendered finally to the threats of eviction from their squatters' home on Burrard Inlet, near Dollarton—the only place where Lowry ever felt at ease, able to work, able to exercise some control over his drinking. (Lowry later told his London psychiatrist that they had left Canada not only because they were about to be evicted but also because Margerie was bored there, and wanted to live where being the wife of a prominent writer might count for something. However much truth there might be in this, Lowry's letters from this time mention only the eviction threats, financial problems, and his depression at having been, he believed, deserted at a crucial time by his editor in New York, Albert Erskine—whose superiors at Random House had recently terminated Lowry's contract.)

The task of caring for Lowry in Manhattan was shared between Margerie and David Markson, a young New York novelist who had in 1952 written his Columbia master's thesis on *Volcano* and had afterward become a close friend of Lowry's, and who now offered his small apartment on West 113th Street to his visitors during their two-week stay in the city. From the first, Lowry was difficult:

The man could not shave himself. In lieu of a belt, he knotted a rope or a discarded necktie around his waist. Mornings, he needed two or three ounces of gin in his orange juice if he was to steady his hand to eat the breakfast that would very likely prove his only meal of the day. Thereafter a diminishing yellow tint in the glass might belie the fact that now he was drinking the gin neat, which he did for as many hours as it took him to. Ultimately he would collapse—sometimes sensible enough of his condition to lurch toward a bed, though more often he would crash down into a chair, and once it was across my phonograph. Then he would hack and sputter through the night like some great defective machine breaking apart.¹

One afternoon in New York both Margerie and Markson had to go out, leaving Lowry alone in the apartment. Markson had hidden his supply of gin in back of some books on a shelf, but he had underestimated Lowry's thirst and ingenuity. When he returned, about three hours later, he was met by a smirking, mischievous-faced Lowry: "I have a funny story to tell you, about something that happened when you were out." The funny story, it developed, was that Lowry had, during his time alone, found a newly purchased seven-ounce bottle of Markson's shaving lotion and drunk it all. With little harm done, apparently, since by five that evening he was (at least outwardly) quite fit and happy, freshly shaven and dressed by Margerie, and off to an apartment in the East Thirties, where

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¹ David Markson, "Malcolm Lowry: A Reminiscence," *Nation*, February 7, 1966.

a party was to be given for him, and where it had been arranged for him to see again Conrad Aiken, his old friend, tutor, and father-surrogate. According to Markson, other Lowry friends also present were the writers James Agee and James Stern, his former editors Frank Taylor and Albert Erskine, and two or three wives. The evening was hot and sticky, a typical late-summer Manhattan evening, but Lowry scarcely seemed to notice the discomfort—or anything else. After a few minutes' embarrassed literary conversation with the sixty-five-year-old Aiken, who had come all the way down from his Cape Cod home to see his protégé, Lowry

drifted into a kind of rapt silence . . . sweating profusely, gazing at nothing; perhaps an hour passed in which he spoke to no one at all, nor did he move from his chair. Then, suddenly, cupping his hands to his mouth, he began to make sounds that can only be called "beeps"—though one who knew could infer jazz, and more specifically tunes associated with Bix Beiderbecke: "Singin' the Blues"; "I'm Comin', Virginia"; "In a Mist." For thirty minutes at least, even more absolutely lost to the rest of us now, the man rendered the Dixieland he had loved as a youth.

This "private recital," as Markson calls it, or "alcohol-induced regression," as a psychiatrist would describe it, was ended only when Aiken, who was both hurt and distressed by Lowry's obviously poor condition, and by his apparently capricious neglect of his old mentor, came up to Lowry and laughingly exclaimed, "Good night, disgrace!" Then, says Markson,

Lowry insisted upon seeing [Aiken] home—this with no idea where Aiken was headed, and, chances were, with no money in his possession either, since Margerie normally handled all cash. In the street, in jest but in sadness, Aiken had to wrestle him off as a taxi drew up. Breaking Lowry's hold, the older man tumbled to the floor as the vehicle took him away.

As Aiken's cab drove off, Lowry suddenly turned sober and despondent. "He is an old man," he muttered to no one in particular, "and now I will never see him again." And he did not; but not because Aiken was an old man.

Delivered eventually to the Hoboken pier from which the *Giacomo* was to sail, the Lowrys were initially enthusiastic. But later, Lowry, as he so often did as soon as his friends were out of sight, began sliding into a deep depression. The sailing was delayed for eight hours, by the end of which time Lowry was lying almost comatose in his bunk.

Even the sea was not enough to improve his black mood. One evening shortly after their departure he behaved so badly at dinner that the captain told him either to shut up or be taken to the brig.

After a couple of days in Genoa, they went on

to Milan, where Lowry wanted to meet Eric Linder, his European agent, and Giorgio Monicelli, who was translating *Volcano* for the Italian publisher Feltrinelli. With Monicelli he tried valiantly to sober up and be helpful; which he was, until—after a long morning's work one day—he keeled over in his chair and began vomiting "great gouts of black blood" (Lowry's description). He was rushed to a local hospital, and spent a week in bed listening wide-eyed and repentant to his doctors' ominous prophecies; and then "bounced out," as Margerie put it, "fit as a fiddle." From Milan he sent a card to Dave Markson. "Bang!" it said.

Lowry seems to have had it in the back of his mind to find some sort of Mediterranean replacement for his lost Canadian *paradiso*, because he insisted that they fly next to Sicily and look for a seaside town where he could begin writing again. This they did, landing at the airport in Catania, then going on to Syracuse, which they liked—so much so that one night soon after their arrival there, Lowry crept out of their hotel room to look over the town. Some hours later Margerie got an angry call from the police. They had picked up a berserk Englishman; would she please come get him? Margerie trotted down to the jail, accepted responsibility for a very shamefaced Lowry, and popped a handful of Vitamin B pills in his mouth.

Next, on to Taormina, to the Villa Eden, a little *pensione* perched on a cliff high above the sea, with a splendid view of nearby Etna spouting fire and smoke. At first, Lowry was enthusiastic: here was a new volcano to add to his collection (next to storms at sea, Lowry liked volcanoes best), the Mediterranean was below them, and their room was Number Seven in a particularly auspiciously named villa. All the right portents; so the typewriters were unpacked, and Lowry began writing; but not *October Ferry to Gabriola*, alas, only letters. To Markson, in early November, he sent a card:

Taormina
Day of the Dead
Villa Eden
Via San Pancrazio 52
Room no. 7

Dear old Dave:

(the numerology will not escape you) Am situated . . . here at last, immediately above the cemetery to which a procession of people are taking chrysanthemums Christian anthems if not quite like that old Typhoeus, adjacent. Margie is getting better by leaps and bounds. We bathe daily in the ancient city of Naxos. I swim to and fro, contemplate a short story called Tremor in Taormina, and we both miss you much.

But this breeziness was assumed, not real. The pain of having lost their Canadian Eden was too great for Lowry to encompass or disguise. To Giorgio and Daniela Monicelli in Milan he wrote:

I have tried ten times to write this letter and have not yet succeeded. I believe I am not going to succeed this time either too well but at least perhaps I can finish this sentence before my consciousness fails me again: which will be a sort of beginning, if not an end. . . . All has so far been anything but heavenly with us, largely due to my own ghastly incapacity to look my own grief in the face which, not liking not to be looked at, becomes all the greater each time I fail; fail because I am still half unconvinced that it is not a Medusa that has to be grappled with from behind, else I turn to stone.

A few days after this, Lowry was reporting his grief more specifically, again to the Monicellis:

My eyes are failing—can scarcely see under electric light at all—hence this scrawl. By daylight I can see fairly well, intermittently. Which is something. I try to write, but the writing is mostly bad, so I tear it up.

In December, Lowry and Margerie moved to the Villa Margherita nearby; and things looked better, momentarily. On December 20, Margerie wrote to Albert Erskine that the typewriter had again been set up, the manuscripts unpacked, and Malcolm swimming happily in the sea below. Lowry himself apologized in a letter to the Monicellis for his earlier maudlin effusions; announced that he was gaining weight—"becoming my abnormal deranged fat self again," as he put it—and cheerfully complained about the terrain, the weather, and their servants, "a male Neanderthal orangutang [sic] in a flapping overcoat with a forehead like the infant Mozart and a female gorilla with a heart of gold and a mind that thinks of nothing else, unless it be food, most of which is inedible."

Partly to escape this pair, and partly to live closer to the sea, the Lowrys moved, early in 1955, down to Mazzaro, the beach below Taormina. That this was an improvement in their standard of living is doubtful: Lowry could indeed swim more conveniently now, but their *pensione*, the Villa Mazzullo, was only a few yards from both a railway and the highway that ran around the coast of Sicily; and their new maid had many small children, all of whom hung about every day, "shouting in Malc's ears," as Margerie described it.

At the end of May, a visitor arrived at the Villa Mazzullo, via the train from Palermo. This was Dorothy Templeton, who had been, with her husband-to-be, Harvey Burt, the Lowrys' next-door neighbor on the beach at Dollarton. She was with the Lowrys for two months of that summer, and her letters to her husband in Canada are both revealing and depressing. Though Lowry at first seemed relatively normal, she reported, this was a deceptive impression. Actually, Lowry was sodden, numbed, and often out of touch with reality. Once he announced to Dorothy and Margerie that he had just seen a peasant

girl eating a bird alive. He had originally been drinking gin and water more or less constantly throughout the day, but by early June Margerie had succeeded in imposing a bizarre sort of regimen on him. According to Dorothy Templeton, Margerie gave Lowry a cognac and two Nembutal capsules at bedtime, which usually kept him unconscious until about 12:30 the following afternoon; at which time he awakened, to be given a stiff drink and a "daytime sedative," and some sort of meal, which he rarely was able to eat. Under the best of conditions, knives and forks—like shoes and socks, or cigarette packs—were too difficult to handle; and Dorothy recalled one especially painful meal at which she sat opposite Lowry and, over the course of two hours, watched him try to fumble a few pieces of cheese and bread into his mouth.

Margerie, Dorothy Templeton wrote Harvey Burt, was almost completely out of patience with Lowry at this time. She tried often—and vainly—to lure Lowry to a barbershop in Taormina; and once, when he balked after having got as far as the Corso, she lost her temper and punched him in the nose. (Margerie denies this. In a recent letter to me she observes, convincingly, that she was too



afraid of Lowry's rages ever to have dared strike him.) According to Dorothy's later account, Lowry spent many hours confiding to her that Margerie despised him, that she stayed with him only because she wanted his money, that she had agreed to a separation if he would only promise to pay her a hundred dollars each month; that she had nagged him until he established a joint bank account, then nagged until he made out a will signing everything over to her. Small wonder that Dorothy should have written Burt, "I am witnessing such a tragedy—two souls disintegrating." Margerie disputes this, and one suspects that Lowry, if he did in fact make such accusations, was at least in part trying for sympathy from Dorothy. And, as far as the joint account is concerned, the countering assertion is that Margerie had had to manage their bank account since 1946, when Lowry became physically unable to put his signature to a check.

Sicily was, in short, a disaster. Margerie somehow managed to convince Lowry that they had to leave for a place where they could find not only quiet but a good psychiatrist as well.

Before they left Italy for good, Lowry and Margerie took a boat trip around the Aeolian Islands. As might be expected, Stromboli appealed most to Lowry, and they spent a week at a little villa on the shore of that island, where he was fascinated by the black sand, the half-destroyed villages, and above all by the volcano itself, erupting every twenty minutes. Then on to Palermo for a few days before their flight to London in late June.

The next two months appear to have been spent chiefly in drifting about from one London hotel to another. Lowry continued in bad shape. He shook constantly and was often unable to move his fingers at all, requiring Margerie to light and hold his cigarettes for him. He was momentarily buoyed up by a present sent him by Harvey Burt, who was still in Canada: a detailed little model of the Lowrys' shack in Dollarton, complete with tiny, rickety pier over the painted blue water on the bottom of the cardboard box in which the present had come. The real pier had collapsed by this time, in the spring storms; but Lowry did not know this, and Margerie insisted that no one tell him. It had meant so much to him, she felt, that learning of its destruction would drive him even further into his depression. And she was right, as it turned out.

Of this period there is only one clear reminiscence, by Lowry's old friend from Cambridge and Paris days, the painter Julian Trevelyan. One night in late July, Trevelyan remembers, the Lowrys, James Stern, the Irish writer, and John Davenport, the critic-reviewer, another old Cambridge pal, all came to dinner at his studio on Durham Wharf. As soon as they arrived, Davenport called Trevel-

yan aside and warned him to put away the spirits and serve only wine. They all went to a nearby pub, the Black Lion, for a couple of glasses of wine, then returned to the studio for dinner. Lowry would not eat, and was so tense that he made everyone else edgy. Then, as Mary Trevelyan was getting coffee, Lowry saw a bottle of cooking sherry in the cupboard. "Hello, there," he said, "do you mind if I take a swig?" He drank the whole bottle in an instant and was immediately reeling drunk.

Davenport was quite anxious to get Lowry away, and, with Margerie's help, had got him almost to the door when Lowry noticed the wooden beams across the studio's ceiling. "See those? I'm going to sleep on one of them," he announced. He was ill, and quite drunk, but even at his worst Lowry was stronger than most men, especially when he felt stubborn, as he did now, and it took the efforts of everyone there to get him away from Trevelyan's. The guests finally caught the last underground train back to London. As they waited for it at Hammersmith Station, Lowry lay down on the station platform and let them roll him through the train's doors when it arrived.

By the third week in August, Margerie was convinced that she needed her gall bladder out, and wrote to David Markson that she would be at Brook General Hospital and Lowry would be staying on Flood Street with John Davenport, the only friend willing to take him in during Margerie's stay in hospital.

Before all this could take place, however, Lowry called an old Cambridge friend, Dr. George Northcroft, now a neurosurgeon. Lowry dined one evening with Northcroft, who was immediately impressed by the gravity of his friend's condition. According to Dorothy Templeton, Northcroft asked her if Lowry might be persuaded to join Alcoholics Anonymous. But Dorothy felt, probably correctly, that Lowry had not enough willpower left. By September 12, Northcroft had arranged for Lowry to be admitted to Brook General Hospital in Woolwich, where he was a consultant. Margerie went into the same hospital a week later to have her gall bladder out (or, at least, to rest), and Malcolm was to undergo a series of tests in the neurological wing.

According to Margerie, Northcroft suggested to her at this time that Lowry might require surgery (Margerie recalls describing his proposal as "a small brain operation to relieve the tensions and anxiety"). The form of surgery known as lobotomy, or leucotomy, was frequently performed in America between roughly 1940 and 1955; and a modified form of the operation continued to be performed in England even beyond that time (indeed, one well-known psychiatrist in Great Britain still advocates it). But even in its heyday, the lobotomy has always been regarded as a treatment of last re-

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sort, to be undertaken only after other medical and psychiatric methods have failed. Lobotomy, after all, makes irreversible cuts in the brain, producing in the patient a state that has been described as "surgical childhood." He becomes content and placid, to be sure, but inert and deprived of the full octaves of deeper emotion. A lobotomy would have been the end of Lowry's creative work just as surely as his death was.

Although Margerie appears to have reacted strongly against Northcroft's suggestion, she did mention to Lowry the possibility of surgery. His response was surprisingly meek. If such a procedure might make him less of a burden to her, then he would agree to it.

Margerie was at this time certainly not very hopeful about Lowry's condition, as she revealed in a letter to Markson dated September 17:

They say he's only a "secondary alcoholic" which I could have told them and the trouble is actually his mind—which of course I've known for years. . . . But he's written nothing for over a year, can't even write letters, as you see, and was losing all contact with reality.

This assessment was not, strictly speaking, entirely accurate. Lowry was certainly in poor mental and emotional condition, and physically debilitated by acute alcoholism. It was probably true enough that when drunk he lost "all contact with reality"; and there is no evidence that he had done so much as one day's work on his fiction since leaving Dollarton.

In general, Lowry's condition at this time could best be described as depressed, resigned, acquiescent. He was full of guilt for what he had done, or believed he had done, to Margerie's health. Lowry was only forty-six, and it is true that in photographs taken of him during this time he looked much older than that. He had been living on his psychic capital for many years, and he was finding it increasingly difficult to hold himself together.

Margerie was allowed to see her husband for only thirty minutes each day, but each visit to his ward made her a little more optimistic about his chances for recovery. Apparently, she was being encouraged in this by Northcroft, who told her in mid-October that if Lowry "were not yet out of the woods there was at least a light at the end of the tunnel." Margerie wrote to Markson, on October 16, that "his genius is intact, memory still phenomenal, and his wit and sense of humor are now in great form."

The whole scene at Brook blew up ten days later, quite suddenly, when Margerie discovered one day that in all their time there Lowry had never seen a psychiatrist and had received no treatment of any kind. Northcroft recalls that Lowry, having drunk nothing at all in his weeks in hospital, went out on October 26 with one of his visitors to a pub, and in a few hours undid the

work of weeks. He was discharged from Brook two days later.

Again according to Margerie, Northcroft suggested that what Lowry needed now was a long rest in the country—away from Margerie. "You two need a rest from each other," he said to her. It was at this point that Margerie, infuriated, gathered Lowry up and took him away from Brook. Northcroft's assessment was probably not a bad one: Malcolm and Margerie Lowry needed each other badly, but their need was not always a completely healthy one.

Back into London went the Lowrys, this time to the Frobisher Hotel on Cromwell Road. There seemed nowhere to go, nothing to do. Lowry, of course, began drinking again, as heavily as ever; and Margerie as usual was desperate. Fortunately for them both, Lowry did have several good friends in London, not all of whom were fellow alcoholics. Two of Lowry's old Cambridge cronies, the Case brothers, Ralph and Robert, were on hand, and the Lowrys saw them often during the month following the departure from Brook.

The Cases, both doctors, recognized the seriousness of Lowry's condition at once; and Ralph noticed that the drinking was steadily worsening. "The least I could do," says Ralph, "was to make some kind of gesture." This was to put the Lowrys in touch with Sir Paul Mallinson, a psychiatrist of real prominence, with offices at 50 Wimpole Street, the old address of Elizabeth Barrett, as Lowry noted with delight. An initial appointment was made with Sir Paul, and one afternoon during the first week in November, Lowry appeared at the Wimpole Street address—frightened, sweating, grinning, and unsteady. It was immediately obvious to Sir Paul that treatment of Lowry would necessitate hospitalization. Since he was a consultant at Atkinson Morley's, a neuropsychiatric hospital in Wimbledon, this was rather easy to arrange. But Atkinson Morley's had 150 beds, of which only forty-six were for psychiatric patients, and as a matter of policy not more than a few of these could be alcoholics. So Lowry would have to wait almost three weeks for admission. "Good; I can enjoy myself before coming in," he told Sir Paul.

On the evening of November 28, 1955, Lowry, Margerie, and John Davenport arrived at Atkinson Morley's. The two men had spent most of the afternoon in a pub, and Lowry, at least, was quite drunk. An orderly came to check him in, and to lead him to his ward. Lowry followed the orderly obediently down the corridor, while Margerie and Davenport watched from the admissions room. Then, as he was about to turn a corner, Lowry stopped, turned around, danced a little jig, waved, and winked at his wife and his friend—then skipped around the corner after the orderly. It was difficult, Sir Paul Mallinson later recalled, to persuade the new patient to go to bed that evening.



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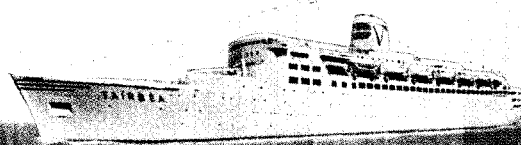
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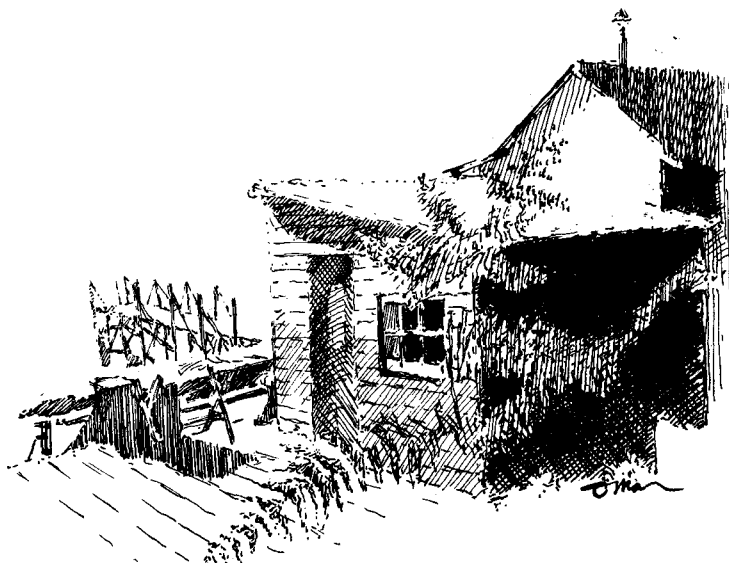
Atkinson Morley's was Lowry's home until his release on February 7, 1956. Margerie took a bed-sitting-room in Earl's Court, near the underground that could take her to Wimbledon; but she was not allowed to see Lowry for three weeks. Initially, his treatment consisted of direct interviews conducted by either Sir Paul or Dr. Michael Raymond, then senior registrar and first assistant at Atkinson Morley's. Lowry was uncooperative at first, and so depressed that he could scarcely bring himself to say "Good morning" to the psychiatrists when they came to his bedside. When questioned, he remained silent, his face to the wall. Sir Paul sensed immediately that Lowry was "not at all keen on being cured."

Lowry was reluctant for several reasons. First, he was skeptical about the whole profession of psychiatry. Second, seeing a psychiatrist was what Margerie wanted him to do; and that this was *her* idea, and not his, made him balky. Third, there was the old bugaboo about analysis as the destroyer of genius; if his neuroses were exorcised, or at least brought under control, would not his creative ability go as well? And finally, there was a very real sense in which Lowry wished to continue being an alcoholic. For him, intellectually at least, alcoholism was not necessarily only a weakness, or disease: it could also be a source of spiritual strength, even of mystical insights—a positive force, one of which any man might be proud. Or, put more simply, he *liked* to drink: standing drunk at a bar was a joyous experience for him, and he did not want to be deprived of his pleasure, especially since it was by now very nearly the only pleasure left to him. If he cooperated with the psychiatrists, he might very well lose all that. Hence his silence.

Under sodium Pentothal, however, Lowry became quite talkative, even garrulous, though it took all of Sir Paul's store of the drug, and then some, to produce any appreciable effect. Some of the things he told the psychiatrists were manifestly untrue ("My father was an alcoholic"), but most of his admissions were neither true nor false, being for the most part that strange mixture of the grotesque and the pathetic that psychiatrists invariably dig up out of the foul rag-and-bone shops of our psyches. Sexual insecurity, as one might expect, was basic. He had been, he claimed, ridiculed in school because his penis was too small. He had started drinking in his teens chiefly because alcohol could serve as a sexual substitute, necessary because of a lack of confidence. He had tried his luck with prostitutes, and had been a miserable failure.

It is distressing to imagine this brilliant, fundamentally benign and innocent man demeaning himself so ("I'm given to self-aggrandizement and self-deprecation"; "I'm always vulnerable, anxious to appear stronger than I am"); but such admissions, justified or not, help us understand the man

better than any number of external details do; so we must use them, even at the cost of feeling like voyeurs. Whether or not the accusations he made against himself and others are true, Lowry *believed* them to be true, subconsciously at any rate, and if he described himself as a plagiarist who deserved because of this crime to remain obscure, then the essential consideration is not for us whether or not Malcolm Lowry was in truth a plagiarist (he was



not), but why he should have thought that he was and what effect this had on his life. It helps us to understand, for instance, something more about why Lowry should have gone into such agonies over the wide and favorable reception that *Under the Volcano* had received. He was, among other things, literally terrified that some reviewer might check his first novel *Ultramarine* out of a library and discover that it contained material stolen from Conrad Aiken and Nordahl Grieg (which it did not) and expose Lowry as a fraud. Most importantly, it helps us to understand the formidable intensity that one senses in such poems as "After Publication of *Under the Volcano*":

Success is like some horrible disaster
Worse than your house burning, the sounds of
ruination
As the roof tree falls following each other faster
While you stand, the helpless witness of your
damnation.
Fame like a drunkard consumes the house of the
soul
Exposing that you have worked for only this—
Ah, that I had never suffered this treacherous kiss
And had been left in darkness forever to founder
and fail.

According to Margerie, in a letter to Markson dated December 17, she was allowed to see Lowry the day after a seven-hour session under sodium

Pentothal,² and he was so shaken by his experience that she was frightened. It was because of his extreme reaction to this procedure, she said, that his physicians decided on "a series of electric shock treatments to try and bring him up before they probed his poor brain any further." According to Sir Paul, however, it was Lowry's pathological depression after withdrawal from alcohol that necessitated the shock treatments, of which a total of seven were given.

The results of the first two of these were, so far as Margerie was concerned, mixed: on the one hand, Lowry seemed alert, cheerful, and able to dress himself for the first time in months; and on the other, he seemed fuzzy, disoriented, and panicky about the amnesia he was experiencing (no one, apparently, having told him that this was a common and temporary effect of electric shock therapy).

So long as alcoholism remained Lowry's most conspicuous aberration, his doctors would have been unable to do much in the way of defining any others. Psychiatrists see alcoholism as a mask: it distorts and hides the mental disorders that have caused it. It was therefore necessary to take heroic measures to free Lowry, at least temporarily, from his craving for alcohol. Accordingly, he was now subjected to a procedure that sounds barbaric in the extreme to laymen: apomorphine aversion treatment. Lowry was to be totally isolated, placed in a tiny cell illuminated only by a small red bulb ("It adds to the mounting horror," a cheerful orderly told Lowry) for ten days, during which time he would be given injections of apomorphine and allowed to drink as much alcohol as he wished. The apomorphine was to induce nausea and vomiting which, in theory, Lowry was then to associate with the experience of drinking alcohol, creating in him a conditioned aversion to drinking. Very little food was to be given him, and very little water; the emphasis was to be on alcohol, whenever he wanted it. "I got so thirsty I drank my own piss," Lowry afterwards said to Margerie.

Most victims of this savage rite collapsed after five days; few lasted out the whole ten. After ten days with very little food, water, or sleep, Lowry was going strong, and in better spirits than he had been in for months. He was pulled out, given forty-eight hours' rest, saline solution, glucose, tomato juice, and a little food. Then back into the cell for another treatment.

Lowry, nonpareil self-punisher, lasted twenty-one

² Seven hours is a most improbable length for an interview with a patient under sodium Pentothal sedation. Such sessions rarely last more than two hours at the longest, although the total effects of the drug may extend much longer and certainly could last over seven hours. It seems likely that Lowry, when he next saw Margerie after this interview, mentioned to her that he had felt under the influence of the drug for seven hours or so, and she misunderstood him to mean that the actual interview had been of such marathon length.

days. On Christmas Eve, only a couple of days after completing the treatment, he and another alcoholic burst out of Atkinson Morley's and, as Margerie said, "simply raised hell." Police all over London were alerted. Forty-eight hours after his escape, Lowry returned to Atkinson Morley's on his own, roaring and very pleased with himself. So much for apomorphine aversion treatment.

But, in spite of the rather splendid uncooperativeness of their patient, the staff at Atkinson Morley's were coming to some tentative diagnoses. A physical examination had revealed that Lowry had suffered some damage to his brain and his peripheral nervous system, some injury to his liver, and an extensive impairment of reflexes.

Mentally, the picture was not so clear. Insofar as it was possible to label Lowry's illness, one might have called him a cyclothymic, or small-scale, manic-depressive. By this is meant that his highs were not so high, nor his lows so low, as with classic, psychotic manic-depressives. The depressions that impelled this cycle were endogenous, that is, originating from within, rather than the result of external causes. Precisely what there was in Lowry's psyche that prompted these depressions was never clear. Dr. Raymond, the chief assistant, told Margerie that Lowry possessed a "free-floating anxiety neurosis," which means, one supposes, that Lowry was able to be afraid of almost anything. Fear of life, fear of sex, fear of failure, fear of authority—fear of literally dozens of things; guilt, self-loathing; possible latent homosexuality; love of death, desire for oblivion: all of these things undoubtedly played a part in destroying Malcolm Lowry.

Sir Paul was, however, quite sure about one aspect of the case: the only reason Lowry knew for becoming sober was to be able to write. Julian Trevelyan had been prophetically correct many years before when he told Lowry that he did not need a psychiatrist, he needed to sit down and get to work on his book. Of course, there is another side to this coin, not necessarily incompatible with the first: Lowry was frightened of writing, or frightened of failing at writing; and drunkenness offered a very good excuse for not writing, and so not failing. More than once during his interviews with Sir Paul and Dr. Raymond, Lowry said that he could not imagine life without alcohol, and believed he would end as a suicide. Years later Sir Paul noted, with regard to Lowry's drinking: "His life was so lopsided. If his writing was not going well, his life was not worth living." Lowry drank in order to avoid writing, sobered up in order to write, then drank in order to avoid writing—and so on.

To any psychiatrist, a severe alcoholic is always a potential suicide, alcoholism itself being rather obviously a kind of self-destruction. Apparently, no one ever told the psychiatrists at Atkinson Morley's

ALICE RATEGAN
IN DES MOINES WAS JUST
EXTRA-TOUCHED BY
JOE SMITH
IN SYRACUSE.

SHE SAID "YES!"

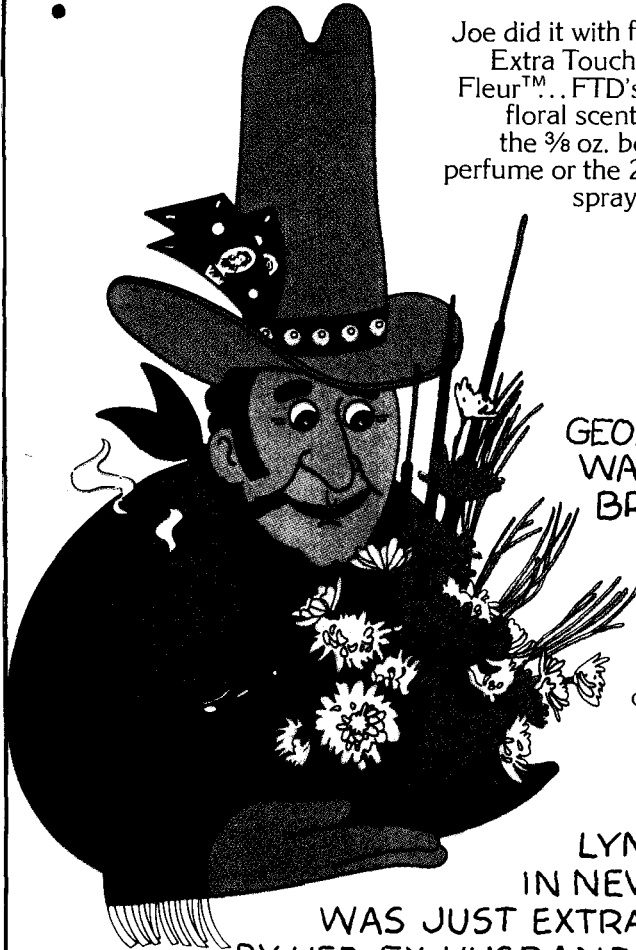
Joe did it with flowers with the
Extra Touch of Joie de
Fleur™... FTD's own classic
floral scent. Choose either
the 3/8 oz. bottle of spray
perfume or the 2 oz. bottle of
spray cologne.



GEORGE JOHNSON IN DALLAS
WAS JUST EXTRA-TOUCHED BY HIS
BROTHER-IN-LAW IN DETROIT.

GEORGE SENT THE MONEY!

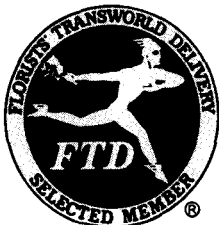
George's brother-in-law did it with flowers
with the Extra Touch of the Sportsman's
Duck Decoy. This hand-finished
ceramic duck is a handsome accessory
for desk, dresser or den.



LYNN SANGER
IN NEW ORLEANS
WAS JUST EXTRA-TOUCHED
BY HER EX-HUSBAND IN MIAMI.

*SHE'S GETTING HIM FOR
NON-SUPPORT, ANYWAY!*

Lynn's ex tried flowers
with the Extra Touch of an
imported Snack Tray.
Now when Lynn entertains her
new gentlemen friends,
she serves snacks or chips in
a lovely wooden bowl
from the Philippines.



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Now send flowers with the FTD Extra Touch.

A wonderful new way to say you care, you re-
member. So different and so easy to do. Sent
almost anywhere by wire, the FTD way. And the

Extra Touch you see, is the Extra Touch they
receive. Call or visit your FTD Florist. They'll
never forget you extra touched them.

(Most FTD Florists accept major credit cards.)

"I needed 800 dozen golf balls.
I got 1,700 basketball hoops."



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We make things that bring people closer.

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that Lowry had in fact attempted to kill himself at least three times before they ever saw him, or, for that matter, that he had tried at least twice to do Margerie in. In other words, Lowry was probably a good deal closer to being a classic sort of manic-depressive than they imagined. Nor did they know that for years he had been swallowing barbiturates at a rate that would have been dangerous for even the hardiest of men. It seemed to them by February, 1956, that Lowry might safely be released.

They turned him over to Margerie with many admonitions. He would in all likelihood require psychiatric care for the rest of his life. He would almost certainly have other deep depressions and aggressive periods, even violent ones. But if she could find a quiet, secluded place for him, no more than a day's journey from London, then he might just make it, and he might even be able to write again. No more traveling, no more cities, no more bad companions; no excitement, no change, ever again.

But Margerie was so buoyed up by Lowry's apparent improvement that all these restrictions bothered her not at all. To Markson, on January 14, she wrote: "I have not seen him in ten yrs. so collected, *so aware*, and though bewildered (Christ! who wouldn't be with what he's had) sometimes (but he is *always* bewildered by life, poor blessed damned old monster), so clear-headed and *definite*." And, in another letter, twelve days later: "Now he is the old Malc, the best, the good Malc, the Malc who wrote the *Volcano*. He is *mad* to get to work again, is trying to write even in the hospital. . . . Malc is not just all right, he is *Malc*."

During Lowry's remaining days at Atkinson Morley's, Margerie roamed over the south coast of England looking for a place, and by the end of January she wrote Markson:

I have found a dream house. A beautiful 300-yr.-old cottage of whitewashed brick in a tiny town called Ripe, in Sussex. . . . It has living room, dining room (which shall be Malc's workroom), huge country kitchen, dairy, on first floor! 2 bedrooms, bath, on second floor, attic bedroom and storeroom on 3rd floor. Front rooms look across meadow, with sheep and thatch-roofed farm, brook, and up to the Great South Downs. We have a walled garden with flowers, and a kitchen garden, where I can grow lettuce, herbs, etc. I have a char to come in and do the cleaning for a few shillings. 2 of the houses in our town are in the Domesday Book but you won't find the town on any map, it's too small.

However reserved one might be over Margerie's ebullience, there is no denying that she had indeed found them a lovely spot. If there were ever to be enacted an idyll starring Malcolm and Margerie Lowry, which was more or less what the always Hollywood-oriented Margerie had in mind, this Ripe was the perfect place for it.

Their landlady, Mrs. Edwina Mason, was also their next-door neighbor. Margerie had told her that her husband could not be released from hospital unless there were some secluded and quiet place for him to go to, and the kindhearted (and brave) Mrs. Mason took them in immediately.

Mrs. Mason concurs with Margerie that, for most of their stay in Ripe, conditions for the Lowrys were indeed close to idyllic. Margerie gardened, cooked, and spent many of her mornings typing what Lowry had written the previous night (it was his custom to begin writing at eight or nine in the evening, and work until two or three in the morning). They sunbathed often, in the garden behind the cottage, and went on frequent walks in the woods and fields around Ripe.

The "work in progress" progressed steadily. *October Ferry to Gabriola*, which like most of Lowry's other novels had begun as a short story, was soon half as long again as *Under the Volcano*, and showed no signs of completing itself. There were three short stories, begun earlier, "Through the Panama," "Elephant and Colosseum," and "The Forest Path to the Spring," which were later included in the posthumous collection, *Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place*. There were many—perhaps forty—poems. And, finally, there was "Halt! I Protest!" which began as Lowry's indignant comments on a newspaper report of some domestic scrape a young English writer had got into, and which expanded itself into a long and surprisingly astute treatise on the evils of McCarthyism and the responsibilities of freedom. In March, 1956, Margerie reported to Dr. Raymond (whom they saw in London twice a month) that Lowry was working hard, which was surely no exaggeration. In April, she told Raymond that Lowry was thinking of having a drink or two; but the danger apparently subsided, for in May she told Raymond that "his mind is clearer than I've ever known it. He is thinking of other people more."

Some of these other people were visitors. Ralph Case came down several times, and reported afterwards that Lowry had indeed seemed a new man. He was writing again at last; he was drinking only Cydrax, a sort of nonalcoholic cider; and he and Margerie were getting along quite well together. There was much less bickering than he had noticed earlier in London.

As usual, Lowry kept on writing letters at a great rate, and almost all from this period are characteristic of Lowry at his most mature and thoughtful. To old James Craige, his Manx boat-builder friend in Dollarton, he sent birthday greetings and some copied-out poems by John Clare. He wrote to his agents in New York of his happiness that José Quintero was thinking of directing a film version of *Volcano*. (Nothing came of Quintero's notion, of course: he was merely the first of many directors—including Luis Buñuel—

seriously to consider making a film of this most cinematic of novels.)

But all this was the calm before a very sudden storm. On May 22, Dorothy Templeton, in London, got a telephone call from a nearly hysterical Margerie. Would she please come down to Ripe and help her do something about Malcolm? The Lowrys had been in London themselves earlier that day, so that Malcolm could see Dr. Raymond. After this appointment the Lowrys were having one of their rare good days in the city, visiting the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey, and walking along the Thames, admiring the houses that were set on the river's edge. These, inevitably, reminded Lowry of his beloved shack on Burrard Inlet, and he grew despondent. Then they passed a pub, and Lowry brightened. "Think I'll have a drink," he said. By the time Margerie had got him back to Ripe, he was in no mood to stop drinking, so he walked to The Lamb, Ripe's only pub, and bought a bottle of gin. While Margerie swore so at the owner of The Lamb, Mrs. Evans, that she vowed never to admit either of the Lowrys again, Lowry sat calmly and silently, draining the bottle, remorselessly erasing in one day all the progress he had made since February.

There was nothing of pleasure in this night's drinking, nor in the drinking which followed it over the next two days. Margerie (alone, since Dorothy Templeton had not been able to come to Ripe) called Dr. David Troupe, a general practitioner in the nearby town of Alfriston. Troupe arrived, took one look at the wild-eyed and incoherent Lowry, and called for the Health Department ambulance. Under heavy sedation Lowry went quietly enough to the hospital in Brighton, where he was put to bed in the receiving ward. But within a matter of days he was manic again, and Troupe realized that he would have to be taken back to Atkinson Morley's.

Only one thing more remained to complete the shattering of Lowry's fragile stability. Harvey Burt now arrived in England, and came down with Dorothy to visit the patient. Margerie once again warned Burt to say nothing to Lowry about the collapse of his pier the preceding spring in Dollarton and reminded him of what tremendous symbolic and sentimental significance the pier had for Lowry. But Burt insisted on doing so. Lowry, he reasoned, was after all forty-seven, and might have been presumed mature enough to bear up under the shock. So he told him, in spite of Margerie's pleas, and in spite of something Lowry himself, in his eerily clairvoyant fashion, had written to Burt in Canada that spring: "To me, too, childish though it may seem, there is the pier, which we built, which I cannot imagine myself living without, even if it isn't there or myself am dead" (*Selected Letters*, p. 378).

Lowry took the bad news calmly enough at first,

and was even able to write about it to Burt a few days later, in one of his most touching letters:

I am writing without my glasses so the contents of this note may be a little awry. Also I am very tired: I cannot believe our poor pier has been swept away: that pier, that gave so much happiness to many and us, *was us* in a sense; we risked our lives building it, especially on the further reaches you never saw, where there was a 35-foot perpendicular drop on to the granite and barnacles if you made a mistake: nobody could understand how it survived so long, not even engineers, and it was nicknamed "The Crazy Wonder" on the beach. Ramshackle from certain angles though it was, and the handrails puerile (but oh the washing hung out on the line there, like great white stationary birds beating their wings against the gale). Margie and I built it together with practically no tools and I am broken hearted it has gone. [*Selected Letters*, p. 388.]

The old pier, was, in short, vitally symbolic to Lowry: it was his manhood, his sanity, his marriage, his work. It was clumsily built, precarious, flimsy, even ludicrous—but there was much of love in it, and no harm. That the pier should have collapsed must have seemed to Lowry, obsessed as he always was by omens and portents, a clear and ominous signal to him from the Beyond; his own spring storm was on its way. On June 30, 1956, after five months of freedom and work and steady improvement, Lowry was readmitted to Atkinson Morley's.

While they were waiting for Lowry to be well enough to resume his interviews with them, Sir Paul Mallinson and Dr. Raymond spoke several times to Margerie, who was anxious to tell them how afraid she was of her husband's violence. When she told them also that Lowry had for some time been wetting his bed when drunk, they took this very seriously, as evidence of his reversion to the infantile. Margerie, according to Sir Paul, also informed the psychiatrists that she and Lowry had had no sexual relations for two years, and that she had "a horror of Malcolm's touching her." Lowry, on his part, had told Margerie that he had lost all desire for her, though he "had never been so fond of her," according to Margerie. When drunk, Lowry had called her "a money-grubbing bitch, wanting to get all my money." (Margerie demurs; her recollection is that she told Sir Paul—and others—that after Lowry got out of the hospital and was sober, their sex life was better than it ever had been. In a letter to me of March 7, 1973, she writes: "It was only when he was drinking heavily and passing out every night in Sicily that he was, quite naturally, impotent or at least sound asleep. He certainly never lost all desire for me nor I for him.")

After all this, it must have come as no surprise to anyone that when Lowry did begin his talks with the psychiatrists, his chief theme was resent-

Ruined Genius

ment of Margerie. He hated her for being afraid of him. For being overprotective. For causing him to be impotent. For causing his almost total lack of libido. For his own dependence on her: "She's always wanted a child, and I guess that's what I've become. She flies into hysterical fits and rages if thwarted but I can't do without her." And he hated her for *her* drinking; she had, he said, been drinking heavily, getting drunk every night. "This must be worse than Alcoholics Anonymous. It must be Alcoholics Synonymous." Finally, he accused Margerie of tearing up his manuscripts, then sticking them back together again to suit her own taste. This was clearly Lowry's overwrought way of expressing his intense dislike of the way in which he had always relied so heavily on Margerie as editor, even co-author. He had allowed her to take over large areas of authorial responsibility from him; and now he hated her for having done so (much as Geoffrey Firmin of *Under the Volcano* despised his wife for having cuckolded him, even though he had himself all but tossed her into other men's beds).

Once again, it was decided that the apomorphine aversion treatment was indicated. Lowry courageously agreed, and went back into the windowless cell. After only a couple of days, however, his blood pressure began decreasing so rapidly that the treatment had to be stopped. Lowry was furious: "This won't work with me, make it *worse* if you can," he cried. "I'll do it for a month if you can make it work! *Why*, find out *why*, so I can stop!"

But Atkinson Morley's had done all it could for Lowry. According to Margerie, after this last treatment the head of the hospital called her in and told her that so far as he was concerned Lowry was a hopeless case, that he was done for, and that they would not accept him at Atkinson Morley's again: aside from his intractability, he was disturbing the other patients. Sir Paul disagreed with this bleak prognosis, and said he would continue to see Lowry in his London offices. Dr. Raymond concurred. On August 11, Lowry was discharged once again, and returned to Ripe with Margerie.

This time there were not even the outward appearances of an idyll. A month later it was Margerie's turn: the strain had finally caused her to break down completely. She could neither eat nor sleep, and sat all day in their living room, shaking and crying. Somehow she was able to pull herself together enough to make several train trips up to London to undergo physical examinations, while Lowry waited anxiously for her in Ripe; and when it was established that there were no organic causes for her illness, she was admitted to St. Luke's Woodside Hospital in London and put under extremely heavy sedation—the idea being to keep her asleep for several days so as to give her nervous system a chance to recuperate. When she

woke up, after what Lowry called her "Rip van Winkle snooze," she went into a severe withdrawal reaction, with convulsions. At the end of this treatment she weighed seventy pounds. Lowry, full of remorse for, as he felt, having caused her breakdown, brought her back to Ripe on November 16 and, on his very best behavior, nursed her back to health.

Once she was back at the White Cottage, Margerie's strength slowly returned, and her anxiety over Lowry's condition abated somewhat as she saw him happily writing again. On December 11, Lowry wrote to Markson that "we are having a grand life now and I am working like absolute sin on *Gabriola* with which I have completely fallen in love but I am managing to eat it a little more than it eats me so far. Back to work now, boys and girls" (*Selected Letters*, pp. 393-394).

To everyone who saw him, Lowry seemed in fine fettle; and one is sure that Margerie had by now long since forgotten what a doctor in the American Hospital in Paris had told her in 1948, after one of Lowry's most violent seizures: "Leave him. Get out from under right now. He's going to kill either you or himself if you don't." To Margerie, at this time, what was most noticeable about her husband was a newly assumed air of maturity, even of solemnity; he seemed suddenly to have tired of frivolity and variety, to be almost without curiosity. Often she would find him sitting outside,



bemused and silent, "his gaze turned inward." One evening he broke a long silence to announce to her that he was through with jazz: it belonged to his adolescence, not to his maturity.

In March of 1957, Lowry signed a contract with Knopf for the Vintage paperback edition of *Under the Volcano*, and he and Margerie began thinking of an extended holiday. Lowry had always wanted to visit the Lake District, and had never been able to do so. He suggested to Margerie that they go on a walking tour there, and she responded eagerly. According to their friend Lord Peter Churchill, Lowry and Margerie had by this time begun to bicker a great deal, and "the walking tour was a kind of attempt at a sort of honeymoon reunion" (from a letter to Conrad Knickerbocker dated May 22, 1964). Margerie insists that Churchill is wrong about the bickering; that, in fact, she and Lowry were now closer than ever before. In any case, just before they left for the north Margerie reported to Dr. Raymond that everything was fine, and that Lowry was having no trouble controlling his drinking. This was the last news of their patient that his psychiatrists had.

Lowry and Margerie went first to the Farne Islands, on the border between England and Scotland, where there was a famous bird sanctuary. They stayed in a monastery on the mainland, and went in boats to the islands, where there were eider ducks so tame one could smooth their feathers as they nested on the ground, and where they could watch roseate and Arctic terns in their mating dances.

Then down to the Lake District, where they took a room in a hotel on the lake near Grasmere. During the two weeks they were there, Lowry often swam in the icy water of the lake—the first time he had been swimming since the bad days in Sicily, two years earlier. Several times they rowed out to a small island in the middle of the lake, and picnicked there. They visited Wordsworth's house. Almost every morning they would pack sandwiches and a flask of tea into a knapsack, then hike off into the hills for hours. Margerie took several snapshots of Lowry during this time, and if one looks closely at them one sees more than a middle-aged bearded man, pipe clenched in teeth as he sits atop a hill, "all chest, though in that aging athlete's way of going to fat so that chest and stomach had become one, stumplike," as David Markson once described his friend. One sees a man who seems full of a sense of deep and ironic resignation, a man rendered gentle by fatigue. It is surely not only hindsight that makes one recognize that the awesomely wise face in these photographs was that of a man who felt himself to be burned out, used up, ready to die. When one begins to wonder why so many people were willing to toler-

ate a man as impossible as Malcolm Lowry for so many years, a look at the pictures is illuminating. There had been Lowry the trickster, Lowry the buffoon, Lowry the charming disgrace, Lowry the ruined genius—and now there was Lowry the old wise man. One remembers how proud Lowry was on overhearing a man in a bar say about him, "The very sight of that old bastard makes me happy for five days. No bloody fooling"; and then one realizes that there was nothing in the look of Malcolm Lowry in the spring of 1957 that should have made anyone happy. One would have approached him quietly. Or left him alone with his thoughts.

Lowry by now had learned of the sudden death of Joan Black, Lord Peter Churchill's wife, and one of his closest friends. She had died on May 7 of hepatitis after having been ill only six days, and his grief over her death was more than enough to destroy once more Lowry's delicate balance. He and Margerie returned to Ripe on June 21, and he began dropping into another depression. He did manage to call Churchill (who wrote in his autobiography that, after his wife's death, Lowry's "was the one voice left that I wanted to hear") and to write him a final, comforting letter.

Possibly to cheer him up, Margerie suggested to Lowry shortly after tea on the evening of June 26 that they walk to The Yew Tree in Chalvington. The weather was good, the sun still warm, and Lowry was willing. By this time, he was on very good terms with the owners of the pub, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baker, and had spent many quiet evenings with them.

But this night, with Margerie, there was something wrong. The two sat huddled together at a table in the public bar, and Margerie was obviously upset about something. Lowry whispered to the Bakers that she was crying because of their lost home in Canada, and that he was trying to comfort her. But Margerie was inconsolable; and the longer she wept, the more shaken Lowry became. Finally, he bought a bottle of gin from the Bakers—to cheer Margerie up, he said. She began complaining about his buying it, and he hustled her out of The Yew Tree. The last the Bakers saw of them, Margerie was stalking off down the road back to Ripe, and Lowry was rolling along some yards behind her, the bottle tucked under his arm. What follows is, in essence, Margerie's version of the story. There are other versions; some, indeed, by Margerie herself.

There was to be a Stravinsky concert on the BBC that evening at 7:30, and they had planned to listen to it on the radio in their bedroom. As soon as they reached the White Cottage, Lowry went upstairs to turn on the radio, while Margerie stayed downstairs in the kitchen preparing a cold supper. After perhaps twenty minutes she walked upstairs, carrying their supper on a tray—to find Lowry

huddled wild-eyed in a corner of the bedroom, the half-empty gin bottle clutched to his chest.

Without saying anything, she turned on the radio, softly, since she knew Mrs. Mason was next door listening to a Bach program. The evening was a warm one, and all the windows were open. Then Lowry, without loosening his grasp on the bottle, lurched across the room and turned the volume up full, drowning out Bach with Stravinsky. Margerie begged him to turn it down. He refused. For perhaps thirty minutes they sat there—eating the supper was impossible—while Lowry drank and the radio played *Le Sacre du Printemps*—one last outrageous Lowryan coincidence. Had he been sober enough to notice it, he would have been pleased.

Finally Margerie lost her temper and tried to snatch what was left of the gin from her husband. He struck at her, but she got the bottle away from him and smashed it against the wall next to the fire grate. Lowry, enraged, picked up the shattered neck of the bottle and came at her. He chased her down the narrow stairs, shrieking, “with a fiendish look on his face.” It was ten o’clock.

She ran next door to Mrs. Mason’s, where she could wait until Lowry calmed down. She knew he could get nothing more to drink that evening—since they would not serve him in The Lamb, and since The Yew Tree would have been closed by the time he could have got back to Chalvington—and she hoped he would settle down and eat his supper, still untouched in the bedroom.

Margerie explained to Mrs. Mason that she and Lowry had had a row, and asked if she might stay there for a while. Mrs. Mason fixed tea, and they talked about gardening until midnight, when Margerie stepped outside to see if Lowry had gone to bed, she having heard nothing from the White Cottage since fleeing it. The light in the bedroom was still on, so Margerie went back into Mrs. Mason’s. An hour later the light was still on, and Margerie decided to accept Mrs. Mason’s invitation to sleep there. She took a sodium Amytal tablet and slept soundly until nine in the morning.

Then she rose and said to Mrs. Mason: “Well, I suppose I must go out and get poor old Malcolm a cup of tea.”

At the foot of the stairs in their cottage she called to Lowry, and got no answer. She climbed slowly up to the bedroom, and found him motionless on the floor, his almost untouched supper scattered about the room—as if he had suddenly collapsed while holding the plate in his hands. Beside him were the remains of the gin bottle and a fragmented orange-squash bottle. Some time later, Margerie recalled that her bottle of sleeping pills—sodium Amytal, of three-grain strength—was missing from the bedside table.

Without hesitating, Margerie ran back to Mrs. Mason’s. “Oh, Winnie,” she cried, “he’s gone. He’s dead.” And so he was. □

AT USK

On a cold day, in the church-
yard, between the gate and
the west door’s unlocked arch,

lay the flat stone. It was
anonymous. It might have
gained by chance its grace

of simple effigy, round
eyeless head, rough torso,
a hint of sleeping child

in its stillness; a brown
stone of Monmouthshire
shaped and polished by rain.

A child was kneeling there,
absorbed, concentrating,
measuring with happy care

on the cold of breast
and throat her offering
of snowdrop and crocus.

She matched the flowers,
placed them on the stone child
with her red fingers,

and then ran off to some
warm house in the town.
Now on the stone a film

of winter sap sticks the
limp stalks, but it is
the child at home that I

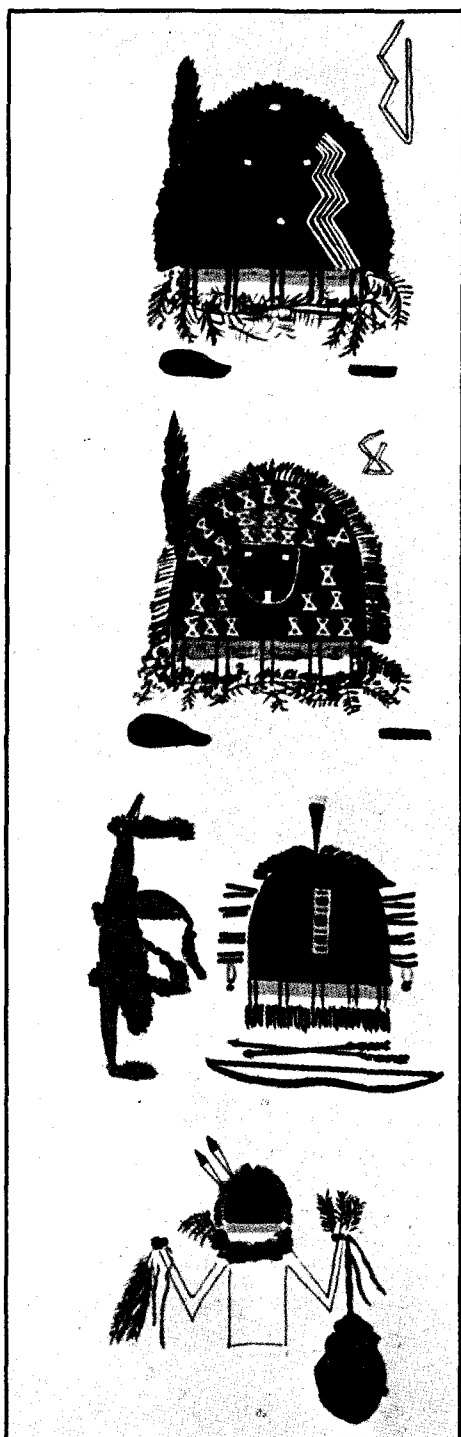
think of as I walk quickly
through God’s still acre.
Her gifts delight me, and I

am leaving Usk, driving
to the motorway, clearly
right to praise the living.

by Leslie Norris

SMOKE

A story by William Eastlake



“Man is becoming and women are obsolete,” Coyotes Love Me said.

“What evidence do you have?”

Mary-Forge said.

“Male apes have bonding groups that exclude females.”

“Men are not apes.”

“White men?”

“I knew a woman once,” Bull Who Looks Up said, “who—”

“I’m not following this,” Medicine Man said. “Where were we?”

“In school,” Mary-Forge said.

And so they were—the Little Red School House. A beehive-shaped hogan built by the Indians of pinion logs to compete with the factory-built Torrior State School that ignored Indians—the Torrior State School where they talked down to Indians up to Indians around the Indians but never with the Indians. Mary-Forge, a nearby rancher, was the teacher in the new little red hogan. Mary-Forge could not punch cattle twenty-four hours a day, so she decided to help the Indians—corrupt the Indians.

“It’s true, you know,” Medicine Man said, “freedom is a dangerous thing.”

“Yes,” Coyotes Love Me said, “I believe it was Marx who said—”

“Who was Marx?”

“A red white guy.”

“Explain that.”

“I refuse to explain anything to a bunch of Indians.”

“Why?”

“Indians,” Coyotes Love Me said, “are obsolete.”

They all thought about that. All of the Indians lounging on the sheepskin-strewn floor of the igloo-shaped hogan called the Little Red School House with their dogs and babies and eaglets dwelt on being obsolete.

“Whatever that means,” Lucy Lucy said. “I guess it means the white people are want to shit on us.”

“I want to pursue that,” Mary-Forge said. “Women and children are obsolete?”

“Indians.”

“Indians are obsolete? I want to pursue that,” Mary-Forge said. Mary-Forge who wanted to pursue everything had orange hair. Instead of freckles she had a small jagged scar high on her right cheekbone. Mary-Forge who taught and wanted to pursue everything and particularly the Indians had a good want-to-touch body and very orange hair. Her orange hair stood up in natural frizzle so she looked in a constant state of shock. A continuous surprise and excited amaze, a beholding wonderment as though each Indian were a new and original discovery alongside which she planted her orange flag.

“Orange hair without freckles,” Coyotes Love

Me said, "is an unusual genetic phenomenon, an anomaly."

"Whatever that means," Lucy Lucy said. "I guess it means the white people are want to—"

The huge and very tall smokestack that supplied power to California and a black spread of gloom to Indian Country was, as Lucy Lucy succinctly and not so tactfully and not so sweetly observed, going full steam today. The Four Corners power plant was—is—so named because it is located where the states of Arizona, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico—every state but California—touch each other. California placed the smoke plant as far from California as the transmission lines would stretch. Ideally, the Californians wanted the smoke plant in Denmark, but then there were the Danes. That was a problem. In Indian Country there was nothing but Indians. There was no problem.

"Blow it up," Mary-Forge said.

"The California legislature has taken the problem, the Indian complaint, under advisement. The governor has formed a committee—"

"Whatever that means," Lucy Lucy said. "I just guess it means the white people will continue to—"

"Yes."

"We will blow it up," Mary-Forge said.

Ah, but how? It is all well and good and a big emotional charge to go out and blow things up, to think about blowing up, dwell on blowing up, even plan on blowing up, but how do you do it? Actually do it? You begin by beginning. You ride over to the great smoke plant on horses. No smoke horses. Who invented the horse? You survey the scene, you case the joint, you talk to the plant's public relations man. To find out how the smoke thing works? Where is its weakest link? Its exposed place? Its black Achilles' heel?

"If you were going to blow this place up, how would you go about it?" More Turquoise asked the public relations man.

"I don't know."

"What's a public relations man for?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do."

"Make up your mind."

"I am supposed to sell the plant."

"How much are you asking?"

"I sell it in a figurative sense."

"How much?"

"Actually in terms of getting along with the Indians."

"Did you ever see an Indian?" Bull Who Looks Up said.

"Yes."

"Touch one?"

"Not in terms of touching an Indian, no."

"Want to?"

"I want to touch them in a figurative sense. Are you Indians?"

"Yes."

"The girl there with the orange hair, is she an Indian?"

"In terms of a figurative sense, yes she is," Bull Who Looks Up said.

"I never saw an Indian before with orange hair."

"Tomorrow we're going to charge fifty cents to see her. You're the last one to see her free."

"I would like you to show us," Mary-Forge said, "how this electrical generating plant works."

"It's not an electrical generating plant, it's a smoke generating plant," the public relations man said. "Oh, I suppose it generates some electricity, but mostly it generates smoke."

"And you do a damn good job," Mary-Forge said.

"Thank you," the public relations man said.

"Where do you sell the smoke?"

"That's not my end of the business."

"What is your end of the business?"

"Public relations," the public relations man said.

"And you do a damn good job," Mary-Forge said.

"Thank you. I try to be honest."

The public relations man's plastic office in the Four Corners Power Building overlooked a plastic lawn beneath a plastic sky—that is, there was a plastic patio outside the plastic window that recreated Indian Country as it was before white men came.

The public relations man wore a blue plastic hat above a red plastic tie. Between was a wide, you'll-never-know-dear-how-much-I-love-you-so-please-don't-take-my-sunshine-away, cherubic face.

"What are you doing here?" the public relations man said.

"We just thought we'd come and have a look-see."

"No, you came to blow the place up. Why can't you be honest?" the public relations man said. "I never met a man yet who didn't want to blow this place up. I've thought about it myself." And the public relations man looked out over the blue plastic sky from beneath his blue plastic cowboy hat.

"Even the company that built it," he said, "would like to blow it up, but no one has figured out a way to do it."

"Dynamite."

"No, it's insured. The insurance company would rebuild it."

"Blow up the insurance company."

"No, they're insured too."

"Drop the insurance."

"There's a law against that."

"Cut the power line."

William Eastlake is a story writer and author of several novels, notably *Castle Keep* and *Bamboo Bed*.

"There's not much power that goes over the power line."

"Where does the power go?"

"Smoke," the public relations man said.

"I never met an honest white man before," Coyotes Love Me said.

"I want to warn you Indians," the public relations man said, "that honesty is the last weapon of a desperate man."

"Are the whites that desperate? That they will even use honesty?"

"Yes."

"Then this means war."

"Yes, it does," the public relations man said.

"Wasn't honesty outlawed by the Geneva Convention or the Red Cross or something?"

"No. They forgot about honesty."

"Jesus, you are desperate," Bull Who Looks Up said. "Poison gas we could put up with, but an honest white man—what do you do? There's no book on that."

"We've got you by the balls," the public relations man said.

"It's not fair."

"War is never fair," the white man said.

"But there is decency? Some kind of humanity?"

"No, no, no, no. Not anymore," the white man said. "Try blowing up the President."

"Not the President of the United States, we couldn't do that."

"I'll say you couldn't. He doesn't exist. We invented him," the public relations man said. "You don't think we'd trust a man in the White House, do you?"

"Are you crazy, sir?"

"No, no," he said, looking out at the no sky the no sun beneath the heavenly firmament of smoke. "No. But the people, the people that allow smoke, are they—?"

"You're making a speech," Mary-Forge said. "Come on, show us the plant. We'll get something out of this."

Everyone rose.

"You're crying," Mary-Forge said to the public relations man.

"Am I?"

"It must be the smoke?"

"No, the office is air-conditioned. We bring the air in from Canada."

"Then you're crying."

"I guess so," the public relations man said.

"Buck up," Mary-Forge said, "someone has to generate electricity."

"Why?" the public relations man said.

The public relations man showed Mary-Forge and the Indians all through the smoke plant. He particularly showed them where the smoke was purified before it went out the smokestack.

"Then where does the smoke out there come from?"

"Smoke? They've formed a committee to solve that problem," the public relations man said.

"Buck up," Mary-Forge said, "someone has to make progress."

"Why?" the public relations man said.

"Because," When Someone Dies He Is Remembered said, "the country must go forward."

"Must it?"

"Yes," More Turquoise said, "what would a white woman do without an electric shaver to shave her legs?"

"Do white women use an electric shaver to shave their legs?" Rabbit Stockings said.

"If they feel like it."

"Then without electricity white women would have to use an axe to shave their legs, then by mistake they might shave off their balls."

"Mistake?"

"Yes."

"Do white women have balls?"

"If they feel like it."

"I have noticed," the public relations man said, examining a steel bottle of Canadian air, "I have noticed that you Indians get along very nicely without air. I mean without electricity."

"Yes," More Turquoise said, "but have you noticed we are a very primitive people? A very primitive people indeed."

"Would anyone," the public relations man said, "like a shot of Canadian air?"

They went into the room now where the coal was turned into dust before it was spat into the furnace.

"We scrape this coal," the public relations man said, "off the top of Indian Country, the Fruitland and the Mesa Verde formations. The company figures there's enough coal overlaying Navaho Country to last the Southern California people a hundred years."

"What will they do when the hundred years end?"

"We don't know."

"They could always grind up us Navahos that are left into dust," Bull Who Looks Up said, "and squirt us into the furnace."

"Oddly enough," the public relations man said, "California Electric and Gas had the Rand Corporation do a study on that. They found there would be a public outcry."

"Why public outcry?" Coyotes Love Me said. "Why all of a sudden?"

"People are funny."

"That funny?"

"This is all in a hundred years."

"People won't become that funny in a hundred years."

"People could get on to Indians in a hundred years."

"They're on to Indians already," Bull Who Looks Up said, "that's the problem."

"Can I say something?" Mary-Forge said.

"Speak, oh orange-headed white teacher of the red man, oh speak," Nice Hands said.

"We came here to blow this place up, and you sit around talking like a bunch of Indians."

"We can always blow it up in the morning," Bull Who Looks Up said. "Let's have a shot of Canadian air."

They were all still in the vast cathedral-high room that made jet plane sounds when the coal was being crunched up to be made into smoke. In the next room were the electric generators that hardly made any noise at all. They only made a gentle hum and huddled in a corner as though apologizing for being there. The public relations man opened the door and they could all see the generators sleeping in a row. One big one which called itself Made in Japan made an abrupt Oriental snoring noise as though having a bad dream. The other generators just slept quietly, occasionally talking in their sleep with small click noises as their breaker points snapped on, but they refused to start up until the Japanese generator stopped snoring. The Made by Volkswagen generator was going great guns, but it was small and high-strung. It even ran when it was turned off.

"It's a persistent son of a bitch," the public relations man mused. "We had a German once who understood it. He used to beat it every night. But we've got them licked now," he added abstractedly, as though talking about a different world.

"Who?"

"The people who cut the transmission lines."

"Who?"

"They call themselves the Committee to Save What's Left. They see all that smoke, they have spotters in the mountains. They see all that smoke and cut the transmission lines. That's fooling them. There's nothing in the lines. Just this smoke here."

"Just smoke."

"We expect to have all the generators on stream in a couple of years."

"That soon?"

"Yes."

"Even the Made in America ones?"

"Maybe."

"You could always get the German back."

"Yes."

The public relations man was talking absently, as though thinking about something else. Now he said definitely, "You know, we're not a bunch of clowns here. There are always start-up problems in a big plant like this. Soon we will get the bugs out and we can get cracking."

"What are the bugs?"

"People like yourself who try to shut us down. We feel you out, try to get to know your tricks. We figure it's best not to start up and then get blown up."

"That's bad public relations."

"Yes."

"Meanwhile, what do people in California do for electricity?"

"They make do. You Indians haven't had electricity for two thousand years."

"Did we have electricity before that?"

"You must have had something," the public relations man said.

"Why can't we," Mary-Forge said—the teacher in the teacher said—"why can't we stick to a conversation that makes sense?"

"You mean like the woman who cut her balls off with the electric razor?"

"No," Mary-Forge said.

"Smoke?"

"Yes," Mary-Forge said, "if this plant only makes smoke, what does California do for electricity?"

"Japan."

"You mean California brings their electricity from Japan?"

"Maybe."

"You mean the Japanese make better electricity than we do?"

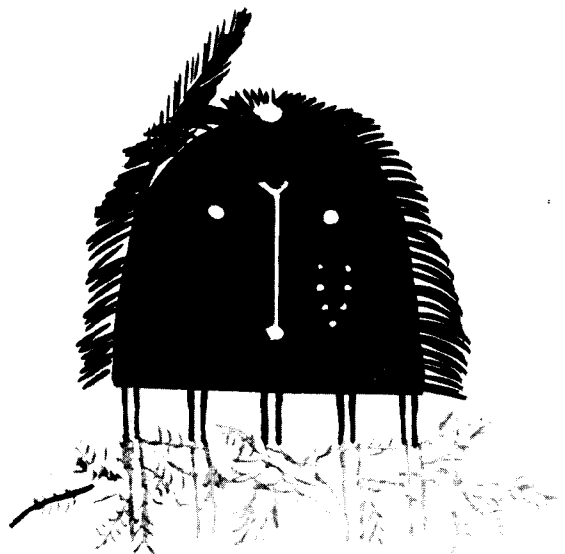
"Cheaper," the public relations man said.

Outside, and moving away beneath the canopy of smoke and on their myriad colored horses and within an air, an ambience, an almost sentience and smell that was at once tactile and palpable of defeat, the Indians went back and through their scraped and ravaged land without sound.

Lucy Lucy drove her piebald alongside Mary-Forge's bay beneath the black cloud, beneath the darkness of dark—unremitting and dark—the darkness of dark.

"This today mean the white people going to keep to shit on us?"

"Yes," Mary-Forge said, "yes." And the Indians remembered and Mary-Forge dreamed of how it was before the white man came. □



LIFE & LETTERS

I'M NOBODY—WHO ARE YOU?

by Richard Todd

Beware of all enterprises that require new words. Such terms as "Transactional Analysis" (or "the nonstroking mother" or "the contaminated Adult") cause an inward chill. But that's a poor reason not to look into the ideas of Dr. Thomas A. Harris, author of *I'M OK—YOU'RE OK: A Practical Guide to Transactional Analysis* (Harper & Row, \$5.95), a book that has spent months on the best-seller list, and of which there are, remarkably, more than a million hard-cover copies in print.

Harris, as most readers may already know, is a California psychiatrist with a purportedly pragmatic system for treating neurotics, and for helping less troubled people toward self-realization. If you and Harris were sitting here and you were behaving, let us say, churlishly, Harris might say, "That seems to be your Child speaking. Why don't you stay in your Adult?" If the conversation took a turn for the better, you and Harris might end up looking rather deeply at one another and saying, "I'm OK—You're OK."

As this exchange suggests, Transactional Analysis depends on some highly charged redefinition of some ordinary language. It is Harris' idea that we all harbor three separate personalities to which he gives commonplace names: the Child, who is a collection of those impressions and emotions we experienced in childhood, predominantly feelings of inferiority; the Parent, who represents the unexamined views, prejudices, and habits of our parents or

their surrogates; the Adult, the autonomous creature of reason who is able to mediate among the various claims of the Child and the Parent; to test their fixed ideas against the situation, to be flexible, to change. It is the Adult—Harris, by the way, uses these capital letters throughout his book—who is capable of achieving the hoped-for condition in Harris' world, the state he calls "I'm OK—You're OK," which signifies self-esteem and trust.

Harris maintains that most of us, most of the time, live in the condition, "I'm Not OK—You're OK," the self-doubting posture of the Child, which leads to varieties of mean or defensive behavior. In particular, Harris says, it leads to the playing of games. We spend all too much of our time dealing with one another superficially, one-uping. If this sounds familiar, it is not only because this sense of everyday life has pervaded our consciousness but also because Harris is a follower of a writer who did a great deal to promote these terms, the pop psychiatrist Eric Berne, author of *Games People Play*.

You could, of course, trace influences on Harris somewhat further back. His three personalities bear some obvious resemblance, as is acknowledged, to the Id, Superego, and Ego. Much else in "transactional analysis" consists of commonplaces of psychiatric thought (not to mention common sense). A crucial ingredient is the concept of the self-destructive but perversely

gratifying repetitiveness of neurotic behavior. Harris, though, has mostly patronizing words for Freud, and for conventional psychiatric treatment. The virtue of the many redefinitions, the homely terminology, is, he asserts, that the psychiatrist becomes demystified; his efforts are made accessible to the patient. Furthermore, transactional analysis promises earlier results by not dwelling on the past.

How well it succeeds, as against the myriad other therapies with which it has something in common, is not easy to judge on the evidence of this book. Harris is ungenerous with detailed case histories (though he recounts the pleasure of seeing patients begin to get well in the first session); he is vague on the limits of the method; and he is less than satisfying on how change occurs, perhaps because the crucial event, the decision to be OK, is essentially an act of faith. As it's explained, a great deal seems to depend on accepting the proper nomenclature.

We probably should, with layman-like deference, withhold judgment about the psychotherapeutic benefits of transactional analysis, but it's fair to assess Harris as an everyday guru. He doesn't inspire confidence. For one thing, I think I'd feel uncomfortable at his breakfast table: "... My seven-year-old daughter, Heidi ... one morning at breakfast said, 'Daddy, when I have an OK Daddy and an OK Mama, how come I'm not OK?'" And there is a certain unsettling mission-

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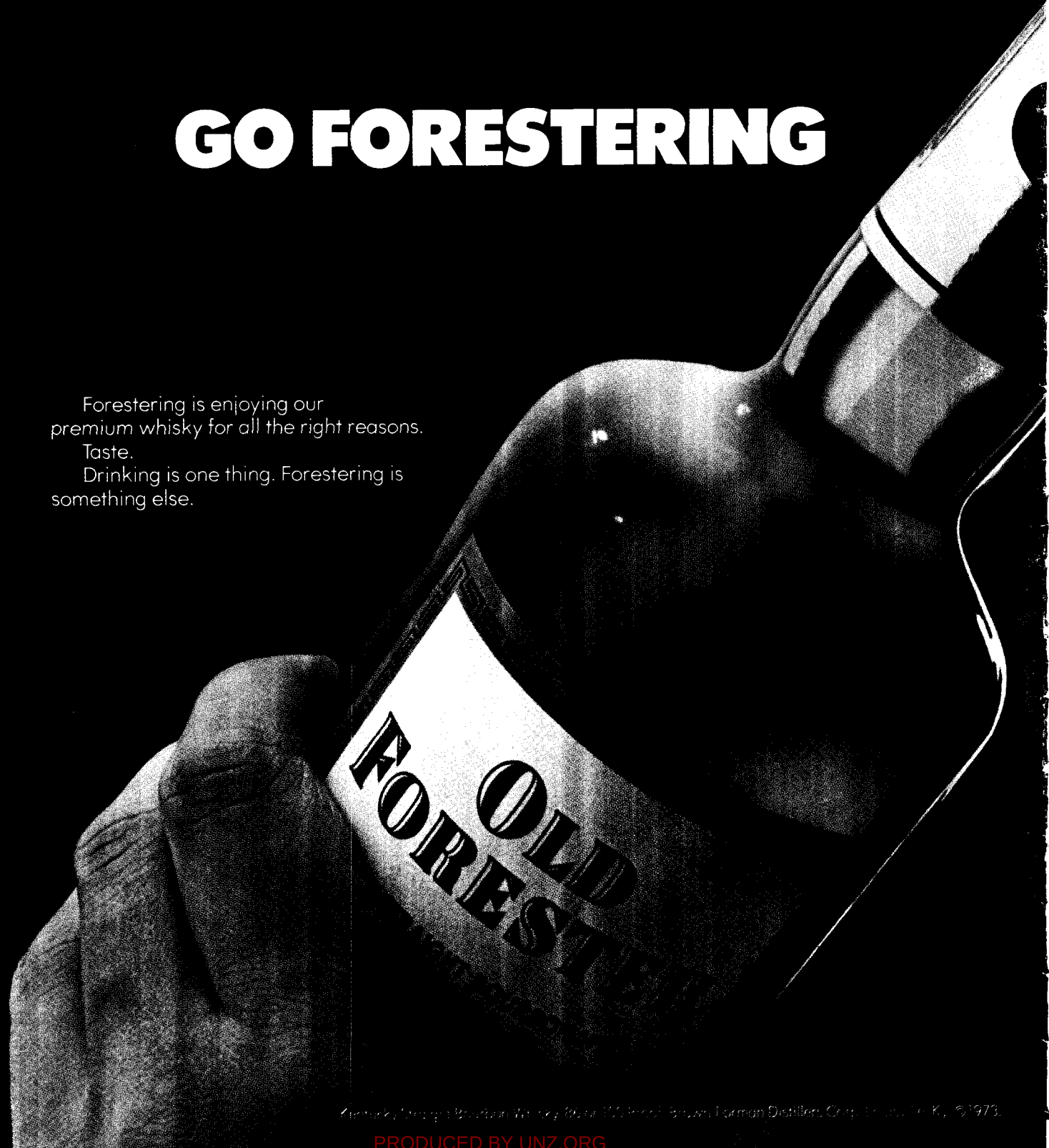
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ary impulse in this man. Like a marketing manager who can explain the world in terms of selling, Harris can subsume all under I'm OK—You're OK. Christ's lessons were "... a central historical example of I'M OK—YOU'RE OK." Hubris, barely trammelled most of the way, sets itself free toward the end of the book. If transactional analysis works for individuals, for groups, why not for nations? It is easily translatable, after all.

Now that we have a concept for understanding human behavior that all persons can comprehend, one which can be put into simple words and translated into any language, we may be arriving at a point where we can discard our archaic fears, based on tragedies of the past, and begin talking with one another in the only way agreement on anything will be possible: Adult to Adult.

There is something almost touching about this naïveté.

Some of Harris' sentences would delight the late Bruce Barton, and it may be that what we have in this book is simply another old-time self-help manual: *How to Become a More Effective Salesman*, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, *How to Shed Ugly Pounds*, *How to Be OK*. Surely the one theme crucial to such books is present here: *you can change your life*. You can liberate that Adult, escape the hectoring voices of your Child or your Parent, the voices of your past.

But there is another theme just beneath the surface, which says, in effect: you don't have to change much at all. No small part of the appeal of *I'm OK—You're OK* derives, I suspect, from a certain stroking (as they say) that the book performs on the reader, a quiet invitation to self-love that goes like this: *You're too tough on yourself . . . relax . . . You've always thought you weren't OK, haven't you . . . but you see, you are.*

You might have thought that in the ecology of our emotions self-love was not an endangered species. But the idea that it is seems to be enjoying a vogue. *I'm OK—You're OK* is slipping off the best-seller charts now, but it appears to have a replacement in a little book—fifty-six bulked-out pages—called *How to*

BE YOUR OWN BEST FRIEND by Mildred Newman and Bernard Berkowitz (Random House, \$4.95). The authors are husband and wife, and both are psychoanalysts. Their book on the surface has little in common with Harris'. It makes lesser claims for itself (at least in terms of global politics), offers no system, and is refreshingly free from special terminology. The Berkowitzes had the services of a graceful ghost, Jean Owen, who writes modestly and literately.

But the essential lesson of *How to Be Your Own Best Friend* is one we've heard before. The reader is addressed as a guilt-stricken, self-contemptuous, tragically self-limiting fellow, who needs only to cast an eye on his native virtue in order to begin living a fulfilled life. A beguiling paradox here is that the authors implicitly congratulate the reader on the sins they seek to cure. *We must rid you of this appalling notion of your worthlessness. (But how appealing of you to have suffered it.)*

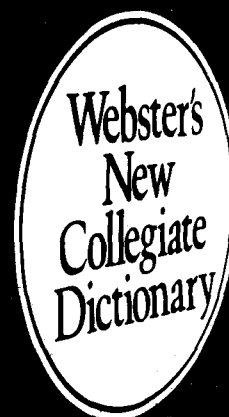
How to Be Your Own Best Friend is written in the form of a dialogue between a willing student ("You're convincing me; it sounds better and better") who asks life-questions, and a teacherly voice who answers them. The role of the student is not only to elicit knowledge but to disarm the reader's doubts. The Berkowitzes are more aware than is Harris that they participate in a long and not-so-noble tradition of American inspirational literature. The student at one point protests mildly, "That sounds like positive thinking, perhaps with a bit of Coué thrown in." The teacher reasonably responds that positive thinking has some truth to it, but that it depends too much on imposing solutions from without, not giving one's inner self credit for the capacity to grow. The student asks if the teacher's emphasis on gratification isn't a sanction for self-indulgence. The voice says:

Doing what makes you feel good about yourself is really the opposite of self-indulgence. It doesn't mean gratifying an isolated part of you; it means satisfying your whole self, and this includes the feelings and ties and responsibilities you have to others, too. . . . The Bible says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," not "better than," or "instead of" thyself. If we cannot love ourselves, where will we draw our love for anyone else?

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November Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



When this magazine published GAVIN LAMBERT's two articles on the making of the movie of *Gone With the Wind*, we received more mail than we had in many years for any single article or series of articles. We are now happy to announce publication of the book from which those articles were taken, *GWTW: THE MAKING OF GONE WITH THE WIND*, which gives us a chance to digress a bit and talk about the happy marriage between *The Atlantic* and the Atlantic Monthly Press.

When you publish a first-class national magazine—as we think we do—you find that a high proportion of the best writing in the United States crosses the Editor's desk. Naturally, regardless of the quality of the material, there is only so much room in each issue, so not every good manuscript is published in *The Atlantic*. But we at the Press nevertheless take note, and quite often a book under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint will result from a magazine submission. In some happy cases—Lambert's *GWTW* is one—we can publish excerpts in *The Atlantic* before publication of the book. It is these occasions that make us feel happiest as a publisher, because we are doing what we do best: bringing good writing to the greatest number of people in both magazine and book form.

GWTW: THE MAKING OF GONE WITH THE WIND

by Gavin Lambert

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LITTLE, BROWN

Well, sure. And, no. This advice is laden with partial wisdom. It makes sense only in a context. We can all imagine the situation and the person for whom it would be just the thing to say. And no one would deny that love proceeds more easily from a heart at peace with itself. But how to achieve that? Don't most of us need to do more *out there*, with other people, need to escape, for say fifteen or twenty seconds a day, our cell of self-concern in order to come back to find an improved self? Isn't that the fairly humble psychological point of the biblical injunction?

A Delphic vagueness prevails in *How to Be Your Own Best Friend*, and I guess it is essential to the book's effect. There is an anecdote, though—perhaps apocryphal; it doesn't matter—that sticks in the mind. The teacherly voice describes an encounter with a man in mourning. "You look as if you had lost your best friend," says the voice. (The next remark is firmly in mind.) The man assents. "Don't you know who your best friend is?" the voice inquires. A modest little tale, but it's infected, it seems to me, with a kind of meanness of spirit. The assumption is that you can grieve for no one else. Often true enough; but a nasty assumption.

The effect of *How to Be Your Own Best Friend* and of *I'm OK—You're OK* is to trivialize all that they touch. In their assurances that we create our future, they denature the conflict between our need to change and to create a life whose narrative makes some sense. And they advance a notion of the self that is small and hermetic.

It is possible to read along in both these books, aware of the inadequacies but tranquilized by the cheerful half-truths, and to forget what it is that is wholly absent from these pages. What's missing is only some adequate acknowledgment of the life that confronts us each morning. The constraints of class, custom, and institutional hierarchy are scarcely alluded to. There is little sense of the endlessly fluid circumstance that makes up a day, the thousand situations in which we assert and defer, define or make a fool of ourselves, perceive or misperceive others. Gesture, tone, rit-

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ual, manners are treated dismissively.

The ultimate, dubious promise of these books seems to be an escape from all that mundaneness. The transcendence that is offered may itself be mundane—conceive of going through a week with that refrain, “I’m OK—You’re OK,” in your head—but it holds out hope of relief from the sticky intricacies of the moment. It’s a desire that we all have felt, and one with which our culture is oversupplied.

There is a book, though, appearing this fall, treating matters of selfhood, that doesn’t shrink from the encounter with ordinary, niggling events. I have in mind *THE PRESENTATION OF SELF IN EVERYDAY LIFE*, by Erving Goffman, which was first published in paper in 1959, and is being reissued now in hard-cover (Overlook, \$10.00).

Since *The Presentation of Self* first appeared, Goffman has written seven books (*Asylums*, *Encounters*, *Interaction Ritual*, *Behavior in Public Places*, *Stigma*, *Relations in Public*, and *Strategic Interaction*), all sociological studies that concentrate on the visible social relations, on exterior life. They have earned him a considerable following. A characteristic way of praising Goffman is to compare him to a novelist, for the fineness of his perceptions. This is a mistake. Sociologists are not novelists, as Goffman is wise enough to know. He makes no effort to render his ideas dramatically. He is often hard to read, dry (sometimes dryly witty), open to charges of obviousness. But there is this to be said for him: he appears always to be right. I mean not only that he speaks the truth but that he has an implicit awareness of the limits of his argument. And he has a respect for the density of life in its smallest units that a novelist or any other writer needs.

Goffman has written about such topics as keeping and losing face, embarrassment, the intricacies of presenting and interpreting “normal appearances.” He describes the relationships of con men to connees, and the gravity of emotion that accompanies such acts as going out of one’s way to avoid greeting an acquaintance. He knows that social concerns can inhabit the most extreme situation. From his book,

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Add tomatoes and bring to a boil.

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Relations in Public: "A person with carcinoma of the bladder can, if he wants, die with more social grace and propriety, more apparent inner social normalcy, than a man with a harelip can order a piece of apple pie."

In *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, Goffman advances a governing idea, that we can learn something about the idea of selfhood simply by observing what happens (to quote the book's unobtrusive first phrase) "when an individual enters the presence of others"—what he looks for, what he attempts to display. Goffman suggests that a commonplace metaphor can serve to describe much of what we call social life: the stage.

Goffman is blessed with a singular patience, which the elaboration of this metaphor demands. He covers a great deal of seemingly unpromising ground, delineating the ways in which we arrange impressions that we seek to convey, create masks, ally ourselves with other performers with whom we share secrets "backstage." All of this is rather common knowledge in the abstract (though it is enlivened by Goffman's hungry love of social detail; he has searched sociological literature for examples of faux pas, vanity, and deceit). But however unsurprising Goffman's work may seem at a single moment, it demonstrates an idea that is by no means trivial.

He is reminding the reader that much of what we refer to as "self" is not tangible and permanent but evanescent. What is more, it is not purely the creation of an individual: all social situations are "collusive"—they depend on a shared agreement of their definition by audience and performer. Goffman remarks toward the close of the book:

A correctly staged and performed scene leads the audience to impute a self to a performed character, but this imputation—this self—is a *product* of a scene that comes off, and is not a *cause* of it. The self, then, as a performed character, is not an organic thing that has a specific location, whose fundamental fate is to be born, to mature, and to die; it is a dramatic effect arising diffusely from a scene that is presented, and the characteristic issue, the crucial concern, is whether it will be credited or discredited.

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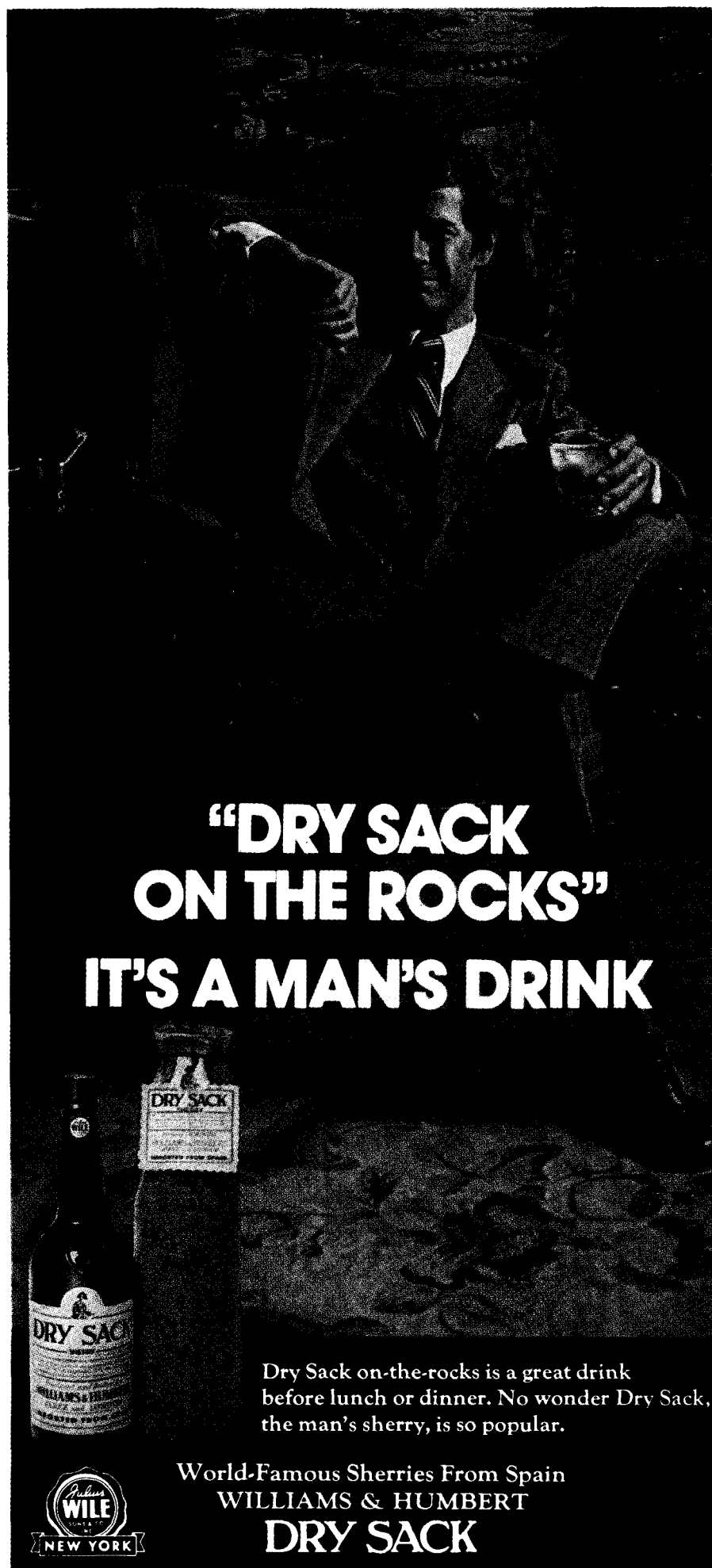
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It is important to note what Goffman is not saying: he is not denying the existence of individual difference, of character or neurosis, of the distinct continuity a life maintains. He is insisting, however, that much of what we take for character or personality or self is chimerical, and that a great deal of our life consists of the creation of these fleeting selves.

How to respond to this idea? If you are Dr. Thomas A. Harris, I expect you say: how true, and what a

pity. Games. But the "games people play"—the index to *I'm OK—You're OK* lists tidily about two dozen of them—are an impossibly reductive way of viewing what is the substance of much of our life. To listen to those who subscribe to this notion, you would think that we are children in a ring who need only step back, grow up, become ourselves. But try it, and you discover that you have joined another ring, and that this playground stretches beyond the horizon.

THE NOBLE AND THE ABSURD

by William Abrahams

THE HONORARY CONSUL
by Graham Greene
Simon and Schuster, \$7.95

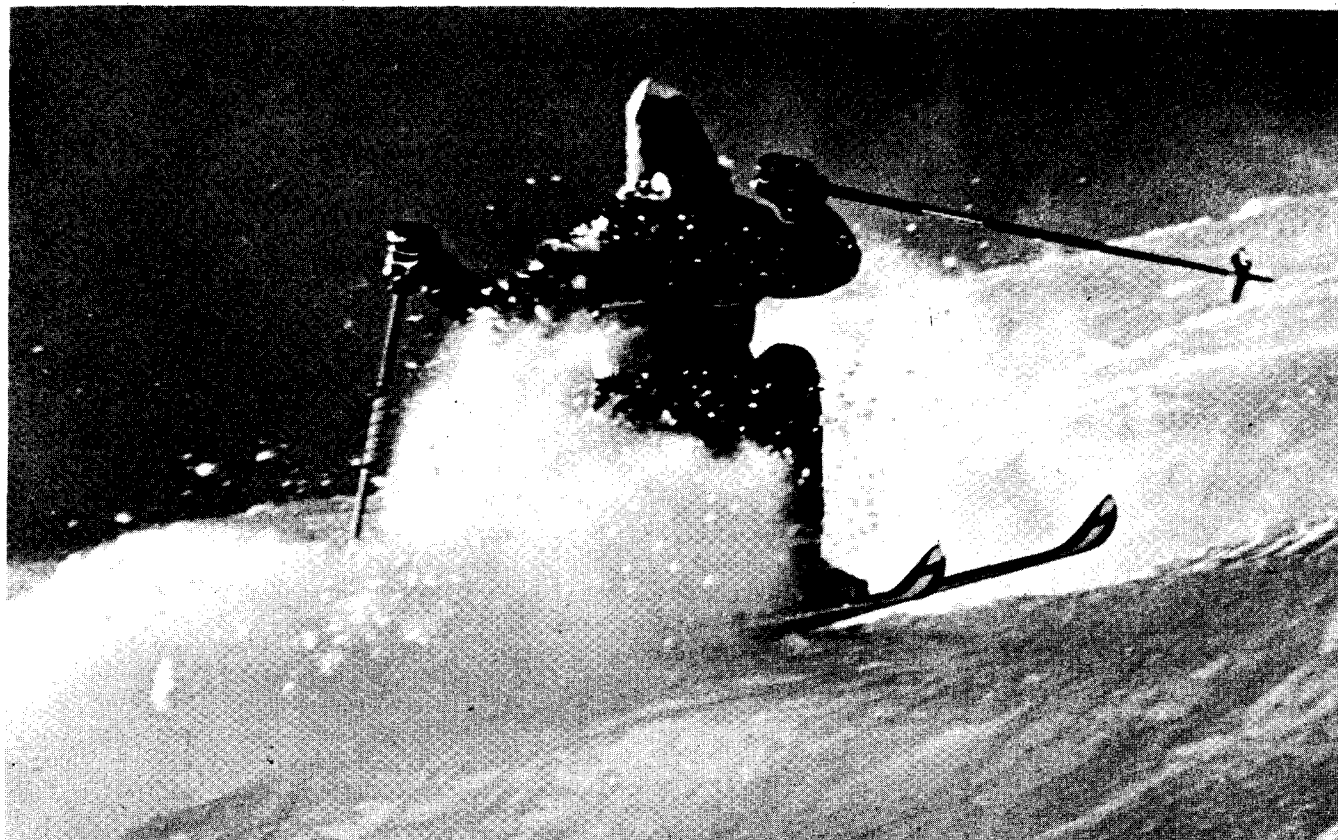
Next October Graham Greene will be seventy, old enough, should he wish, to play the unlikely role of Dean of English Novelists—Anthony Powell, his only rival, is a year younger—and to accept those other honors that lie in wait for a writer of his acknowledged eminence. One can imagine—just—the summons to Buckingham Palace (Sir Graham? Lord Greene? or the simple grandeur of the Order of Merit, as with E. M. Forster and Henry James?).

But, whatever glories lie in the future, this year Graham Greene is only a young sixty-nine (to judge from his prose), and not yet ready to be hoisted up on a pedestal. In *The Honorary Consul* one discovers none of the symptoms of respectable laureled age: pomposity, dither, and self-approbation. Unless I have miscounted, among the forty-seven books that comprise his work thus far, it is his nineteenth novel, and it is one of his best, as vivid, alive, and unmistakably, uniquely his own as the novels he was writing when he was half his present age—*Brighton Rock*, *The Confidential Agent*, and *The Power and the Glory*.

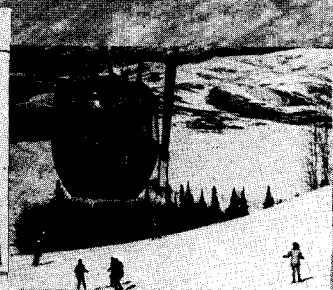
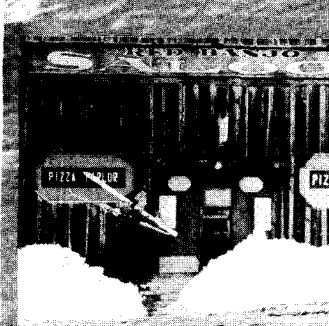
Until a few years ago, it was Mr. Greene's practice to assign his novels to categories: there were the "Entertainments" (presumably too entertaining to be serious), such as *The Ministry of Fear* and *Our Man in Havana*, and there were the

"Novels" (presumably too serious to be entertaining), such as *The Heart of the Matter* and *The End of the Affair*. Now, very sensibly, he has decided to abolish the distinction, and the sometime Entertainments are henceforth to be listed among his works simply as novels—which is what his admirers have always thought them to be anyway. Categories, whether in art or life, are approximations at best; the firm line of definition, meant to separate one thing from another, begins to blur virtually as it is being drawn; and the quotation from Hardy—"All things merge in one another, good into evil, generosity into justice, religion into politics..."—which serves as a wonderfully appropriate epigraph to *The Honorary Consul* is not inappropriate to this reconsideration by the author of what his books are. In all of them, whatever their differences in form and tone and intention, and no matter that Greene is a well-known Catholic writer, a highly personal view of life is being expressed, of the incongruities and contradictions that are an inescapable part of human existence, a view which came to the author at an extraordinarily early age.

Not for him the Wordsworthian reassurance that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." He knew, from the very beginning it seems, that the idyllic and the macabre could be contained simultaneously within the space of one's pram, and from there onward through all the living spaces



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one occupies up to and including one's coffin. In a characteristic passage in his autobiography *A Sort of Life*, he writes:

The first thing I remember is sitting in a pram at the top of a hill with a dead dog lying at my feet. . . . The dog, as I know now, was a pug owned by my elder sister. It had been run over—by a horse carriage?—and killed and the nurse thought it convenient to bring the cadaver home this way.

Now consider another characteristic passage, this one from *The Honorary Consul*. Dr. Eduardo Plarr, the central character in the novel, is entering a fashionable tearoom in Buenos Aires to have tea with his elderly mother—not necessarily an idyllic occasion, but one certainly within the genteel, as opposed to the macabre, tradition:

He saw her at the far end of the crowded tearoom, sitting in unrelieved black before a plate of sweet cakes. She said, "You are ten minutes late, Eduardo." From his early childhood they had always spoken Spanish together. Only with his father had he spoken English and his father was a man of few words.

"I am sorry, mother. You should have begun." When he bent to kiss her cheek he could smell the hot chocolate in her cup like a sweet breath from a tomb.

Only to a novelist whose first memory was of a dead dog in his pram would that incongruous, unexpected, concluding simile come so effortlessly—for surely it is not the usual thing to associate the smell of hot chocolate with "a sweet breath from the tomb." Yet within the context of the novel, where Mrs. Plarr is effectively one of the living dead, and given what we know of Plarr himself, its aptness is never in question: such a thought might well have crossed his mind at such a moment.

Dr. Plarr lives in a provincial city in Argentina, far from the teashop in Buenos Aires where his mother gobbles up éclairs all the afternoons of her life, just over the border from Paraguay, where his father has been a political prisoner for many years. Among his patients is Jorge Julio Saavreda (one of Greene's happiest inventions), a Latin-American novelist of preternatural solemnity, dedicated in life and art to

machismo—no danger of Saavreda writing a mere entertainment.

There was a heavy music in his style, the drum-beats of destiny were never very far away, but Doctor Plarr sometimes had a longing to exclaim to his melancholy patient, "Life isn't like that. Life isn't noble or dignified. Even Latin-American life. Nothing is ineluctable [a favorite word of Saavreda's]. Life has surprises. Life is absurd."

That life is absurd is given comic, ironic, sympathetic, touching, and finally even noble expression (as it were, in spite of itself) in *The Honorary Consul*, which is constructed around the story of a botched political kidnapping. Mr. Greene, with a fine disregard for what's in fashion in fiction, continues as in the past to pay a good deal of attention to plot in the novel, and his deployment of it here is a remarkable demonstration of how much plot still has to give to the novelist who is willing to approach it seriously. In the circumstances, it would be unfair to prospective readers to elaborate upon it and so diminish the pleasure that awaits them (as for myself, I had the good fortune to read *The Honorary Consul* with no notion whatever of what was coming: I can say that in the management of suspense and surprise to the last page, as in all other aspects of his craft, Mr. Greene is never less than masterly). Still, I think there is no harm in revealing that the wrong man is kidnapped, not the American Ambassador who might have been held successfully for ransom (the release of a batch of political prisoners), but poor Charlie Fortnum, the Honorary Consul, who is, in the words of the British Ambassador, "pitifully small beer."

The relationship between Plarr and Fortnum, and the relationship of the two to the ex-priest and the ex-poet who are the revolutionaries turned kidnappers—the doctor, who has been a schoolboy friend of theirs in Paraguay, is called in by them now to treat their victim—these relationships are at the heart of the novel, giving it a depth, subtlety, and power to move, quite different from the pleasurable anxiety induced by its plot. Unlikely and contrasting protagonists, Plarr and Fortnum have little in common—until they are brought together in the

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hideaway in the *barrio*—beyond their being two-thirds of the British colony in the port city, and their sharing (unknowingly on Fortnum's part) the same woman: Fortnum's wife, Clara, whom Fortnum loves and whom Plarr makes love to.

If at first the Honorary Consul is made to seem merely contemptible, little more than a lachrymose, self-pitying drunk, as the action progresses and he continues to be held by his kidnappers, awaiting an answer to their ultimatum, he gradually begins to change. Or, more likely, we are made to see him (as happens with Plarr) in a new light, no longer a figure of low sentimental comedy easily shrugged off, but a man recognizably human, pitiable (and understandable) in his weakness, and admirable in his certainties. And Plarr, with his cynicism and studious detachment, his world-weariness, self-contempt, and icy sexual prowess that make him, in his fashion, a figure of high bleak comedy, also begins to change.

At one point in the action (which

I shall not describe), he reflects, "For heaven's sake let this comedy end in comedy. None of us are suited to tragedy." But this sort of self-disparagement, so characteristic of the strategy by which he defends himself against involvement, is not adequate to the situation in which he finds himself. He is forced, first, to recognize the inadequacy of his defenses—"That stupid banal word love. It's never meant anything to me. Like the word God. I know how to fuck—I don't know how to love"—then, to involve himself, deprecating all the while what he does, in life, in death.

Very subtly, the premises with which the novel begins have been modified and finally reversed. Yes, life is absurd; but it is more than that; it is also, or can be at certain moments, however embarrassing the word, noble; and to behave nobly is the possibility open to the least of us, whether a priest who has broken his vows, a doctor incapable of giving himself to another, or a sentimental, used-up honorary consul.

and it's a joyful celebration cake to round out the baker's dozen. The film flows like an athlete in top form and because its subject is movies and its director Truffaut, it plays like a love story, an intricate affair of ups and downs, whose disappointments are never quite tragedies because its "realism" is part of a larger romance.

This romance with the cinema is a peculiarly New Wave phenomenon, and it makes *Day For Night* a key film in the movement, even a decade later. It's the subject for which the style was born. There have been movies about movies before, of course, but *Day For Night* is probably the first whose concern is the making of a film, not the peripheral glamour that surrounds it. When Hollywood takes us behind the scenes, it's usually down the slippery corridor to fan magazine morality (will success spoil?) or stardom (will Lana Turner flub her lines?). In European films, the movies have either been a background (the Cinecittà of Godard's *Le Mèpris*) or a springboard for statements on creativity and "real" life (Fellini). But in *Day For Night* we leave the set only to see how the personal stories—none of which is particularly interesting in itself—will affect the next day's shooting. The film is the thing.

Even the title, a term for shooting a night scene in daylight with special filters, alerts us to this technical approach. A company has come to the Studios La Victorine in Nice to film a fluffy melodrama called *Je Vous Présente Pamela* (translated as *Meet Pamela*, which makes it sound like a Sandra Dee vehicle). *Day For Night* charts its making through seven weeks (roughly the same shooting schedule as *Day For Night*) of crises, pressures, retakes, small victories; and that is all. But for Truffaut and the New Wave audience he has helped create, it is everything. The harried but cool style of the director (Truffaut himself) is different from that of, say, Jimmy Cagney putting on a show in *Footlight Parade*, but the momentum is the same. This is a story of personal lives consumed in a collective experience. When the fickle script girl runs off to London with the stunt man, the crew is outraged. "I'd drop a guy for a film," the continuity girl

MOVIES

TRUFFAUT'S CINEMA NOTEBOOK

by Joseph Kanon

"Some films are slices of life," Alfred Hitchcock told François Truffaut during their famous series of interviews in 1962. "Mine are slices of cake." It's a thought that hasn't always served Truffaut well. His homage to the master, *The Bride Wore Black* (1967), had practically no life at all, much less a slice, and from time to time he has seemed in danger of taking on Hitchcock's worst traits (notably, an indifference to actors). In his ironic *Mississippi Mermaid* (1969), the plot was so vague and splintered that it was often difficult to figure out why the characters were there, other than to enjoy that lovely house on Réunion. Truffaut, in a sense, is one director who doesn't need Hitchcock—his best movies are brimming with life, the situations tacked together not with gimmicks but with the sheer exuberance of their director. And this is as true of something as somber as *The Wild Child* (1969) as it is

of the more obvious favorite, *Jules et Jim* (1961). He has what few of his idols and none of his New Wave colleagues have: a sense for ordinary life beautifully, even lovingly, observed. One thinks immediately of Jim and little Sabine rolling down the hillside, a caught moment of eternal summer, or the famous cycling shots in *Jules et Jim* where youth seems as tangible as the rush of wind on one's face. When a director can do things like these, an arid exercise like *The Bride Wore Black* seems a waste, the bourgeois charm of *Bed and Board* (1970) as memorable as a Kleenex.

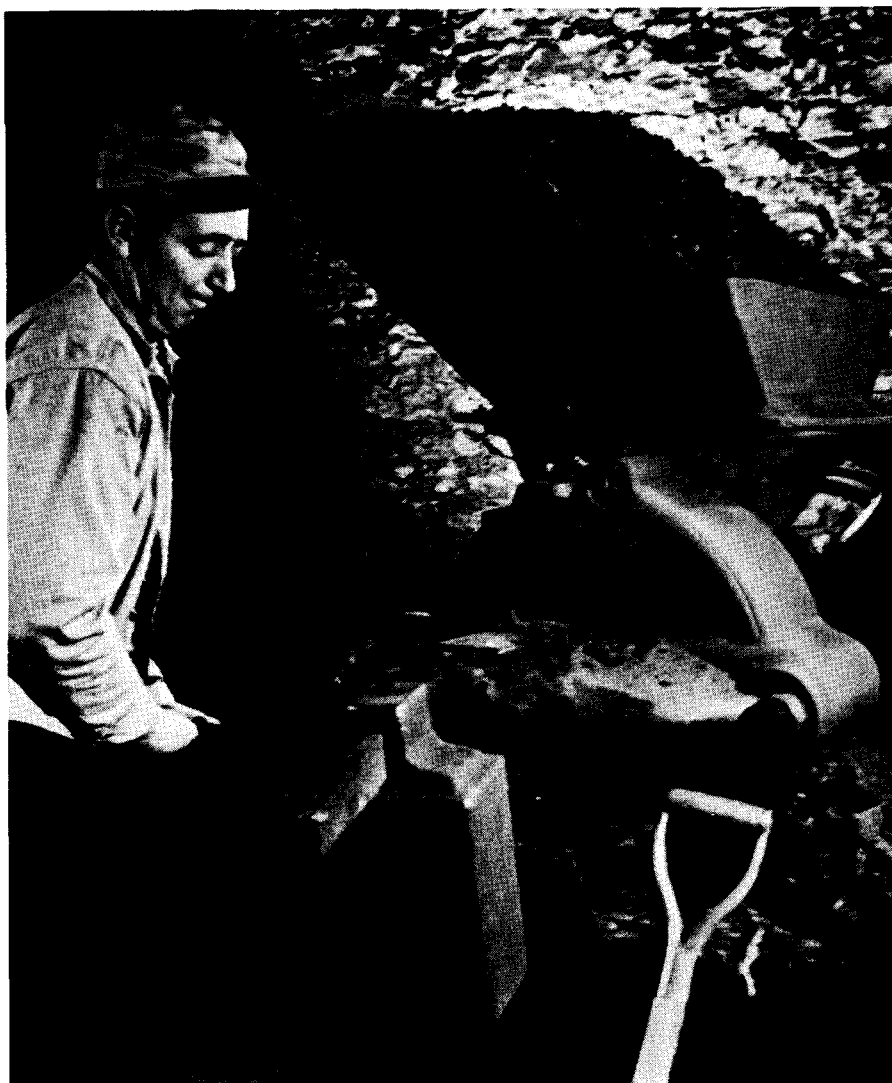
But Truffaut disappoints only to come back and surprise. *Day For Night* (*La Nuit Américaine*), which opened this year's New York Film Festival and was easily the most talked-about film at Cannes (where it was shown out of competition), is Truffaut's thirteenth feature-length film (there were a few early shorts)

says. "I'd never drop a film for a guy."

There has never been another film so saturated with cinema, references and visual clues piled thick on one another like pages torn from *Les Cahiers du Cinéma*. Driving to location, the crew pass down the Rue Jean Vigo. One crew member and his wife, a jealous scold, are nicknamed The Sorrow and The Pity. There is a direct reference to *The Rules of the Game* (about the cook who'll cater to diets, but not to fads), and a long incident with a cat that refuses to perform for the cameras, which is based on a well-known Hitchcock anecdote about the filming of *Number Seventeen*. Nor does Truffaut neglect his own movies. When leading man Jean-Pierre Léaud gets an offer to make Turgenev's *First Love* in Tokyo with a Japanese actress, we're reminded of his liaison in *Bed and Board*. At another point, a crew member announces his engagement to the makeup girl with "She's experienced and I'm not," like the couple in *Shoot the Piano Player*. There is even a dream sequence in which Truffaut sees himself as a child stealing publicity stills from a theater showing *Citizen Kane*. This kind of association game runs a distracting risk, but the very quantity and frequency of the references give them the density of a tapestry background—you can examine them individually if you like or just look at the whole pattern.

Truffaut even uses the actors as visual signals: Jean-Pierre Léaud, an actor who has literally grown up in Truffaut films, suggests the other works by his very presence; Jean-Pierre Aumont, as the former matinee idol reminiscing about Hollywood twenty years ago, could very well be talking about himself. Occasionally the connections can work in deeper ways. When the American actress (Jacqueline Bisset) confides in the director during an emotional crisis, he places the speech in her script for the following day, and there is an added resonance because this is the way Truffaut works—writing a scene after talking it over with his actors, so that he can use their own vocabulary.

Day For Night is not, mercifully, one of those ponderous films within a film—we can see right away that



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Meet Pamela isn't worth bothering about—and the role confusion that often ensues is not so much a question of illusion and reality (they mix and what is to be done about it, after all?) as the strain of work. *Meet Pamela* takes on a life of its own—expectedly, everything becomes grist for its mill—but what we watch is the life being given to it. We become involved in the professionalism of it all, feeling the little personal crises as annoyances. The real heroes are the crew, the people who don't throw tantrums (as the actors threaten to do) but simply get on with the job. When the aging Italian actress (Valentina Cortese) keeps messing up a scene—she wants to recite numbers and dub the words later, as she does for "Federico," until Truffaut tells her, "In France, we have to say the lines"—our sympathy is mixed with impatience at her wasting everybody's time. The self-absorption of the actors is even played for laughs: during a series of press interviews it comes out that each of the actors thinks *Meet Pamela* is a story about the character he's playing. But Truffaut can use this professionalism for some chilling irony. When Aumont's death in a car accident threatens to stop the film, there isn't much time for grief—we become involved in the plans for shooting around him. The real fascination is with the job, the mechanics: a trick candle with a secret light on an actress's face, a stunt car crash, a Parisian square springing to life at the sound of a megaphone (the same set, incidentally, used for *The Madwoman of Chaillot*).

Yet none of this behind-the-scenes realism is pedestrian or flat. The ironic joke of the New Wave is that it substituted one form of glamour for another—some shots of the film-making itself are positively lyrical. A clip of the car crash is played back and forth on the projector like trapped mercury and in one scene there is simply a shot of film, a strip of orange and one of black, flowing out of a machine like Halloween ribbons.

The stamp of the New Wave is all over this film and to sit through it is to be reminded again how much the movement has changed the face of movies, how innovative and exciting the sixties were. And

somehow it is appropriate that Truffaut should film its eulogy. Godard is the genius of the group—certainly it is difficult to imagine the sixties without him—but his brilliance seems to have consumed itself, as if there weren't enough room for all that energy. Truffaut is a less dazzling talent but a flexible one and he is unique in the affection he pours into his work. He is one of the few directors who can communicate to an audience a sense of his own enjoyment in making films. And *Day For Night*, this product of and comment on the New Wave, seems to have had a liberating effect: his camera hasn't moved this way in years. The screen fairly buzzes with wipes, aerial shots, ovals, and the rest of it. The film has a particularly sunny look and feel to it, the result perhaps of enthusiasm as much as the Riviera climate, and the color is sharp and beautiful. Some of the technique is startlingly good: when Jacqueline Bisset arrives at the airport, the screen registers flashbulbs as the plane lands, before we see the photographers' cameras, and it seems to compress the whole emotional feeling of the following scene. One sequence of shots through a rainy kitchen window is virtually a symphony of film (there is background music as well). Truffaut, moreover, has the right sort of diffidence to carry off the director's role (he can also be an effective actor, as in *The Wild Child*). The New Wave had a tendency to replace stars with directors and it would have been unfortunate to see this happen here—*Day For Night* is a movie about movies, not about a personality.

But if *Day For Night* is a tribute to the strengths of the New Wave—its spontaneity, visual dexterity, and feel for the medium—it suggests the limitations as well. It's a self-conscious way to make movies and perhaps because of this there is an emotional level it can only marginally satisfy. Self-consciousness is built into the subject of *Day For Night*, so it becomes less an issue than it might in other films, but the hints are there. It may not be terribly important to the overall scope of the film that most of the off-camera stories don't come to life, but the fact is they don't. Jean-Pierre Léaud's nervous affair with the script girl, in particular, is so



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tiresome that after a while you don't care what point is being made. But Truffaut rarely spends enough time on these scenes to make the flaw count for much—the bits are just swept up into a kaleidoscope of life around the set. When Léaud asks people whether they think women are magic, it's a running gag, irrelevant, because everyone is involved in the larger magic of movies.

Truffaut shows that the process can be frustrating, pressured, even sour, but his film is a gesture of love to the medium. There is, in the end, something beyond all the petty

squabbles, the race against time, the clash of egos. A decision is made to shoot the last scene with the fake Parisian square covered in snow. The Nice fire department is called out, detergent soap bubbles pour from the hoses, Métro stations turn white. It's an interesting procedure, and a rather funny one, and then the camera pulls back, the actors, all muffled now, take their places, and suddenly we are in a square covered in snow. It doesn't matter that we know it's soap; something more special than knowing has happened. They're making a movie.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

WILL ROGERS; His Life and Times
by Richard M. Ketchum
McGraw-Hill, \$15.00

Buffalo Bill, whom I saw at the age of nine, was a showman echo of the Old West; Will Rogers, twirling his rope, looking up at you under his shock of hair with that big grin as he made those casual, funny remarks in his Oklahoma drawl, was the real thing. He had the qualities we always need in our public prints and so seldom find; he put our love of exaggeration and ridicule into American lingo that constantly took us by surprise—"There's no other country with as much air, and not knowing where it's going as this country." He poked fun at the middleheads in Washington—"Lord, the money we do spend on government and it's not one bit better than the government we got for one-third the money twenty years ago."

Hoover was a favorite target, but Will saw both sides of the President's dilemma in this comparison he drew in 1930: "Nobody ever asked Coolidge to fix a thing. We just let everything go, and everybody grabbed off what he could. . . . Now Mr. Hoover is elected and we want him to fix everything. Farm relief—we want him to fix the farmer. Now, the farmer never had relief. . . . He never had it even under Lincoln. . . . Prosperity—millions of people never had it under nobody and never will have

it under anybody, but they all want it under Mr. Hoover. Women—women in this country, they think that Mr. Hoover ought to come in and wash the dishes . . . and help take care of the baby or something. If the weather is wrong, we blame it on Hoover." He spoke with instinctive fellow feeling, as in this reference to FDR in the worst of the Depression: "Even if what he does is wrong they are with him, just so he does something. If he burned down the capitol we would cheer and say, 'Well, we at least got a fire started, anyhow.'" And as a sideline on himself he once admitted, "You have to have a serious streak in you or you can't see the funny side of the other fellow."

Will's origin, as Mr. Ketchum tells us in this quotable, vigorous, copiously illustrated book, was more native than that of any other American philosopher, his father being one-eighth Cherokee and his mother a quarter-blood. Clem Rogers was a big man and a successful rancher; his range included about sixty thousand acres in the Indian Territory, and the ranch house in which Will was born in 1879, a structure of hewn logs, two stories high, with seven large rooms, open fireplaces, and the only piano in the entire district, was a focal point. Here in his boyhood Will must have heard the brutal story of the Trail of Tears, of how the Cherokees had been driven out of their rich holdings in Georgia

in 1830, and it may have opened his mind to the injustice which is so prevalent in our country. The unbroken grasslands of his youth and the chance to trail four thousand head to the market in St. Louis developed his passion for roping. Schooling he resisted. "I spent two years at Kemper [military academy]," he said, "one in the guard-house and one in the fourth grade."

As Will grew older, his father gave him a herd of his own, hoping to keep his son on the ranch, but Will had wanderlust, and after sharp words he got a job in a Wild West show where he was billed as a champion lassoer, "The Cherokee Kid." He toured Argentina and South Africa, and his big break came in the spring of 1905, when he made his debut in Madison Square Garden. He was the featured roper—at twenty dollars a week—and he made the headlines when an eight-hundred-pound steer with horns that spread five feet leaped out of the ring and looped up the stairs to the balcony, disappearing behind the box seats. Hot after it went "the Indian Will Rogers," who got his rope around the horns and swerved it down the steps and back into the ring. Will called it "the biggest hit here I ever dreamed of," and his skill and the publicity were to lead him into vaudeville where for a time he performed his incredible tricks with the rope (he had fifty-three of them) gracefully, chewing gum, and saying not a word.

At Hammerstein's he performed with his favorite pony, who was shod with felt hooves; he stopped the orchestra and announced to the house, "I am going to throw about two of these ropes at once, catching the horse with one and the rider with the other"; then he grinned and added, "I don't have any idea I'll get it, but here goes." To his amazement the crowd laughed and they roared later when he improvised, "Swinging a rope is all right, when your neck ain't in it. Then it's hell." He was such a hit at Hammerstein's that he had to put on two different shows, one in the theater, one in the Roof Garden, and in the interval he studied the newspapers, which of course led to his famous opening: "All I know is just what I read in the papers."

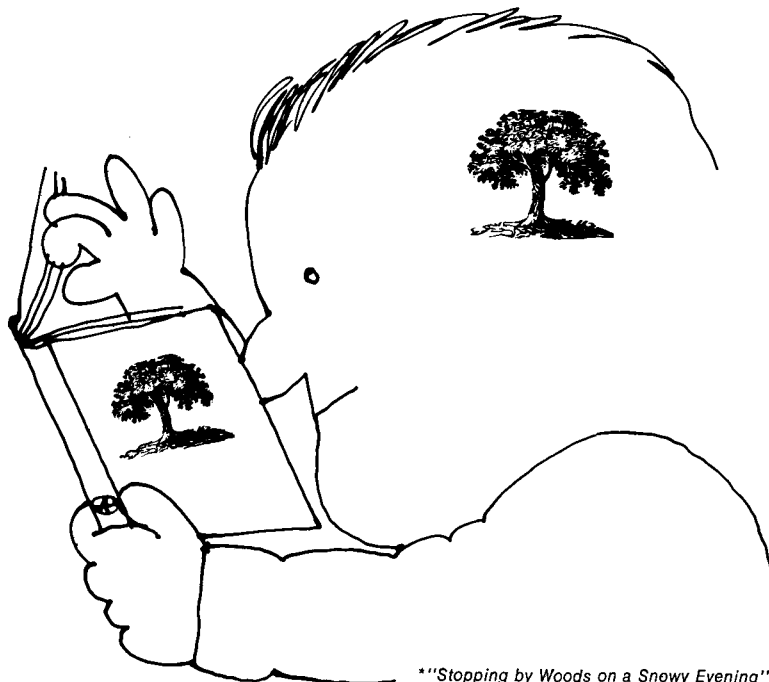
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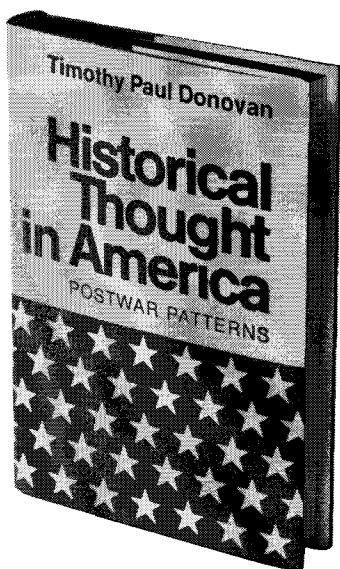
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a week, Clem Rogers came east to see him, and would count the house. Will's marriage to Betty Blake, whom he had courted for eight years, his triumph in the Ziegfeld Follies, where his originality shone in the midst of the pulchritude, his friendship with W. C. Fields, his success in Hollywood, his promotion to the front page of the *New York Times*, his happy family life, and his death at fifty-six in an airplane crash in Alaska—the story is all here, authentic, and graphic, and American as the man himself.

THE ROTHSCHILDS
by Virginia Cowles
Knopf, \$15.00

Virginia Cowles's biography of the Rothschilds is a chronicle, by turns individual and panoramic, of the richest and oldest financial dynasty in the Western world. The founding father, Mayer Amschel Rothschild, by his initiative and persistence worked his way out of the Frankfurt ghetto in the last half of the eighteenth century. Financial transactions of that period were carried on in gold and it was Amschel's skill in collecting loans and establishing credit abroad for his master, William IX of Hesse-Cassel, which was to make that prince the wealthiest in the Holy Roman Empire. During the French Revolution the Jew had complete command of his patron's confidence. As Miss Cowles says, the two men watching the march of events "nursed a deep concern; the Prince had a fortune to keep and the Jew a fortune to make."

In his rise Mayer Amschel depended on the versatility of his five ambitious sons. He trained them in the "new" finance. He gave them latitude, yet saw that they adhered to three principles: marriage within the faith, preferably within the clan; unity of operation, dictated by the ablest; and the theory resulting from their opposition to Napoleon, that wars were ruinous.

At the turn of the nineteenth century the sons were established in five capitals: Nathan in London, James in Paris, Salomon in Vienna, Carl in southern Italy, Amschel the younger in Frankfurt. Nathan in London's rich pasture was the genius: he supplied the gold that

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Wellington needed for his army in Spain, and he became expert in "bulling" or "bearing" the market. Perceiving the effect of political news on the stock exchange, he established a messenger service by carrier pigeons, postillions, and the bold sea captains, so that the Rothschilds were banking on the victory at Waterloo forty hours before Wellington's dispatches reached London. Salomon in Vienna was the agent for Metternich and he procured the title of Baron for all five. The growth of the Rothschild fortune was astronomical, and if one brother, for instance James in Paris, were being pressed, the others came to his rescue. Their primary loyalty was to the family, not to the country in which they dwelt.

Miss Cowles tells the story appreciatively and with a clear grasp of finance. Her most brilliant characterization is of Nathan, that stolid figure always dressed in black and a high silk hat, standing before his favorite pillar in the stock exchange. She does not try to whitewash his finaglings, as when he used Prince William's English investment for his private profit but at no loss to the Prince. She tells with glee the Rothschilds' resistance to the ancient ostracism of the Jews: in Vienna, where no Jew was permitted to buy a house, Salomon booked every room in the most luxurious hotel, used it for his own, and excluded the former patrons until the law was rescinded. In England, the Rothschilds found a champion in Disraeli and when they raised the money for him to purchase the Suez Canal shares, Queen Victoria relented and at last a Rothschild entered the House of Lords.

In our time the family energy was diversified—to Zionism, to the two famous vineyards, at Château Lafite and Château Mouton, to the building of monstrous houses overstuffing with costly objects, to philanthropies, and to collections of art totaling 20 percent of the treasures confiscated by Hitler's curators (and eventually recovered). The Rothschild monopoly vanished (the banks which survived the World Wars operate as independent entities) but the Rothschilds are still capable of enormous enterprise, as in the new developments in New-

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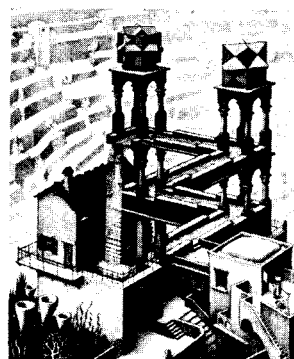
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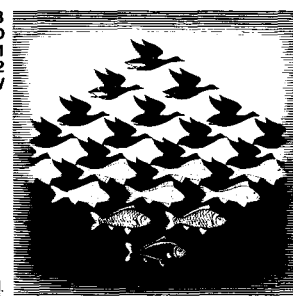
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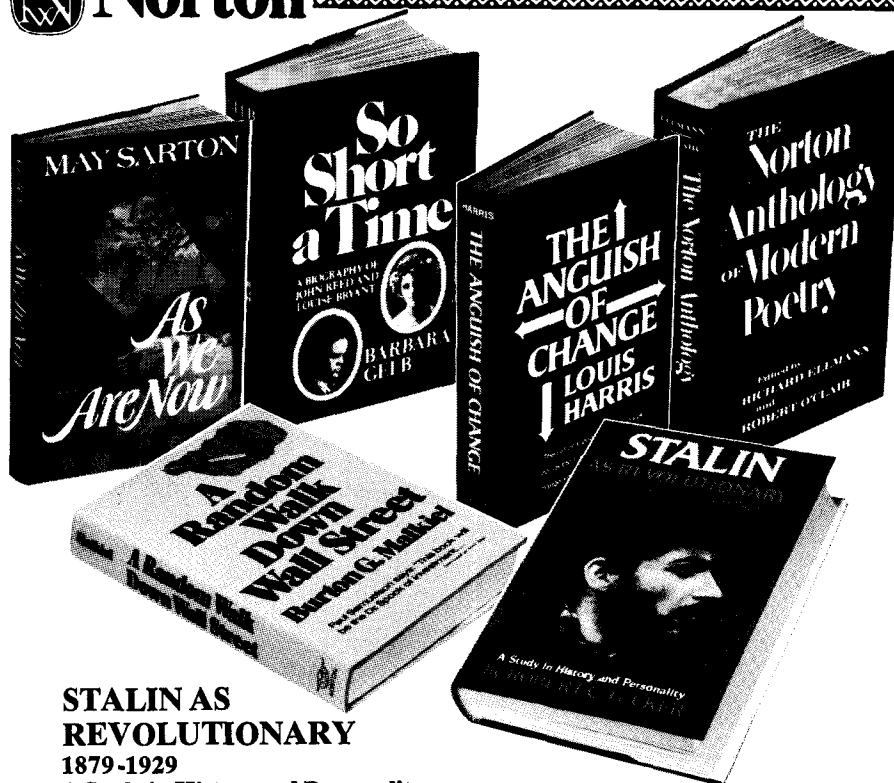
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THEOPHILUS NORTH
by Thornton Wilder
Harper & Row, \$7.95

The key to this mischievous and amusing novel about Newport, Rhode Island, is that Theophilus North, the hero-author, in his youth aspired to be a missionary among primitive peoples. He graduated from Yale in 1920, and after studying archaeology for a year in Rome, he settled down to the more prosaic task of teaching at a boys' school in New Jersey (with a slight change in the time sequence, this was Mr. Wilder's beginning). After four and a half years of academic confinement and three summers of tutoring, Theophilus at twenty-nine felt "innerly exhausted," cynical, and badly in need of a change.

An epidemic at the school releases him in April and with his two thousand dollars' savings he heads north in his jalopy, light-headed in his freedom and ready for adventure. The car breaks down in Newport, which he had observed from a distance during his military service at Fort Adams, and on the advice of the superintendent of the Casino, he decides to advertise his availability as a tennis coach for youngsters and as a reader for adults.

In Rome Theophilus had been enthralled by Schliemann's discovery of ancient Troy, the nine cities superimposed on one site. Now from his room in the YMCA he sets out to befriend those who dwell within "the nine cities" of Newport. The first comprises the vestiges of the earliest settlement, and the second is the beautiful eighteenth-century town which played so important a part in the Revolution. The third is the remnant of a once prosperous seaport, the fourth belongs to the Army and Navy, and the fifth city was the intellectual sanctuary of Henry James and his brilliant sons, of Julia Ward Howe, and J. L. R. Agassiz. The sixth is the summer resort of the very rich who in 1926 were still building their colossal "cottages," and the seventh

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is composed of their servants. The eighth is the camp followers and the parasites—journalists ("smearers"), detectives, gigolos, and fortune hunters—and the ninth is the marketplace, "buying and selling, raising its children and burying its dead."

As his reputation for reading aloud spreads, Theophilus is booked for as many engagements as he can cope with, and to orient himself in these fashionable circles he confides in Bill Wentworth of the Casino, in Henry Simmons, the superior English butler, and in Mrs. Cranston, who remembers the skeleton in every closet. In his comings and goings on his bicycle, in his refusal to accept any social engagements, he becomes the most welcomed, most hated newcomer in the place—hated because, with his missionary zeal, he cannot resist helping those who are being victimized. He helps the Honorable James McHenry Bosworth, living in "Nine Gables" while his daughters, the "Death Watchers," anxiously await his huge fortune ("Newport's the only place in the country where rich old men live longer than rich old women"). He helps Diana Bell take an honest look at the athletic director she was ready to elope with, Miss Wyckoff exorcize the ghost in her famous old house, and Charles, the fear-ridden adolescent, gain confidence. The story is a sequence of extraordinary characterizations told with more poise, perception, and intellect than I believe a young Yale graduate—or even one from Harvard—would be likely to possess. But it is stylishly told by Mr. Wilder, who has long been fascinated by the impact of one social group upon another, and the most beguiling characterization of all is, of course, of Newport itself.

A THOUSAND SUMMERS

by Garson Kanin

Doubleday, \$6.95

This is a love story, told in reverie, by Freeman Osborn, a solitary Yankee, owner of the Edgartown Pharmacy on Martha's Vineyard, which he bought from his father when the old man stubbornly refused to install a soda fountain. After an unhappy marriage to a French girl, Colette, in 1918, Freeman's horizon was bounded by the

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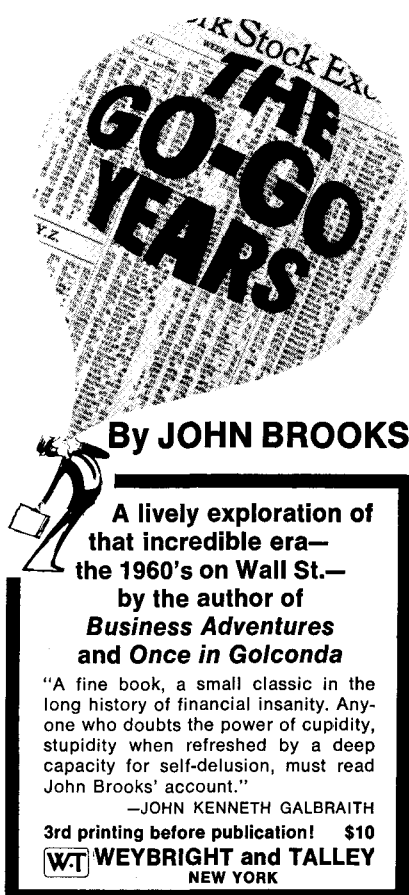
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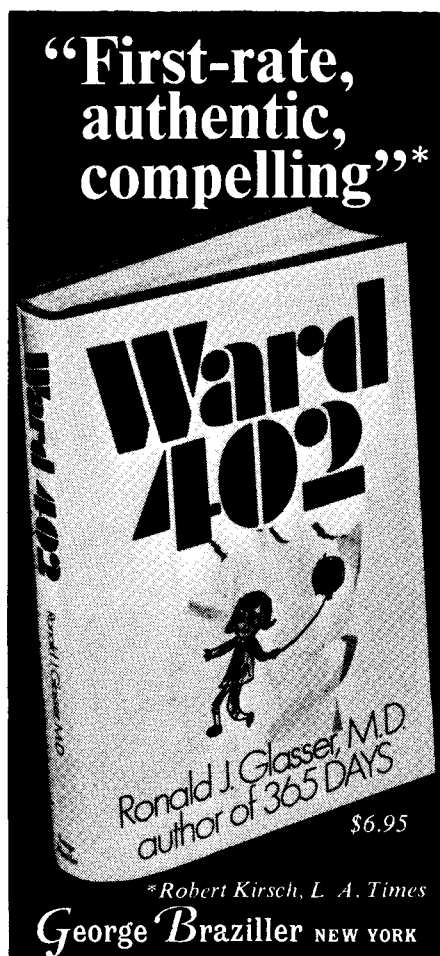
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Vineyard until that day in 1927 when an attractive woman entered his shop to have a cinder removed from her eye. He performed the operation deftly and with fateful consequence to them both.

Sheila is the wife of Thomas Van Anda, a stuffed shirt high up in the Foreign Service. She and Freeman discover a mutual attraction for Japan, where she had been stationed for three years and whose history and art he has absorbed at long range. While the diplomat is in Washington, Freeman takes her for a picnic, an *ensoku*, to Squibnocket Pond, his hidden jewel, near Gay Head, on the shore of which he hopes to build a Japanese house. The day is ripe for swimming, for love, and promises, and they agree to be discreet, not only on the Vineyard where everybody knows your car, but in the meetings that they plan for the future. Their talk is bland, their snatched-at happiness undetected, and, to me, rather implausible.

When Freeman patents a successful insect repellent he can afford to leave the Vineyard on his pursuit of a future with Sheila. But by now his wife is fighting a divorce and Van Anda, who also stands in his way, is successful in his bid for the Senate. With the skill of a dramatist Mr. Kanin plots his urbane story to its sudden climax and poignant aftermath.

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Todd is an associate editor of *The Atlantic*.

William Abrahams is co-author with Peter Stansky of *The Unknown Orwell*.

Joseph Kanon, Edward Weeks, and Phoebe Adams write regularly for these pages.

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Alan Dugan (page 64) is the author of four volumes of poetry. His new book, *Poems IV*, will appear next spring.

Tom McKeown (page 77) received the Hopwood Award for Poetry in 1968. He has had several chapbooks published.

Philip Levine (page 83) is the author of *They Feed They Lion* and other books of poetry.

Leslie Norris (page 103) was recently visiting professor of English at the University of Washington.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

AS IF BY MAGIC by Angus Wilson. Viking, \$8.95. Early in this cantankerously amusing novel, the heroine points out that to be "ordinary" is "stupid and beastly." To prove it, she drifts from college to commune to ashram while producing tears, tantrums, hysterics, and an illegitimate baby, all in the most ordinary and stupid way. Concurrently her godfather, the unheroic hero of the tale, surveys the results of the new rice strain he has developed. This magic rice is supposed to feed starving millions in underdeveloped countries, where in fact it merely creates new problems. The agronomist's disillusionment is exacerbated by his personal difficulties; Hamo is a homosexual of prissily limited taste and remarkable social ineptitude. The misadventures of these two ninnies form a bisexual, or possibly trisexual, picaresque novel which loops from London to India and back again, picking up along the way an international gallery of grotesques. All the characters are lampoons and most of the episodes are funny, but Mr. Wilson's underlying purpose is serious. He is quite savagely out of patience with the fashion for magic shortcuts to Utopia and Nirvana.

REAL LACE by Stephen Birmingham. Harper & Row, \$10.00. Mr. Birmingham, a persistent explorer of ethnic byways provided they are paved with gold, has examined "America's Irish Rich," collecting more or less revealing anecdotes, a stupefying network of family connections, and inaccuracies galore. The most interesting information in the book concerns the wide variety of businesses and professions successfully undertaken by the Irish. The most obvious omission is any serious examination of the reasons for the social prejudice which, as Catholics, they encountered.

EAGLE EYE by Hortense Calisher. Arbor House, \$7.50. The young man in search of identity has become a stock literary figure, with

The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

the usual danger of becoming a stock bore. Ms. Calisher has taken on the figure and avoided the danger, partly by a spider-web subtlety of style and partly by her power of unexpected but convincing invention. She has concocted what is surely the most ingenious suicide attempt in recent fiction.

GREAT ZIMBABWE by Peter S. Garlake. Stein and Day, \$20.00. Since the strange, handsome ruins of Zimbabwe lie in Rhodesia, there has been great reluctance, on the part of white residents, to admit that the structure was built by Africans. Firmly dissociating archaeology from racial politics, Mr. Garlake demonstrates that it was indeed built by Africans, and approximately when, although exactly why remains a question. Fine photographs, drawings, and maps.

FRAUD by E. J. Kahn, Jr. Harper & Row, \$8.95. The United States Postal Inspection Service dates back to 1801 and reached full recognition in 1830 with the establishment of an Office of Instructions and Rail Depredations. Light-fingered postal clerks were the original target, but the Service gradually extended its attention to a truly wonderful assortment of scalawags. Mr. Kahn has clearly had a fine time tracing the story and any reader with a taste for eccentric rascality will have a fine time reading it.

THE LOCKED ROOM by Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö. Pantheon, \$5.95. Hard police work in Stockholm disentangles several interlocked crimes, ironically bollixing up all the solutions. These Swedish authors become more openly contemptuous of their police system with each successive book. They seem positively American.

BEFORE CIVILIZATION by Colin Renfrew. Knopf, \$8.95. When radio-carbon dating appeared in 1949, it answered many archaeologists' prayers, but lately it has aroused discontented mutterings offstage. Mr. Renfrew has now dragged the row into view, explaining the problems that have arisen with the carbon dating method, the nature of its inaccuracies, and the means devised to correct them, all matters too

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I live in a home that's worth \$100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid \$30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

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It doesn't require "luck." I've had

more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

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In the woodlands of Concord, Henry David Thoreau fronted the elemental facts of human existence and the dynamic relationship between man and the land. He saw emerging even then in America a society beset by conformity and urbanization. And he wrote: "A town is saved, not more by the righteous men in it than by the woods and swamps that surround it."

Borrowing that quotation for the title of its newest Landform Book (10½" x 12"), the Sierra Club this Fall turns from its traditional milieu of wilderness to celebrate—in more than 40 color photographs by Marvin Mort—the fragile wildlands surrounding the towns and cities where most of us live. Mort's photographs are complemented by a text by Charles E. Little, who explores the literary and philosophical roots of the landsaving movement, from such early Romantics as Thoreau himself to the contemporary wisdom of Aldo Leopold.

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technical for summary. The other half of his argument concerns what happens to the dating of prehistoric sites in northern Europe when the carbon-derived dates are corrected, and this can be summarized: things come out centuries earlier than has previously been thought, making Stonehenge, for instance, older than the pyramids, and utterly collapsing the comfortably accepted theory that knowledge spread from the eastern Mediterranean to the northwestern savages. Mr. Renfrew is making a determined attack on the whole Diffusionist school of archaeologists, and these people are not likely to surrender without a protest. Illustrations.

PRISMATICS by David Douglas Duncan. Harper & Row, \$22.50. Using what can be inadequately described as a trick lens, Mr. Duncan takes color photographs which convert ordinary subjects into kaleidoscope patterns, mirages, sunbursts, and other unlikely but delightful surprises. Since Mr. Duncan is a superb photographer, he contrives more than simple pyrotechnics with the rig. There is poetry in his images, and opinion. The book includes diagrams for the curious and emulative.

THE CASE OF MARY BELL by Gitta Sereny. McGraw-Hill, \$7.95. In 1968 Mary Bell, aged eleven, was tried for murder by an English criminal court, convicted, and sentenced to life imprisonment. The court proceedings, described at length by Ms. Sereny, will strike most American readers as wearisomely irrelevant. The conditions that led to the murders, however, are not, nor are the events that followed the sentence, for both illustrate a familiar lack of means to identify or treat what are euphemistically labeled "disturbed children." We would have sent Mary Bell to Juvenile Court, but would be as baffled as the English on where to send her afterwards.

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